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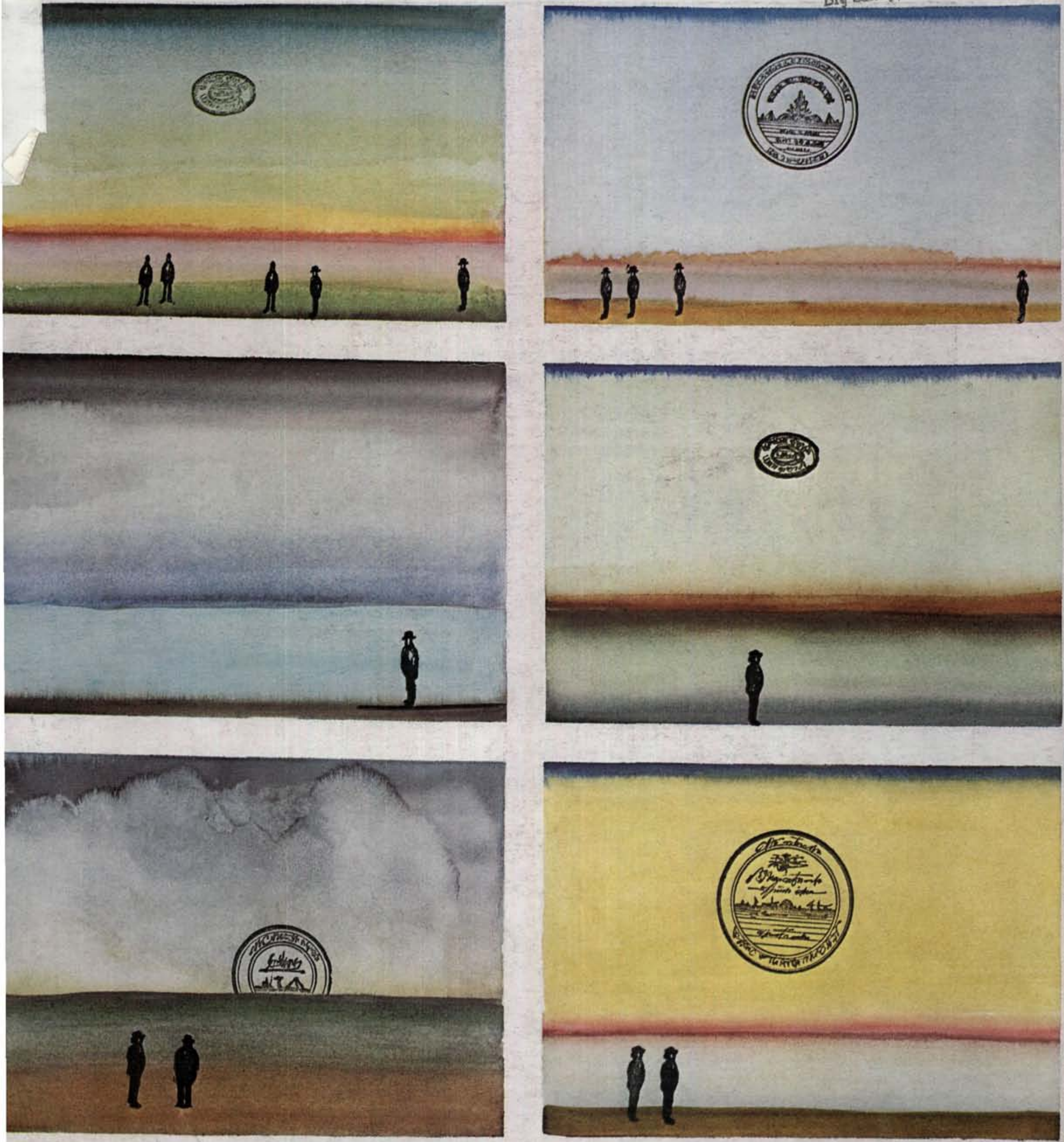

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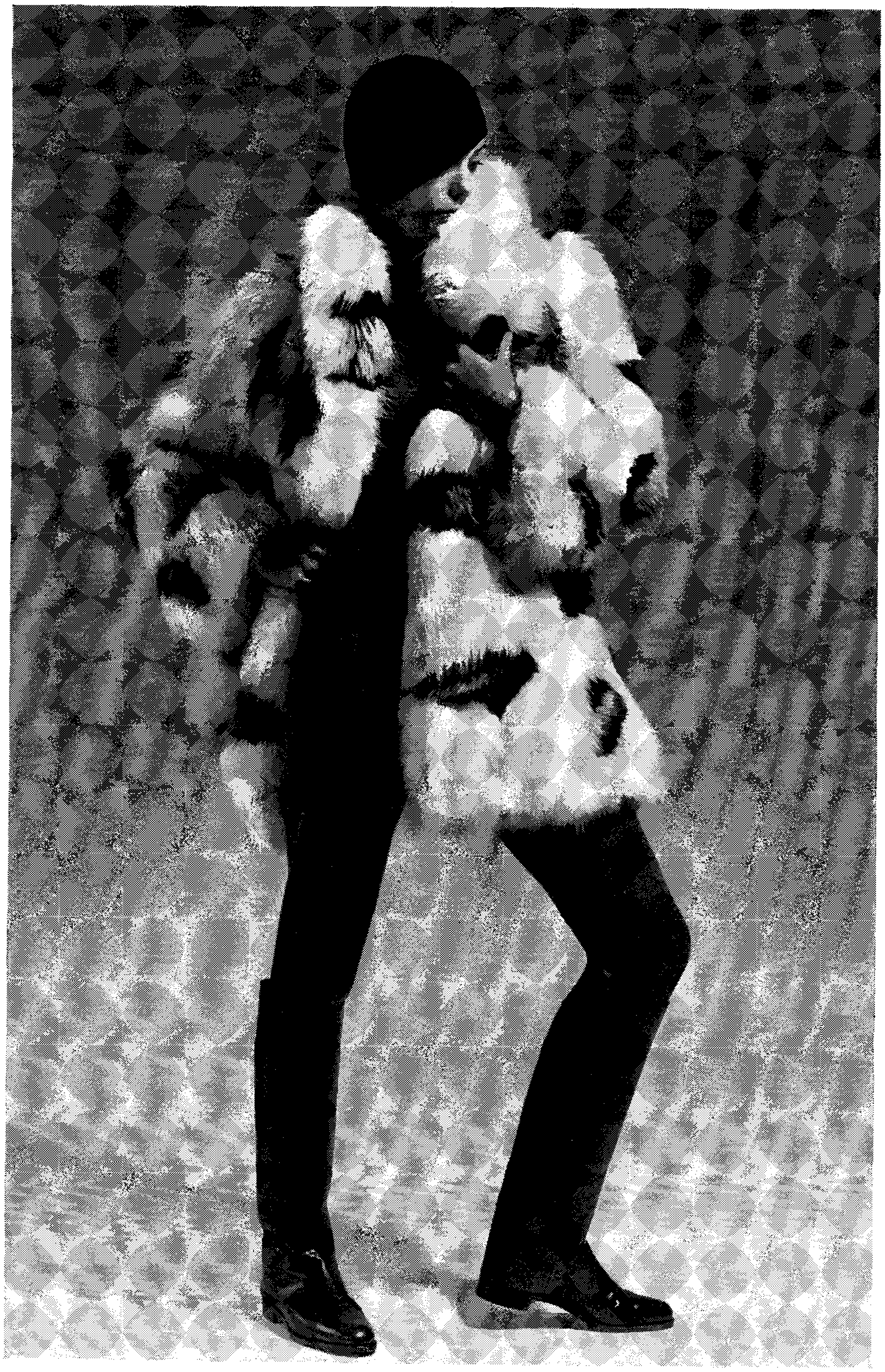

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Sept. 25, and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Black Light Theatre of Prague—A one-week engagement by this company of dancers and mimes, presenting several programs of mystery and illusion. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 27-29, at 8; Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2 and 8; Friday, Oct. 1, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 5.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leaves of Grass—Stan Harte, Jr., has written a varied, melodic score, though not an especially original one, for twenty-one of the poems, and they are sung (well) and danced to (after a fashion) by a company of four. The result is quite a vigorous show, which would be much better off without an intermission. Walt Whitman may not be everybody's poet, but who would have thought the old man to have had so much fun in him? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Solitaire/Double Solitaire—A double bill by Robert Anderson, with Richard Venture, Joyce Ebert, and Ruth Nelson. Directed by Arvin Brown. Previews Monday through Wednesday evenings, Sept. 27-29, at 7:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 30. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:05. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Henderson Forsythe in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—applause: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Now with Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood.

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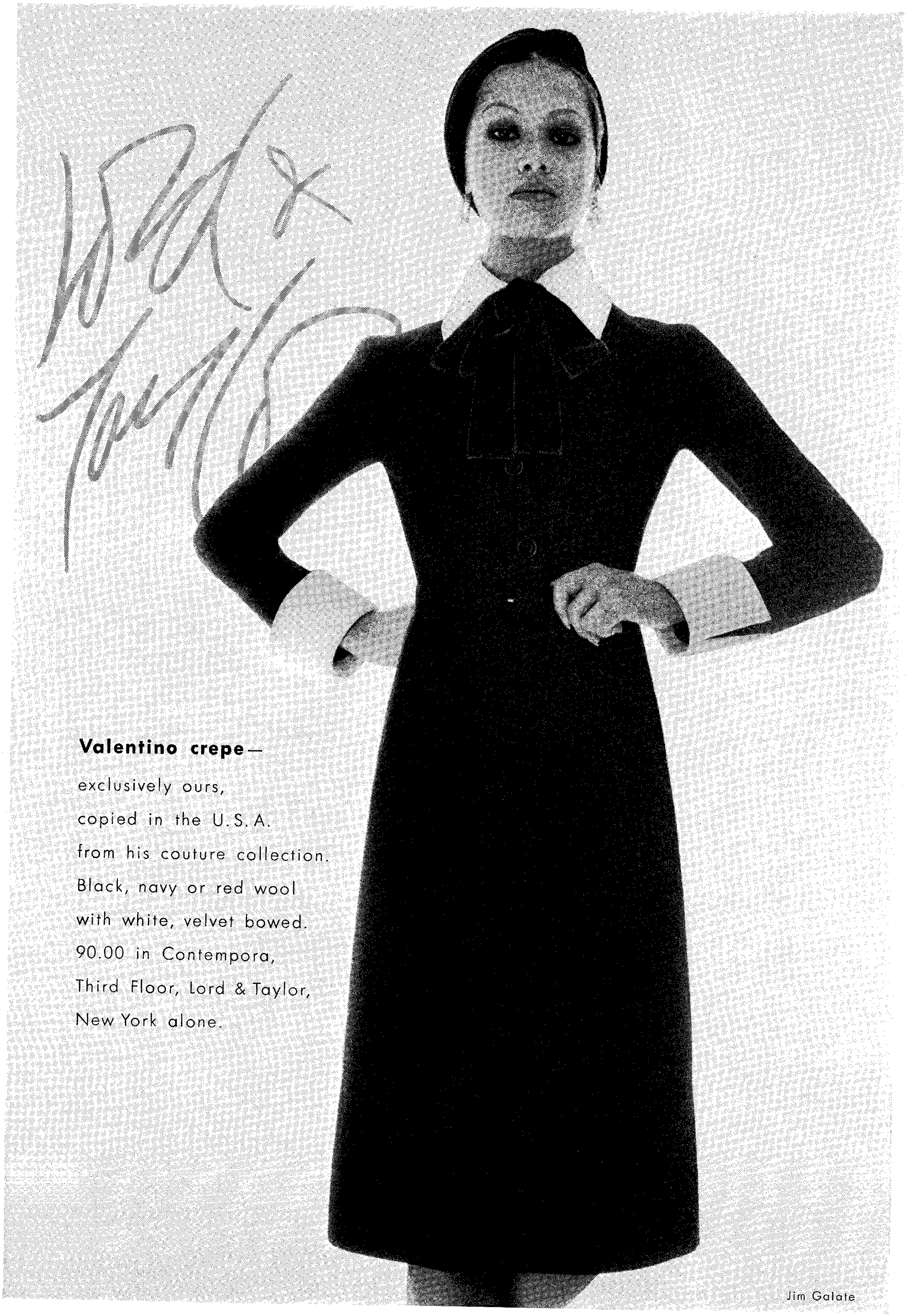

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CORT
THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
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(Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the *Uebermensch.* Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay. —Are you going in here, Malachi? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Yes. Make room in the bed. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Sir Walter would quit Kellynch Hall; and after a very few days more of doubt and indecision, the great question of whither he should go was settled, and the first outline of his important change made out. There had been three alternatives, London, Bath, or another house in the country. All Anne's wishes had been for the latter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A small house in their own neighbourhood, where they might still have Lady Russell's society, still be near Mary, and still have the pleasure of sometimes seeing the lawns and groves of Kellynch, was the object of her ambition. But the usual fate of Anne attended her, in having something very opposite from her inclination fixed on. She disliked Bath, and did not think it agreed with her; and Bath was to be her home. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy musical about their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Sept. 28, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 29, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2.)... **1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SLEUTH:** Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. Starting Monday, Sept. 27, Paul Rogers will replace Mr. Quayle. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A one-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Hip and Straight" as a curtain-raiser. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22-23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—A benefit performance. (Clark Auditorium, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. 246-4818. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Closes Sunday, Oct. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—La Belle, an all-girl singing trio, will be onstage through Monday, Sept. 27. Singer Ralph McTell takes over on Wednesday, Sept. 29. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursdays through Sundays pianist Cedar Walton plays with a bassist. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. A trio consisting of guitarist Charlie Brown, bassist Bill Takas, and pianist Tom McFall plays through Saturday, Sept. 25. On Monday, Sept. 27, author-pianist Frank Conroy and bass player Herbie Lewis will perform. Pianist Jan Hammer and bassist Gene Perla come in on Tuesday, Sept. 28. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Sundays and Mondays, drummer John Lewis heads a trio. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—To prove that it intends to live in the eclectic rather than the electronic world, this enterprise now presents, back to back, the boogie-woogie piano of Sammy Price and the Andalusian guitar of Anita Sheer—a small world, but one of the best. This pair is on hand from eight until one every night but Sunday, when Cyril Haynes does a seven-to-midnight session on piano. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Monday, Sept. 27, singer-guitarist Mike Nesmith will alternate with Fat Alice from Dallas. On Wednesday, Sept. 29, folk singers Dave Van Ronk and Patrick Sky will move in. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Kenny Burrell plays like a dream—a good one—Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. A bassist assists him. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The James Moody quartet (Moody on reeds) is working out every night but Monday. Fridays and Saturdays, singer Eddy Jefferson joins in.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. The Roy Ayers Ubiquity will be here Friday through Sunday, Sept. 24-26. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 1-3, the Eddie Gale quintet will be on the bill. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Thursdays through Saturdays, Bobby Ayers' trio is on the stand. Sundays through Tuesdays, Chuck Fowler's quartet is on it. Sound from nine-thirty to two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Larry Coryell, a guitarist of impressive versatility, leads a quartet until Tuesday, Sept. 28, when Sun Ra arrives with his Intergalactic Research Arkestra. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—Up Columbia way, and populated accordingly, this fabricated cavern is relaxed and unpretentious. At the moment, a person who styles himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker is leading a spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace. Open Thursdays through Saturdays. Spaghetti and so forth.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (254-8346)—Would you have thought this pop palazzo would ever turn to jazz? Well, it has. Singer Chris Connor takes turns with the Darius Brubeck quartet through Sunday, Sept. 26. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Guitarist Jim Hall will be here with his trio through Sunday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, the skillfully refulgent Bill Evans trio will begin a three-week engagement. These groups play every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. ... ¶ Downstairs: Six nights a week, the Chapins sing and play. Mondays, Latin bands take over.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The Modern Jazz Quartet will play its subtle music through Sunday,

Glorious, isn't it, to wear something this romantic again. Oscar de la Renta fashions satin latticed silk chiffon. In quiet shades of sapphire and ruby reiterated in the buckle of baubles. From the Oscar de la Renta collection.

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Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard brings in his fivesome. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Sept. 26, guitarist Al Casey will sit in. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—They also clog the sidewalk who only stand and gawk. But people with dancing in mind manage to get through to the interior, where rattan chairs and potted palms await. Movement to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by the singer-musicians of the collective called the New Direction. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. Among the jolly *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers. Plenty of song, plenty of dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, that precious bunch of philanderers, are serenading in full (well, almost gale) force, and being perfect little gentlemen about the whole thing. On Wednesday, Sept. 29, they break camp, so that the flamenco posse known as La Zambra, as well as a Cuba Libra soprano known as Celia Cruz, can move in next evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round assigned—between the hours of eight and four—to other flamencans. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The rocking-chair veterans on the veranda still enjoy the compulsory stand-up comic, because they can in comfort see all the jokes coming, but the stars that shine in the eyes of the younger guests are usually part of the rock-and/or-romance syndrome: that is, Freda Payne at the moment. The stander-upper is Morty Gunty. On Thursday, Sept. 23, another variation on the theme begins: noisy old Julius La Rosa on the vocals, hew-to-the-line Pat Henry on the witticisms. . . . ¶ From the main floor bar, the planes to Vegas take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, Peter Duchin (upon whom the social-whirl mantle of the late Ted Straeter gracefully descends) presides, as did Mr. S., over an orchestra that is not at all the standard hotel stock company. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will be around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

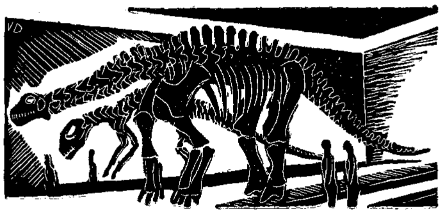
Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Linda Bennett, who has been at ground level in New York before (as in City Center's "Brigadoon"), is now up in the clouds, still singing. She goes to bat twice a night. Sundays are dead ducks. Dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is more like its old self these nights, for the notion of serving up a nightingale along with dinner and supper has been reactivated. The nightingale is Lana Cantrell, and a fervent one she is; the dance band is again George Cort's. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** whose décor makes it a sort of haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays here, either.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

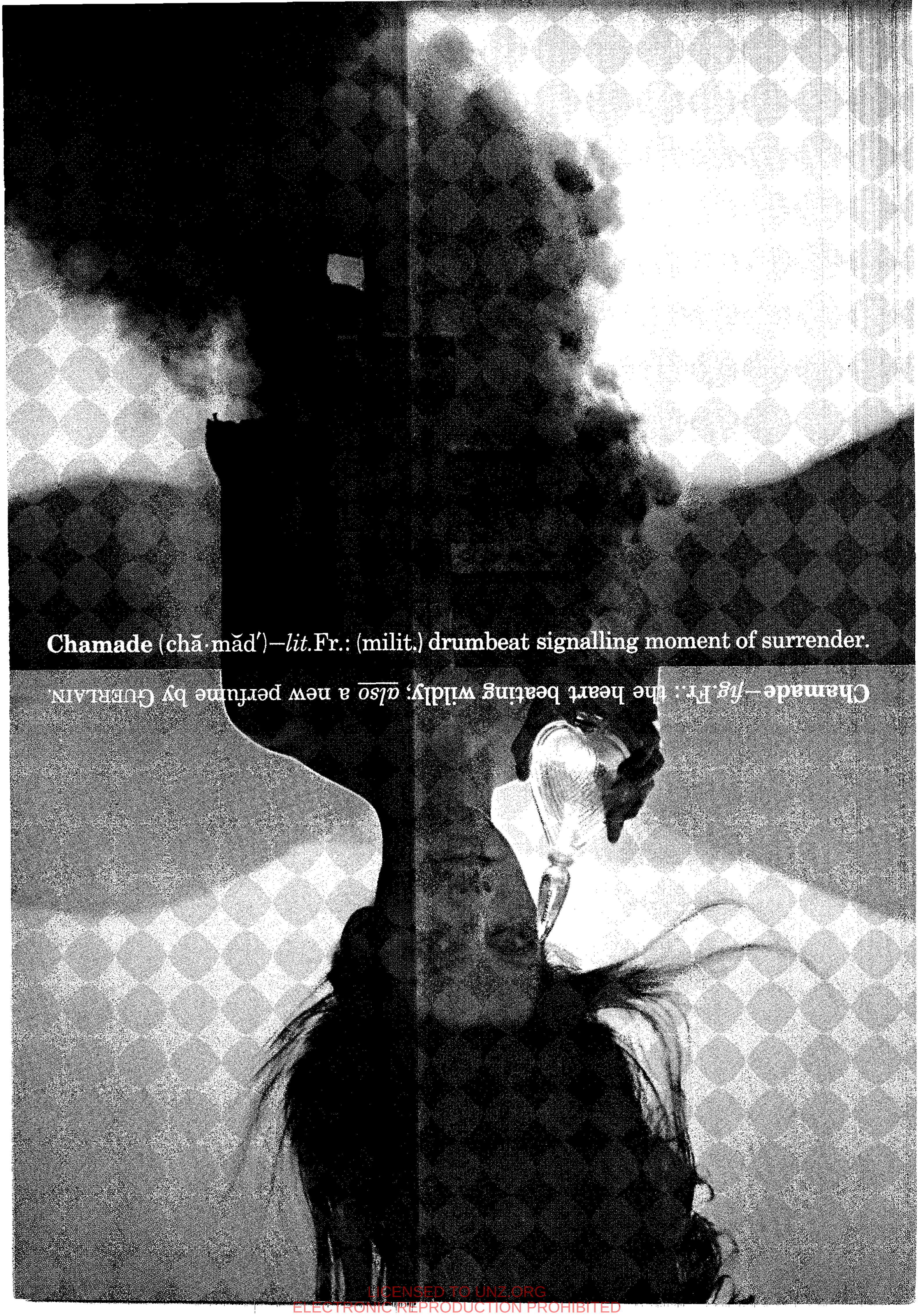
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, but it surely sounds great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood. Now, fresh every evening out of "Follies," she is as good as ever. Her pianist is the laudable Billy Roy; her companions can be almost anyone now working in the Broadway showshops. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud Thursdays through Sundays. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

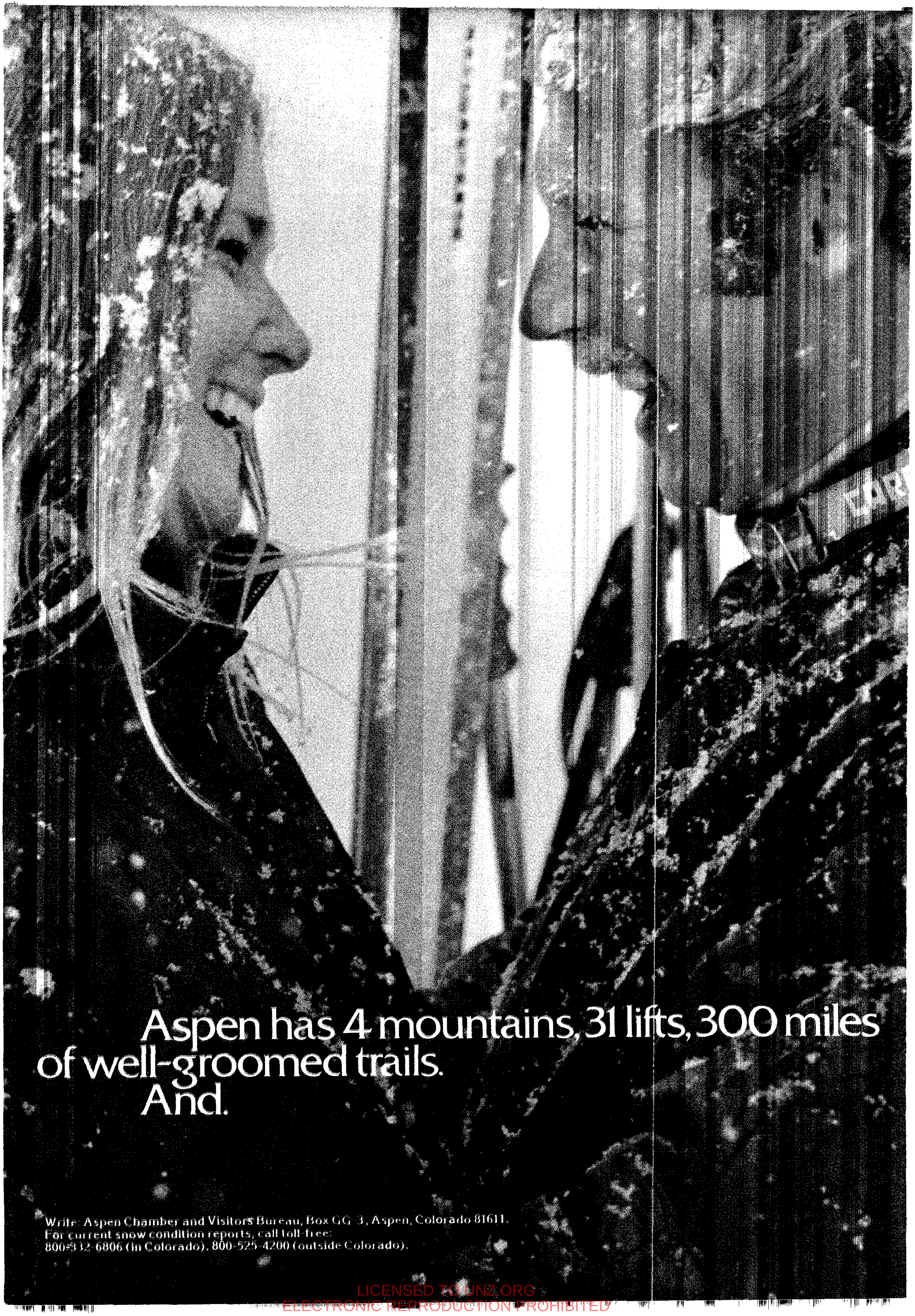


SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): Until the fall season is made official, the sole sounding devices on the premises are the fiddle toted by Sandu Marcu, old family retainer, from four-thirty until seven-thirty, and the guitar toted by Miguel, from eight until one—all this in the stately Palm Court. Complete quiet there, though, on Sunday nights. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm;


Chamade (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; *also* a new perfume by GUERLAIN.


Aspen has 4 mountains, 31 lifts, 300 miles
of well-groomed trails.
And.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): One of the fine arts is Viennese lieder, and Greta Keller, who has grown up with it, is dispensing it, in a casual way that conceals a world of experience, during dinner and supper in a setting that is completely becoming. She departs on Monday, Sept. 27; next evening George Feyer, the Viennese dandy, returns to his piano. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A watering place in the New Spain, as grand in its tiny way as Marienbad before the Fall. Guitar, naturally—this between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A sort of Roman den of propinquity, but now armed with Lynn Richards, a girl about town and about piano-and-lyrics for a long, long time. There is also a set of prowling instrumentalists, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament; i.e., a Lester Lanin duo plays during cocktails on the Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room, Mondays through Thursdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ANDERSON—Large laminated-wood sculptures; through Oct. 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MIKE BAKATY—Light-catching forms in ballooning fibre glass; through Oct. 6. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ED BAYNARD—Drawings in blue pencil on canvas of plant and tree forms; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—Abstract paintings in wax and one polyurethane wall sculpture built in sections; starting Saturday, Sept. 25. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

BRASSAI—Photographs of Parisian café scenes and of artists and writers, mostly of the thirties; through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ERICH BRAUER—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of this member of the Vienna School of "Fantastic Realism" (it arose in the nineteen-fifties), whose later work is involved with Biblical and Oriental motifs; through Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE CERNY—Sculptures, most of them in wood and stone, of the female figure, done since 1938; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLF DEHN (1895-1968)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors, the earliest dated 1928, by this lyrical landscapist of scenes in America and abroad; starting Friday, Sept. 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings by this landscapist and illustrator; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GUY JOHNSON—Twenty-four two-foot-square paintings of realistic fantasies; through Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN MUELLER—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER MURCH (1907-67)—Drawings by an American known for his atmospheric compositions of mechanical forms and objects; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Thirty-five prints done since 1964 by this prominent British sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (The Blue Parrot, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

DONALD PERLIS—Large realistic nudes; through Oct. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Ten paintings from different periods and one owl sculpture; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVATORE ROMANO—Two big wood and plastic sculptures, each of which consists of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; through Oct. 13. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH AND JESUS RAPHAEL SOTO—Horizontal and vertical bars of brilliant color by the former and ten Optical kinetic reliefs done between 1964 and 1966 by the latter, a leading Latin-American artist; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Forty drawings and a group of etchings; through Oct. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

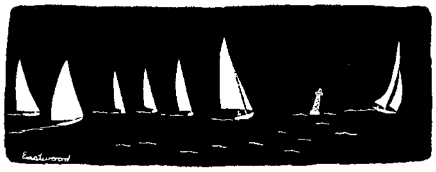
JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Eighteen paintings by this renowned South American abstractionist; through Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT VAN EYCK—Paintings that suggest figures in macabre landscapes; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

FRIEDRICH VORDEMBERGE-GILDEWART (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Twenty-five small abstract watercolors, plus six large oil paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Three young realist painters, two of landscapes and one of cityscapes; through Oct. 9. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gallery artists—Avery, Bolotowsky, Cuevas, and Jimmy Ernst, for example; through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Four painters and one sculptor, three not shown before in New York; through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; starting Saturday, Sept. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.). . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Monet, Laurens, Picasso, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans; through Oct. 15. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dali, de Kooning, Duchamp, Gorky, Kandinsky, Moore, and fifteen others; through Oct. 16. . . . **KRUGIER**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Indian erotic miniature paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth; starting Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibit of three young artists—Richard Channin, Ron Lusker, and Arne Magnuson; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.). . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by fifteen gallery artists; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Oils and mixed mediums by Morris Broderson, Cristóbal Toral, and Mary Bauermeister; through Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 8, there will be a concert of chamber music by the Oboe Band.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, not known in New York, who are recipients of foundation awards; starting Friday, Sept. 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings, covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Abstract compositions with an aura of landscape by Charles Schucker; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, *noon to 6.*)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Oct. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fifteen paintings, sculptures, and graphics chosen from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank, including works by Europeans (Picasso, Delvaux, Dubuffet, and others) and Americans (among them Anuszkiewicz, Albers, Avery, Murch, and Rivers); through Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative

Before you look at their nev

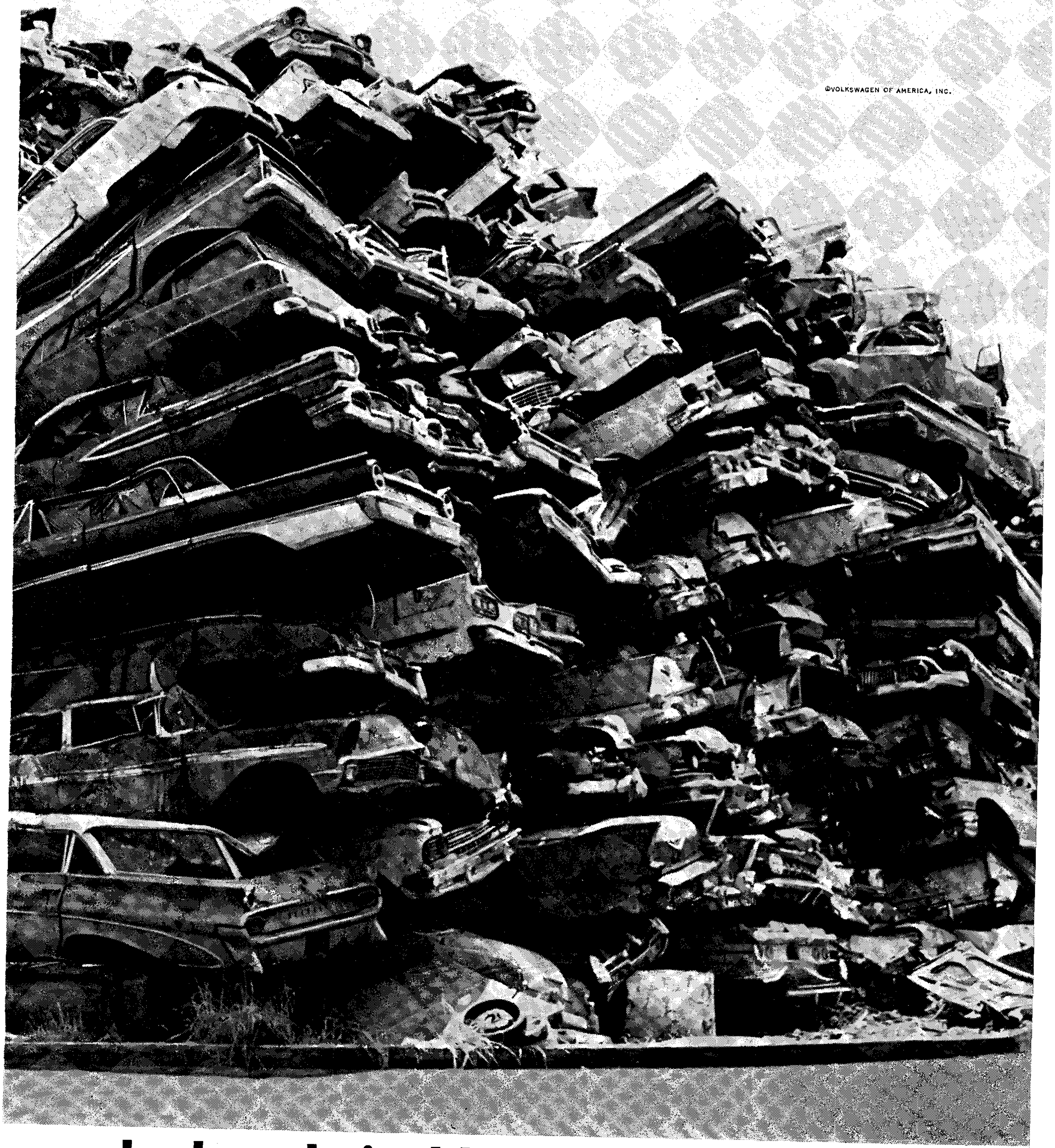
Now that new car time is upon us, gosh knows, we hate to be the ones to spoil all the fun.

After all, what's more exciting than taking the family down to see the shiny new models or to hear the fast-talking salesmen, or maybe even to pick up a free balloon?

It's just that during all that hoopla and razzle-dazzle, you may not want to pick up one of those exciting new cars.

For the unpleasant fact of the matter is that junkyar throughout the country are doing a thriving business on aut mobiles that seemingly just yesterday were showroom stars.

Which is why we suggest a trip to the junkyard before y decide to put a new car in your own yard.



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ones, look at their old ones.

And why we suggest that that new car be a Volkswagen.

For while we *can't* promise you how long one will last, we an tell you that over 13 million Volkswagens are still on the oad.

And when one drops out, even then it's not always destined o be dropped in a pile. For old Volkswagens have a habit of becoming other things: Like new dune buggys.

All in all, we owe it all to a decision we made 24 years ago: To spend very little time making our little car look better. And a great deal of time making it work better.

So far, that one decision has kept us out of a lot of trouble.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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school from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, wood-block books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a striped skunk, and other New York animals; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models and reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings and artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Kostas Paskalis, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8: A new production of Weber's "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Kostas Paskalis, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Ludovic Spiess, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Franco Marini, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Salvador Novoa, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Nancy Shade, Michele Molese, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Patricia Wise, Kay Creed, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 1:15: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and David Hall. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 7:15: "Albert Herring," with Ellen Faull, Muriel Greenspon, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Edward Pierson, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 7:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Albert Herring," with Ellen Faull, Kay Creed, John Stewart, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and David Rae Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—A varied program on Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 24, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; and Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 (all with David Bar-Illan, piano); and performances of Liszt's oratorio "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 4, at 7:30 (all with Maralin Niska, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concert on Saturday, Oct. 2, Miss Allen and Paul Jacobs, piano, will give a half-hour all-Berg recital.

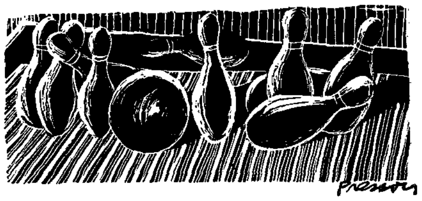
RECITALS

New York Chamber Ensemble—A. Robert Johnson director. For an hour preceding the concerts, the instrumentalists will be available for interrogation by members of the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Program I, Thursday, Sept. 23; Program II, Monday, Sept. 27, and Friday, Oct. 1; all at 8:30.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—A series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, the opening one conducted by Pierre Boulez, with the American Mime Theatre and others. The audience is invited to come at any time between seven and midnight. The performances will probably take place between eight and ten, with the periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Oct. 1.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Society of Black Composers—Twentieth-century works, by Noel DaCosta, Olly Wilson, and Ornette Coleman. Performed by Dennis Moorman, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Quicksilver Messenger Service and Fanny—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8.

Beach Boys—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 24, at 7:30 and 11.

Joy of Cooking, Leo Kottke, and Joyous Noise—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.

New York Rock Ensemble and David Bromberg—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.

Joan Baez—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:30.)

Randy Newman—Town Hall. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.

Stars of Jazz—Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Barney Bigard, Art Hodes, and others, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Monday, Sept. 27, at 8:05; Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 2:05; and Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:05.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 25:** Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 2:** Army vs. Missouri, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 1.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fresh Meadow Country Club, Great Neck, L.I. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 22-24.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 25.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 25; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 29; and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

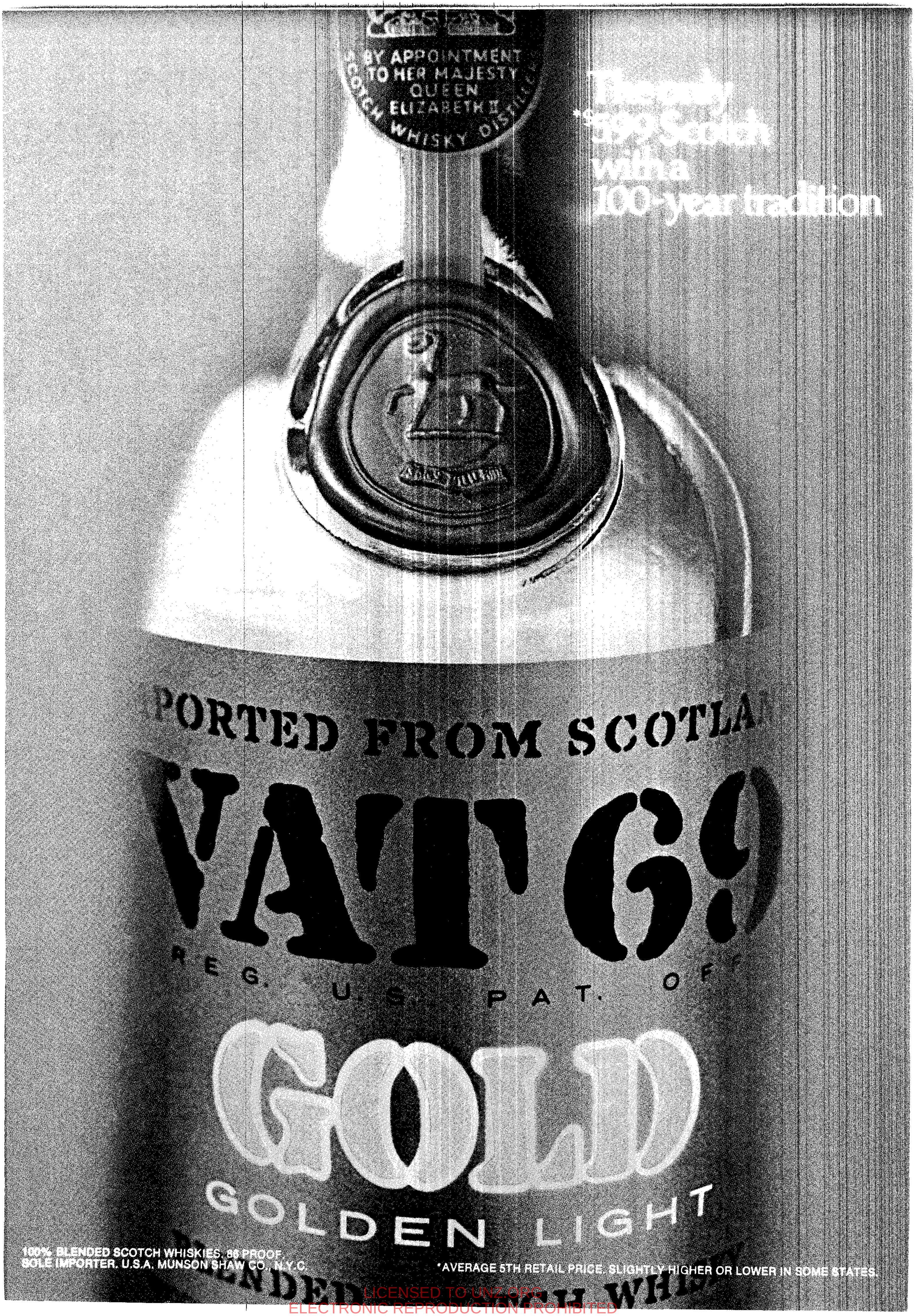
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a sixteen-day series of international films at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (362-7616)—Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "The Debut" (Russia). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 6:30: "Family Life" (Poland). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 9:30: "The Last Picture Show" (United States).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980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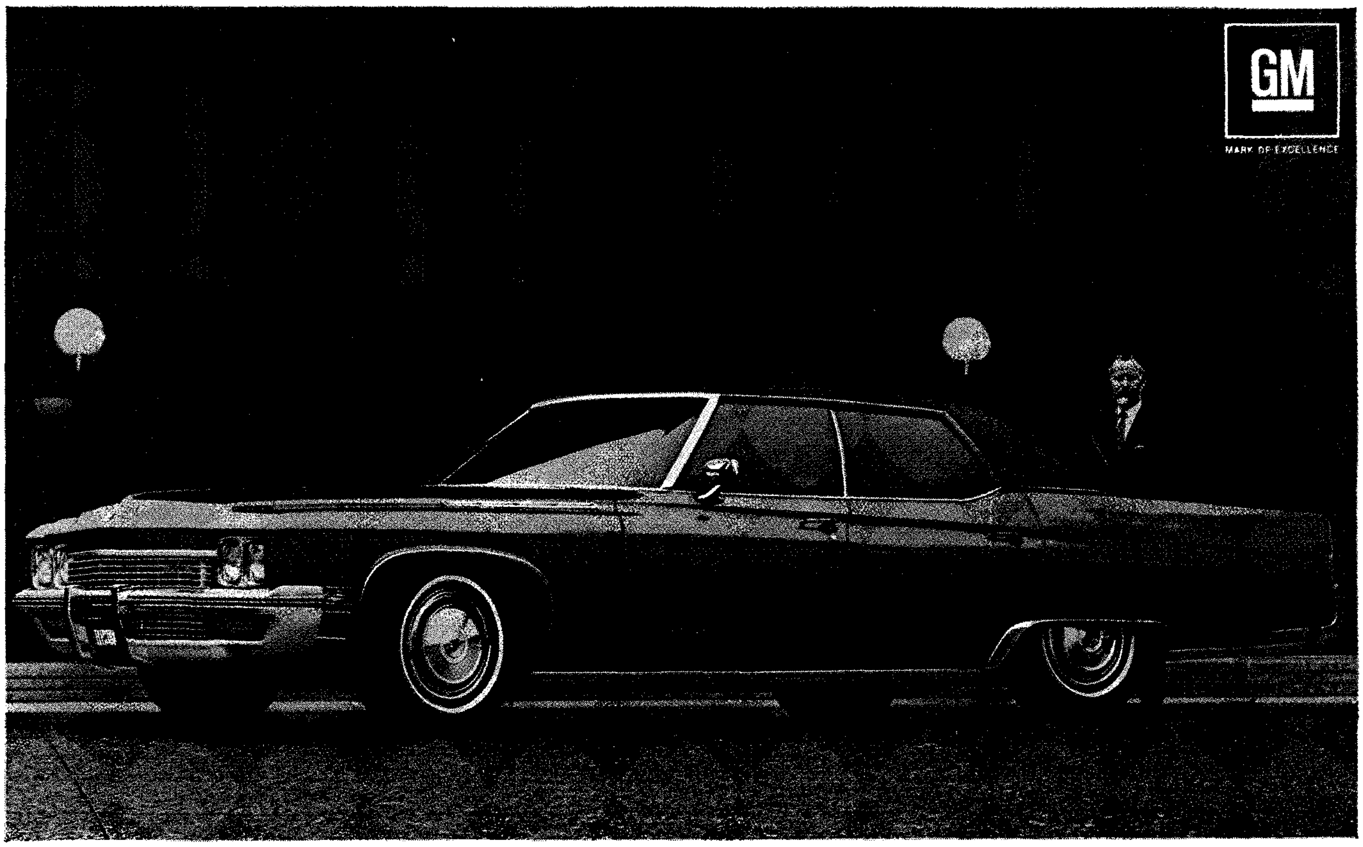

Ask the man who's owned four or five Buick Electras.

One look and you can tell he could probably own just about any car he wanted to.

But every year or two he comes back for another Electra.

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Inside he finds the kind of quiet world we'd all like to escape to every once in a while. The appointments: undiluted luxury.

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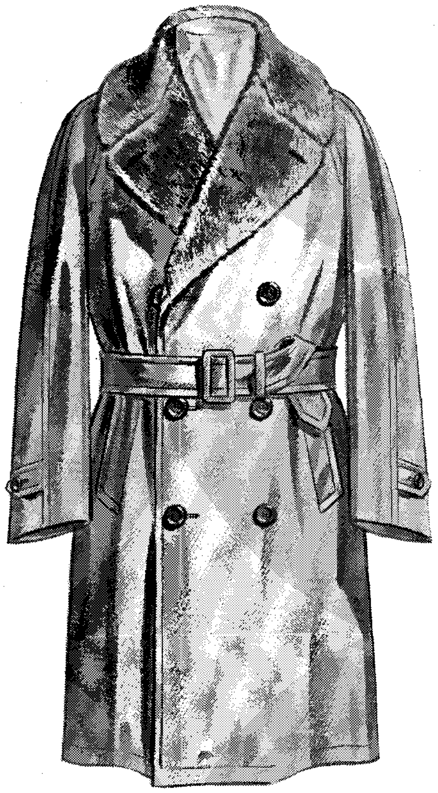
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including bibliographies, art-reference works, and illustrated material; from many owners.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections are Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 2, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 22 at 2: "Shooting Stars" (1926), directed by Anthony Asquith and A. V. Bramble, with Annette Benson and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 5:30: "Dawn" (1928), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2: "Evergreen" (1934), directed by Victor Saville, with Jessie Matthews and Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 5:30: "Moulin Rouge" (1928), directed by E. A. Dupont, with Olga Tschekova and Eve Gray. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8: "Evergreen" (1934). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Three on a Weekend" (1939), directed by Carol Reed, with John Lodge and Margaret Lockwood. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 11:30: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3 and 5:30: "Rembrandt" (1936), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Michael Powell and Ludwig Berger, with Sabu and Conrad Veidt. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 1: "On Approval" (1944), directed by Clive Brook, with Beatrice Lillie and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 28 at 2: "Reaching for the Moon" (1917), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks and Eileen Percy. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30: "On Approval" (1944). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "60 Glorious Years" (1938), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "The Informer" (1929), directed by Arthur Robison, with Lars Hanson and Lya de Putti. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30 and 8: "They Drive by Night" (1938), directed by Arthur Woods, with Emlyn Williams and Ernest Thesiger. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Sept. 24: "The General Line" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov. . . . ¶ Sept. 25-26: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov. . . . ¶ Sept. 29-30: "Zvenigora" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Starting Thursday, Sept. 23.

The Great Outdoors—"The City on the Heights," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Sept. 26. Meets at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.



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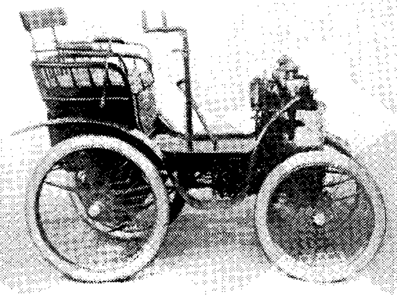
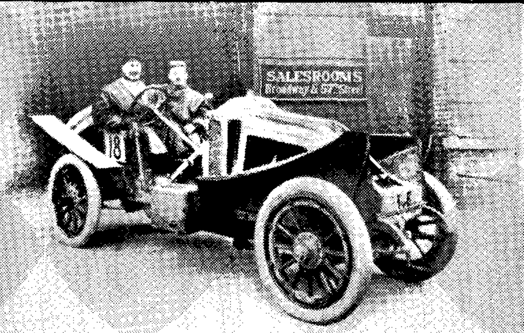
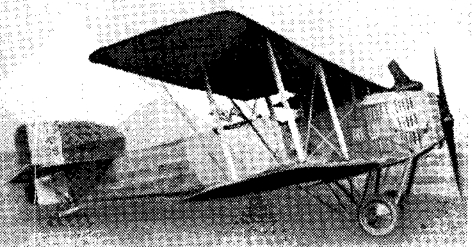


1898.
The Renault that started it all.
(Before the Model T
was a gleam in Henry's eye.)

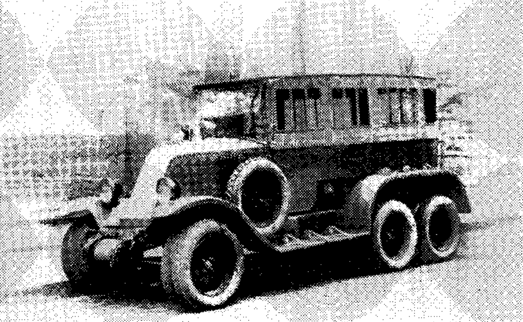


1909.
The Renault that won the New
York 24-hour race. We
get off to good start in America.

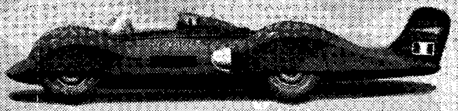


1916.
The Renault that worried the
Red Baron. (1930: we are world's
largest maker of aircraft engines.)

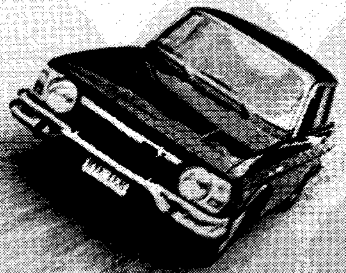
1918.
The Renault that turned the
tide in the trenches. Even
Renault workers got citations.



1924.
The Renault that made the
first motor
crossing of the Sahara.



1956.
The Renault that set a world's
speed record at
famous Salt Lake City flats.



1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.
It gets up to 35 mpg
and gains a very solid following.

1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16
arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3r
in Monte Carlo against
cars like Lancia and Porsche.

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The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

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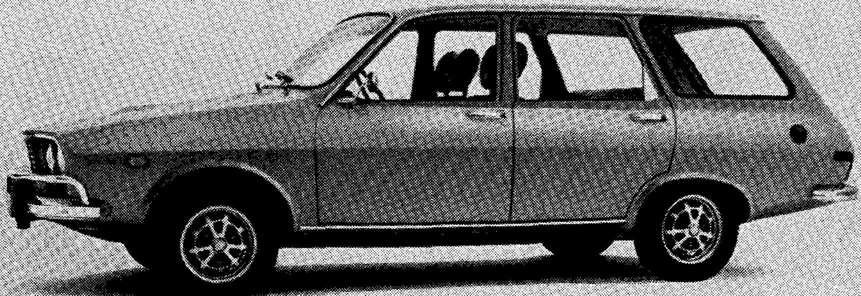

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Adrift."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 22: "Dames" and "Hollywood Hotel."
Sept. 23-25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "For Me and My Gal."
Sept. 26-29: "The Love Parade" and "Love Me Tonight."
From Sept. 30: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "The Phantom President."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Sept. 22: "Key Largo."
Sept. 23: "The Maltese Falcon."
Sept. 24: "The Big Sleep."
Sept. 25: "Casablanca."
Sept. 26: "The African Queen."
Sept. 27: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
Sept. 28: "Across the Pacific."
Sept. 29: "The Invisible Ray."
Sept. 30: "The Raven."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28: "Shaft."
From Sept. 29: "Summer of '42."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 28: "Death in Venice."
From Sept. 29: "The Devils."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 28: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Young Couple."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 25: "The Devils."
From Sept. 26 at 8: "The Trojan Women." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Anonymous Venetian."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 28: "Johnny Got His Gun."
From Sept. 29: "The Last Movie."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"On Any Sunday."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 25: "At the Circus" and "A Night at the Opera."
Sept. 26-28: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Steagle."

72nd St Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 28: "Let's Scare Jessica to Death."
From Sept. 29: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 23: "The Big Doll House."
From Sept. 24: "Cometogether."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 28: "Summer of '42."
From Sept. 29: "The Conformist."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 28: "Ryan's Daughter."
From Sept. 29: "Bunny O'Hare."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 29: "The Omega Man."
From Sept. 30: "Skin Game."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Adios Sabata."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 22: "The Joke" and "The End of August at the Hotel Ozone."
From Sept. 23: "Cuba Va!" and "Reggae."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 28: "Little Big Man" and "Cat Ballou."
From Sept. 29: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "Fools."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 28: "Shaft."
From Sept. 29: "The Conformist."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 22: "Oh Bravo Guerreiro."
Sept. 23-24: "The Big City."
Sept. 25-26: "Black God, White Devil."
From Sept. 27: "Funnyman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 28: "The Crook."
From Sept. 29: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 23: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
Sept. 24-26: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
Sept. 27-28: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Sept. 29-30: "La Femme Infidèle" and "This Man Must Die."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 28: "The Hired Hand" and "They Might Be Giants."
From Sept. 29: "The Grissom Gang."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Sept. 22: "Silence Has No Wings" and "The Rickshaw Man."
Sept. 23: "The Emperor and the General."
Sept. 24: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" and "Double Suicide."
Sept. 25: "Throne of Blood."
Sept. 26: A program of Greek films.
Sept. 27: "Throne of Blood."
Sept. 28: "High and Low."
From Sept. 29: "Freaks" and "Night of the Living Dead."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Pinocchio."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 29: "See No Evil."
From Sept. 30: "Kotch."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Glen and Randa."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Tsar to Lenin."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Hoa Binh."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Bear and the Doll."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Gold Rush" and "The General."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Shaft."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 23: "Le Mans."
From Sept. 24: "Cometogether."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 28: "Summer of '42" and "The Penthouse."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 22: "Spirits of the Dead" and "Tales of Terror."
Sept. 23-27: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Horror Hotel."
From Sept. 28: "Millhouse: A White Comedy."

Symphony, *B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)*
Through Sept. 28: "The Hired Hand" and "They Might Be Giants."
From Sept. 29: "Summer of '42" and "Wait Until Dark."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 22: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Sept. 23: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "Gaily, Gaily."
Sept. 24: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Putney Swope."
Sept. 25: "The Passion of Anna" and "Nazarin."
Sept. 26: "Lola Montès" and "Carnival in Flanders."
Sept. 27: "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."
Sept. 28: "Accident" and "Morgan!"
Sept. 29: "More" and "Medium Cool."
Sept. 30: "Tropic of Cancer" and "Adalen 31."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 28: "The Crook."
From Sept. 29: "The Conformist."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 23: "Don't Bother to Knock" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."
Sept. 24-25: "Let's Make Love" and "Burn!"
Sept. 26-27: "O. Henry's Full House" and "The Fugitive Kind."
Sept. 28-30: "Some Like It Hot" and "Viva Zapata!"

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

Across the Pacific (1942)—After working together on "The Maltese Falcon," John Huston and Bogart made this one. Bogart's position with the criminals of the world has shifted by now to the armies of the just. Fine, gnarled stuff, a bit pious for 1942 about the wonderfulness of the Japanese people. Mary Astor and Sydney Greenstreet. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Adalen 31 (1969)—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," tells the story of a strike in 1931, from the point of view of an adolescent boy whose father died in it. Widerberg is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Adios Sabata—With Yul Brynner, directed by Frank Kramer. (86th St. East.)

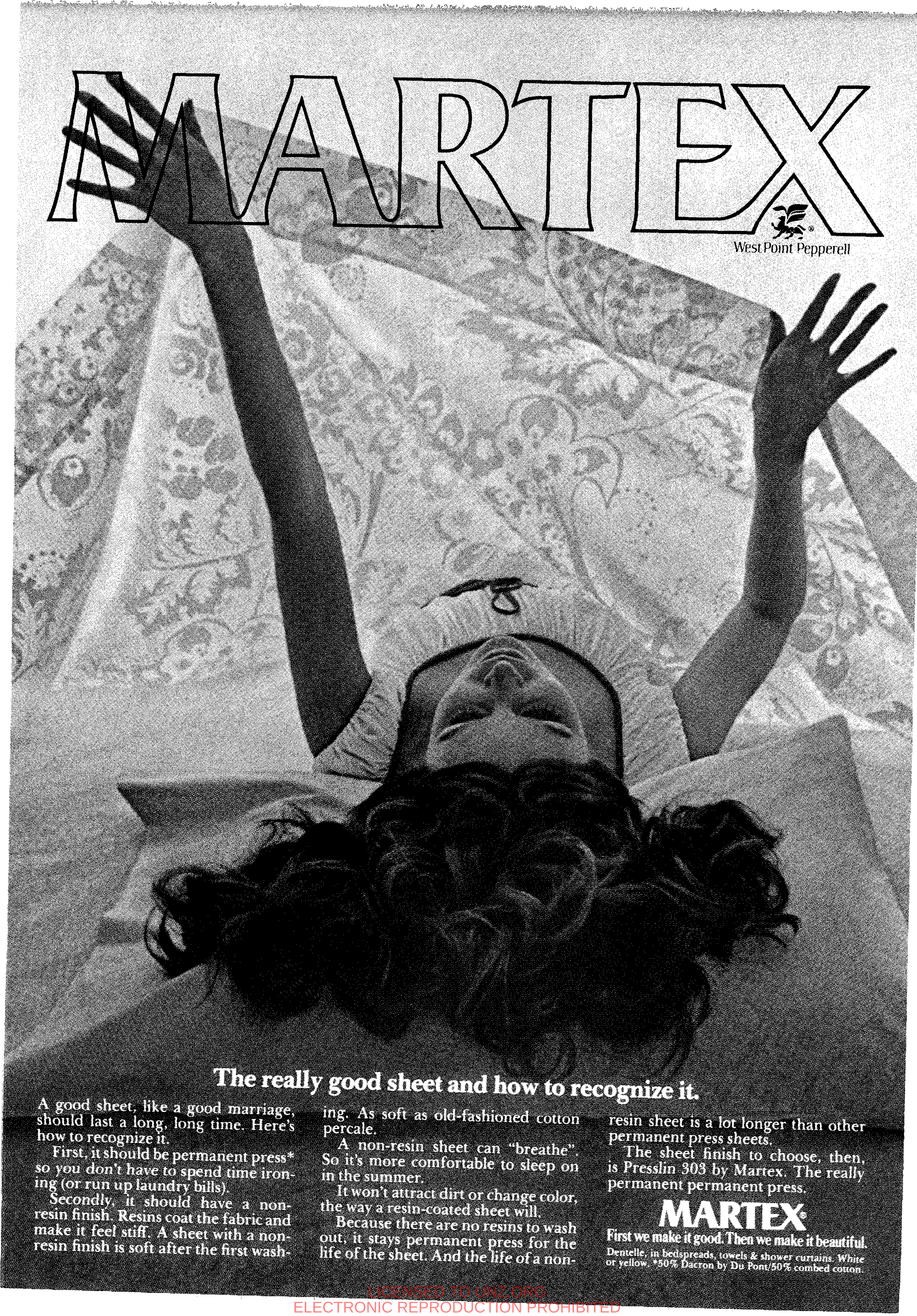
Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Art.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it's no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It's a great comedy-romance. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

The Anonymous Venetian—And let everyone connected with the film be anonymous, too. (Plaza.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain



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First, it should be permanent press* so you don't have to spend time ironing (or run up laundry bills).

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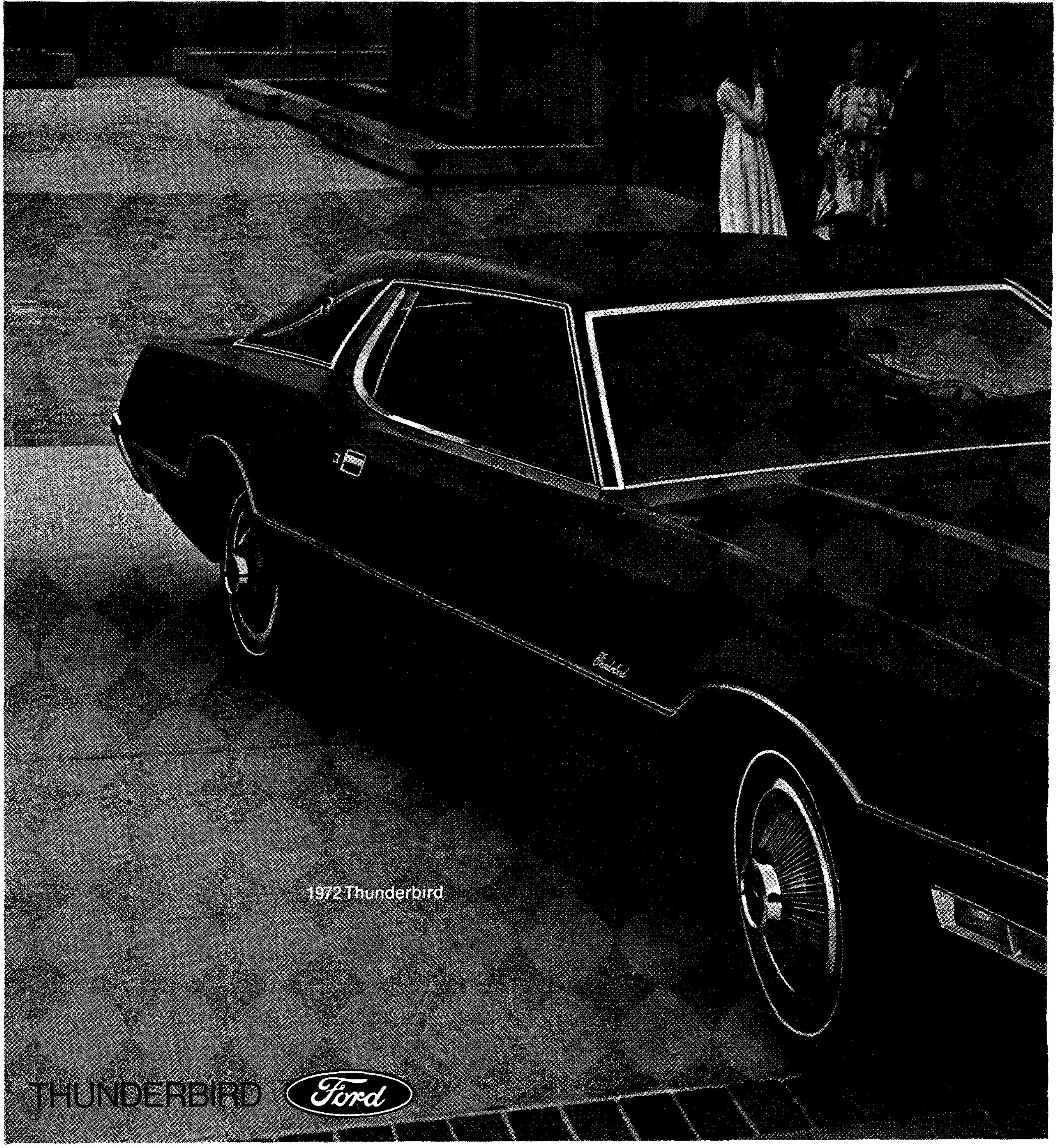
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Thunderbird. Frankly dedicated to the proposition that a car should be more than machinery.

How do you build a legend? Very carefully. You start with a new longer wheelbase, for a smoother ride and easier handling. Inside, the new luxury of greater passenger room: more room than any Bird ever had.

And with more room comes more luxury. Plush deep-pile carpeting. Custom individualized seating. Unique Thunderbird trim.

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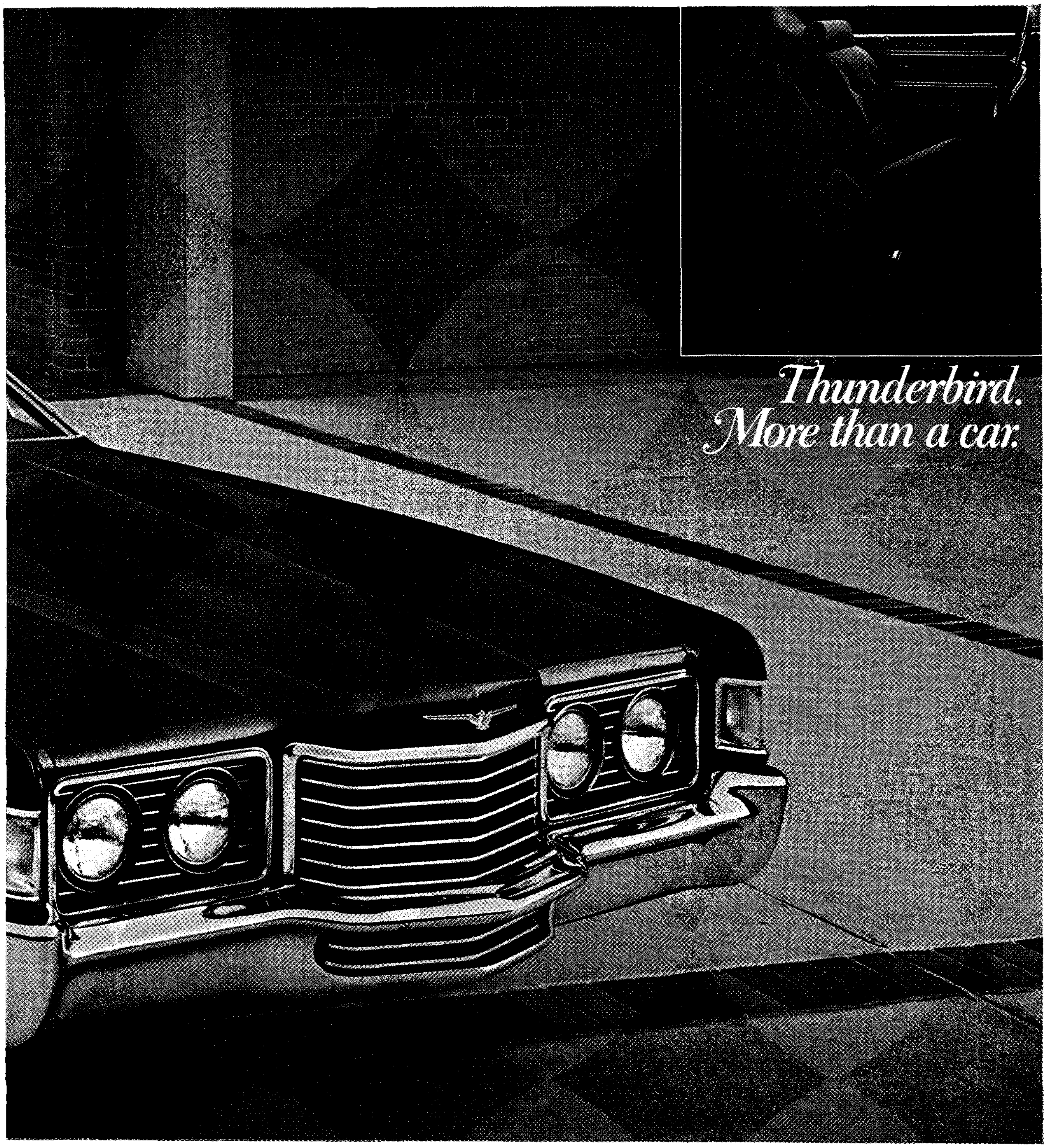
This 1972 Thunderbird is a very logical, very opulent extension of the legend. See it at your local Ford Dealer's soon. When you order one, you're getting more than a car. You're buying into a legend. Which means we have a lot more to live up to. And you have a lot more car.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up!



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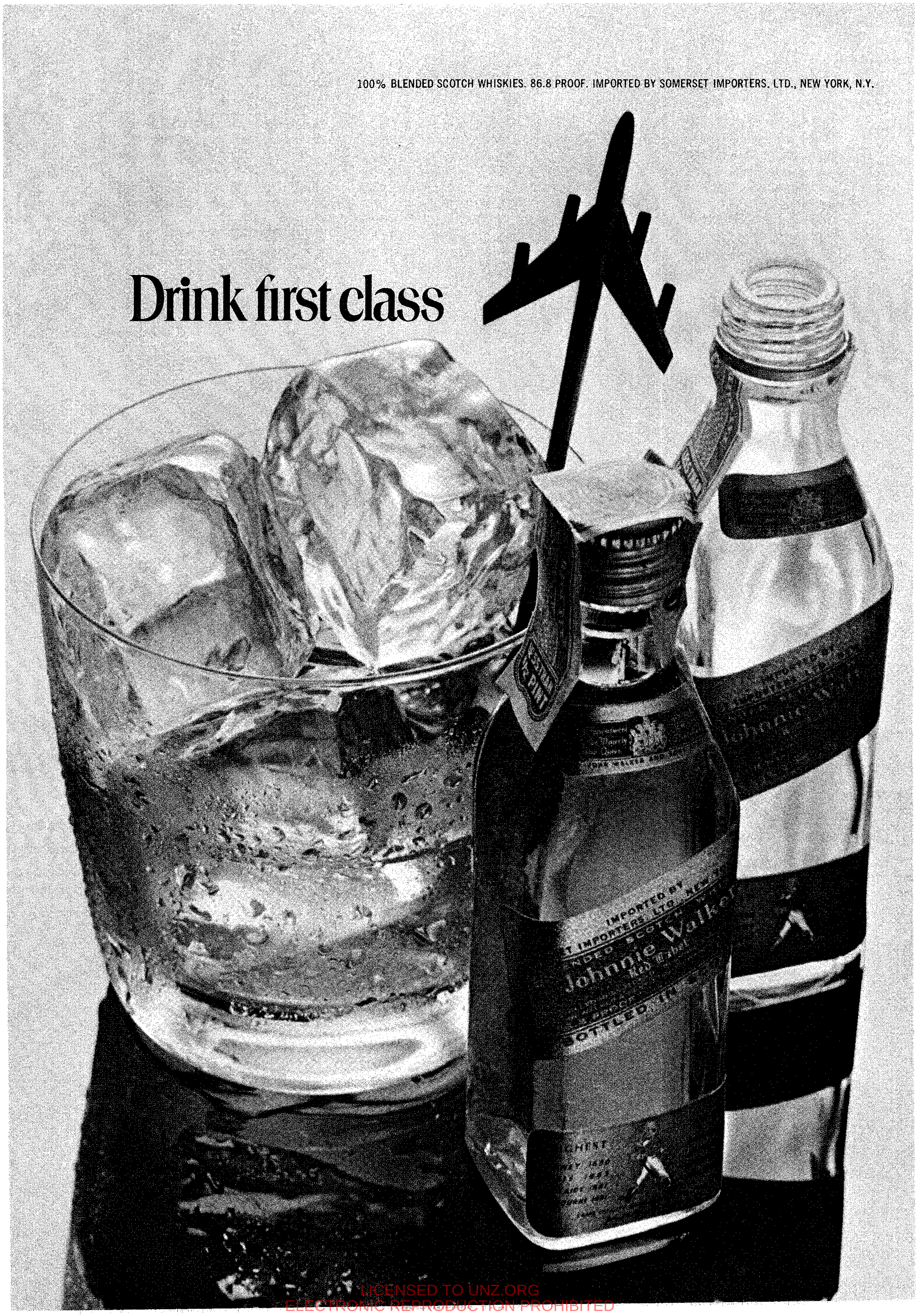

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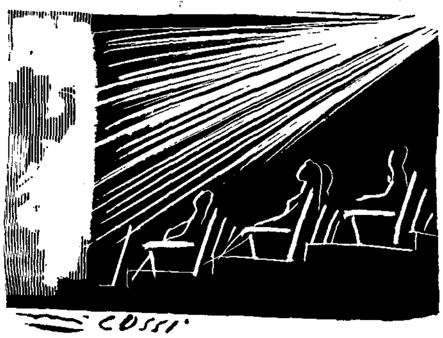

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on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; through Sept. 23.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Beekman; through Sept. 25.)

The Bear and the Doll—With Brigitte Bardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Michel Deville. Dim stuff, though you wouldn't think Cassel as a cellist could fail. In French. (Paris.)

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me—Go down with this film and it doesn't look like up at all. With Barry Primus and Linda de Coff, directed by Jeffrey Young. (Little Carnegie.)

The Big City—A Brazilian film, directed by Carlos Diegaus. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 23-24.)

The Big Doll House—With Judy Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (Juliet 2; through Sept. 23.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 24.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Beekman; Sept. 26-28.)

Black God, White Devil—A Brazilian film, directed by Glaubar Rocha. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 25-26.)

Bunny O'Hare—With Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Gerd Oswald. (Orpheum; starting Sept. 29.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur*, who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Olympia; Sept. 24-25.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Waverly; through Sept. 28.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Elgin; Sept. 24-26.)

Cometogether—With Tony Anthony and Lucianna Paluzzi, directed by Saul Swimmer. (Juliet 2 and Regency; starting Sept. 24.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Midtown; starting Sept. 29.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hard-boiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. (In French at the Greenwich; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ In English at the Midtown; through Sept. 28.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

Cuba Va!—A documentary film by Felix Greene on Cuba today, as revealed in the island's music. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanatorium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Beekman; Sept. 26-28.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (34th St. East; through Sept. 28.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Written and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Sept. 29.)

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Early Marilyn Monroe, in a melodrama that doesn't suit her unhistoric style, directed by Roy Baker. Anne Bancroft makes a highly professional appearance. (Olympia; through Sept. 23.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 24.)

The Emperor and the General (1967)—An account, in a documentary style, of the day on which Emperor Hirohito told his countrymen the bad news. Based on the book "The Longest Day in Japan," by Soichi Oya. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The End of August at the Hotel Ozone (1965)—A very accomplished Czech film by Jan Schmidt, set in a world peopled only by women fifteen years after an atomic war has destroyed most of the world. The movie doesn't overreach itself, and it has a powerful tang. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 29-30.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (Waverly; starting Sept. 29.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Oddly shrill musical by Busby Berkeley, pushing patriotism about the First World War. With Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, who are nearly scuppered by the awful script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-25.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams. Sidney Lumet directed. See the film, although the combination accentuates the florid in both of them and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Olympia; Sept. 26-27.)

Funnyman—With Peter Bonerz, directed by John Korty. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Sept. 27.)

Gaily, Gaily (1969)—Ben Hecht's Chicago of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with fancy camera angles and too broad performances, so it's mostly a mess. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. To be seen at all costs. (Paramount.)

Glen and Randa—Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. Skip it. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Paramount.)

The Grissom Gang—With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson, directed by Robert Aldrich. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Murray Hill.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The Hired Hand—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the house of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through Sept. 28.)

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Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 27-28.)

Hoa Binh—Raoul Coutard's view of Vietnam as seen by an eleven-year-old boy. Heartbreaking. Coutard has a Vietnamese wife and knows the life he's showing. (Lincoln Art.)

Hollywood Hotel (1937)—A musical, with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Horror Hotel (1963)—With Dennis Lotis and Christopher Lee. (New Yorker; Sept. 23-27.)

The Invisible Ray (1936)—Boris Karloff as a scientist who has had a fatal dose of radiation, which means that his touch spells instant death. One of those sci-fi pictures about the Janus-headed morality of scientific research. Pretty good. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through Sept. 28.)

The Joke (1969)—A wry Czech movie by Jaromil Jireš that shuttles back and forth between the days of Stalinism and Dubček's 1968. The hero is caught in that romanticism of orthodoxy which, as time goes on, permits only a disappointment that bites like a steel trap on the leg of a man trying to move. (You wonder if the same thing is true of the director.) Interesting stuff about a sardonic, prankish character. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Kotch—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 30.)

The Last Movie—Directed by, and with, Dennis Hopper. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting Sept. 29.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 27-28.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (Regency; through Sept. 23.)

Let's Make Love (1960)—Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand. They do. Milton Berle and Marilyn's innocent, touching sweater are the graces that just save George Cukor's picture from an odd stolidity. (Olympia; Sept. 24-25.)

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—Poor thriller, helped by the performance of Zohra Lampert. Directed by John Hancock. (Juliet 1; through Sept. 28.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Waverly; through Sept. 28.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 26-29.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 26-29.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Sutton; through Sept. 28.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Greenwich; starting Sept. 29.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

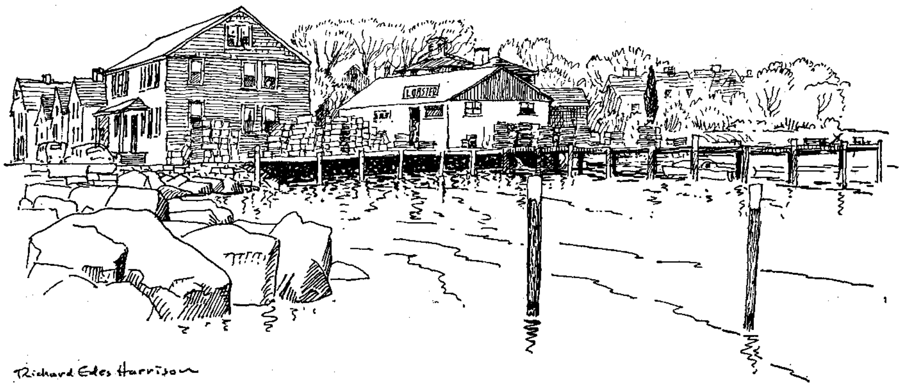
Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-25.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon (Richard *Milhous* Nixon, that is), directed by Emile de Antonio. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 28.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

Morgan! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero



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(David Warner) is also crazy and in pain. The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1962)—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (Olympia; through Sept. 23.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—*for once, in films*—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 24-26.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Beekman; through Sept. 25.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—With Judith O'Dea, directed by George A. Romero. (Bijou Cinema; starting Sept. 20.)

Oh Bravo Guerreiro—A Brazilian film, directed by Gustavo Dahl. (5th Ave. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

O. Henry's Full House (1952)—An omnibus of five stories, generally ungifted, though Hathaway and Hawks directed two of them, and Charles Laughton and Marilyn Monroe give their native substance to the first, which is called "The Cop and the Anthem." There is also the irreplaceable Fred Allen. (Olympia; Sept. 26-27.)

The Omega Man—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive we wouldn't advise it. (Loew's Ciné; through Sept. 29.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Cinema II.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Juliet 1 and Waverly; starting Sept. 29.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 25.)

The Penthouse (1967)—A glassy English film, with Suzy Kendall and Terence Morgan, directed by Peter Collinson. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 28.)

The Phantom President (1932)—The old satire on politics. George M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, and Jimmy Durante. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 30.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

The Raven (1963)—Roger Corman's spoof-horror film, with Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Reggae—A film of the Carribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, last year. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

The Rickshaw Man (1958)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (New Yorker; Sept. 23-27.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Orpheum; through Sept. 28.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—Shinoda's—has a bright sense of mischief. About feudalism and rebellion. Any Japanese picture must be about this, even if it were to be about contemporary business executives struggling onto the world's most advanced trains and playing weekend clock-golf. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 24.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. So is everyone around in the movie business apparently—*this* scary stuff in the Music Hall, where the toddlers come and the cheerful, lopey show girls wave their plum-shaped thighs? (Music Hall; through Sept. 29.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 28.)

Silence Has No Wings (1966)—Kazuo Kuroki's film is about love. The picture is rather obscure and fancifully metaphorical, but somehow potent in its arcane gifts. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Skin Game—With James Garner and Lou Gossett, directed by Paul Bogart. (Loew's Ciné; starting Sept. 30.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Olympia; Sept. 28-30.)

Spirits of the Dead (1969)—Three Poe stories, directed by Federico Fellini, Louis Malle, and Roger Vadim. The Fellini is nothing much for him, which is to say ten times more interesting than most—fluently comic, sober, barbed, with Terence Stamp playing a sulky English actor who has a style in high diatribe. The Vadim is absurd; the Malle rather repellent, with two jolly sequences about cutting out hearts. (New Yorker; Sept. 22.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East.)

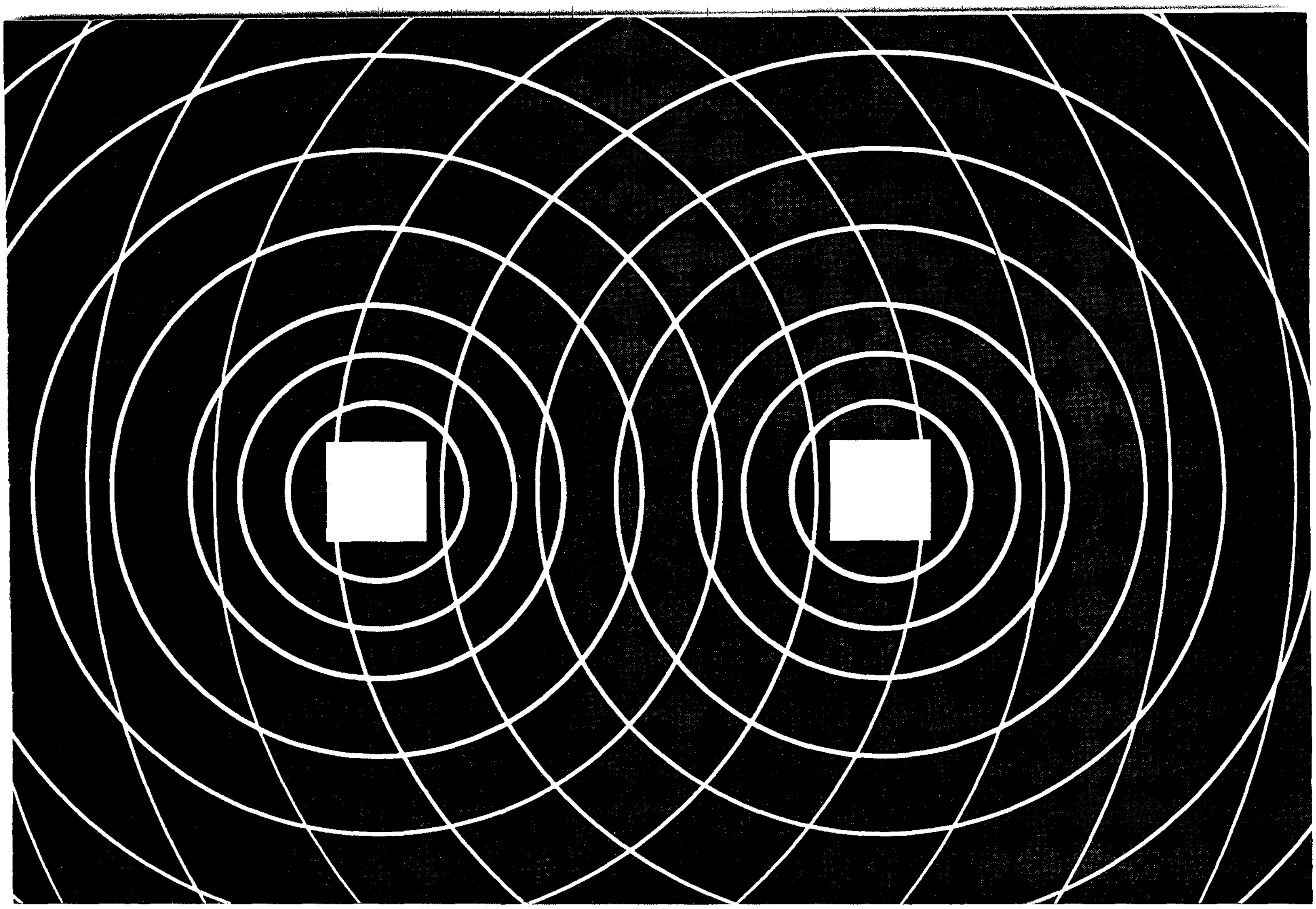
Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly factitious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Symphony; starting Sept. 29.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head, directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet.)

Tales of Terror (1962)—A group of grotesque and ghoulish Poe stories, directed in a literal-minded way by Roger Corman, and featuring Peter Lorre as a macabre madcap. Vincent Price leers his way through all of them, and in one turns into an oozing liquid. With Basil Rathbone and Debra Paget. Some of the horror effects are rather repellent. (New Yorker; Sept. 22.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through Sept. 28.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 29-30.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Sept. 25 and 27.)

THE TOUCH—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 27.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 26 at 8. Thereafter Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

TROPIC OF CANCER (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

TSAR TO LENIN (1966)—A documentary about the Russian Revolution. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

VIVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Olympia; Sept. 28-30.)

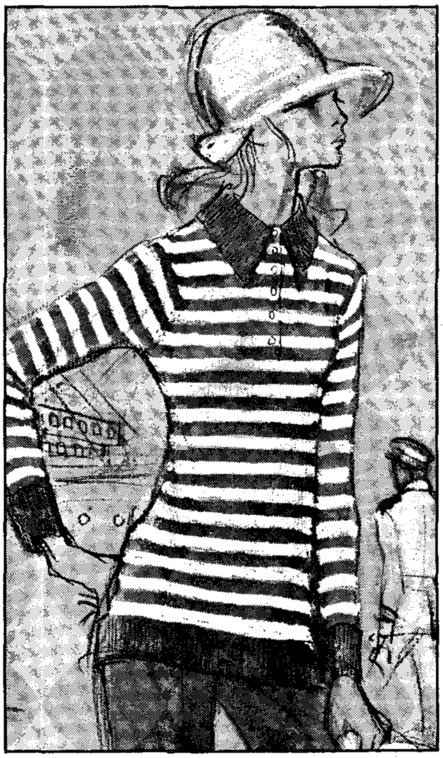
WAIT UNTIL DARK (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Symphony; starting Sept. 29.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 30.)

A YOUNG COUPLE—With Anna Gael and Alain Libolt, directed by René Gainville. (Trans-Lux East.)

YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT LIKE YOU TALK IT OR YOU'LL LOSE THAT BEAT—Well, lose it. Over-knowing stuff, even for a first try. With Zalman King, directed by Peter Locke. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; through Sept. 23.)



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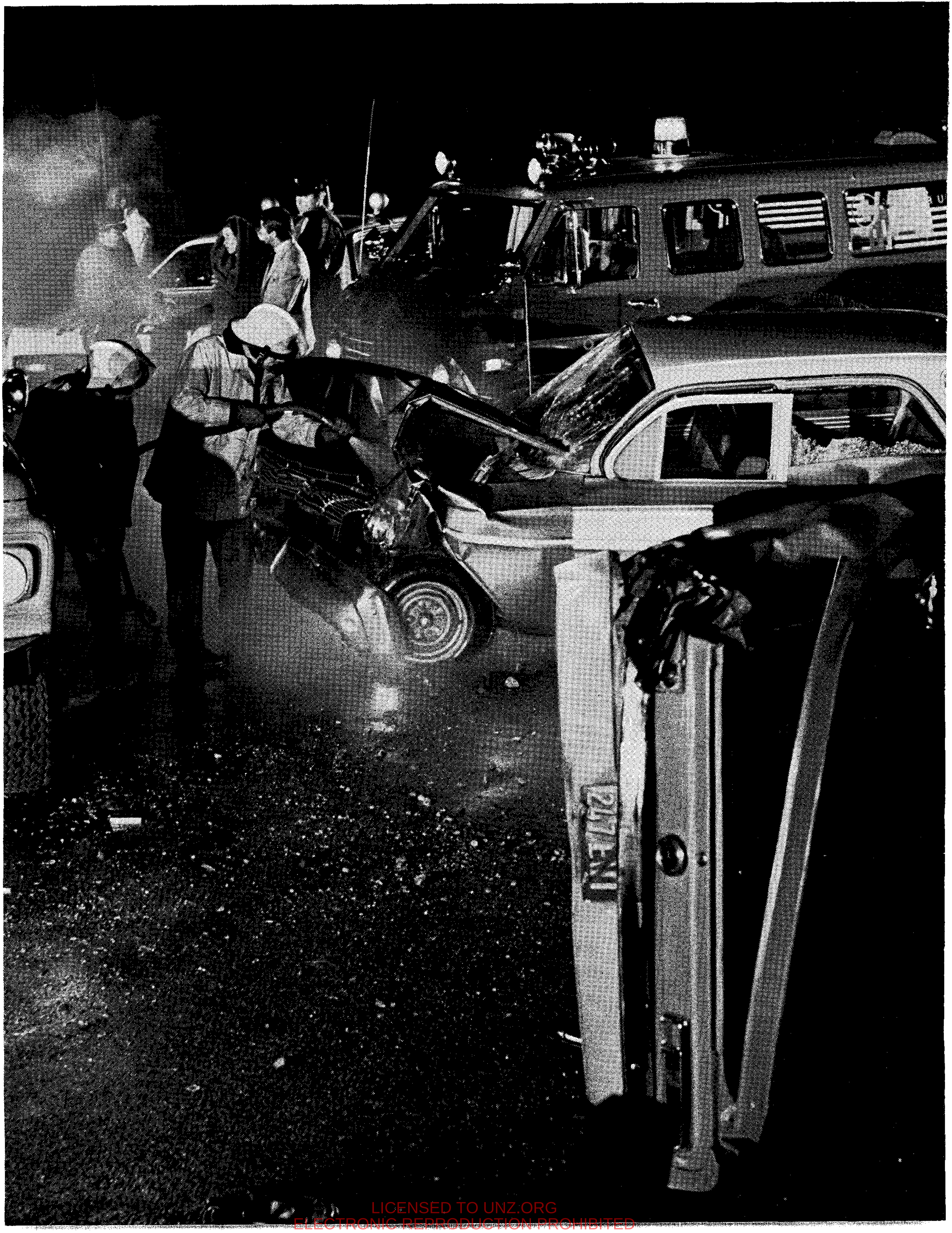

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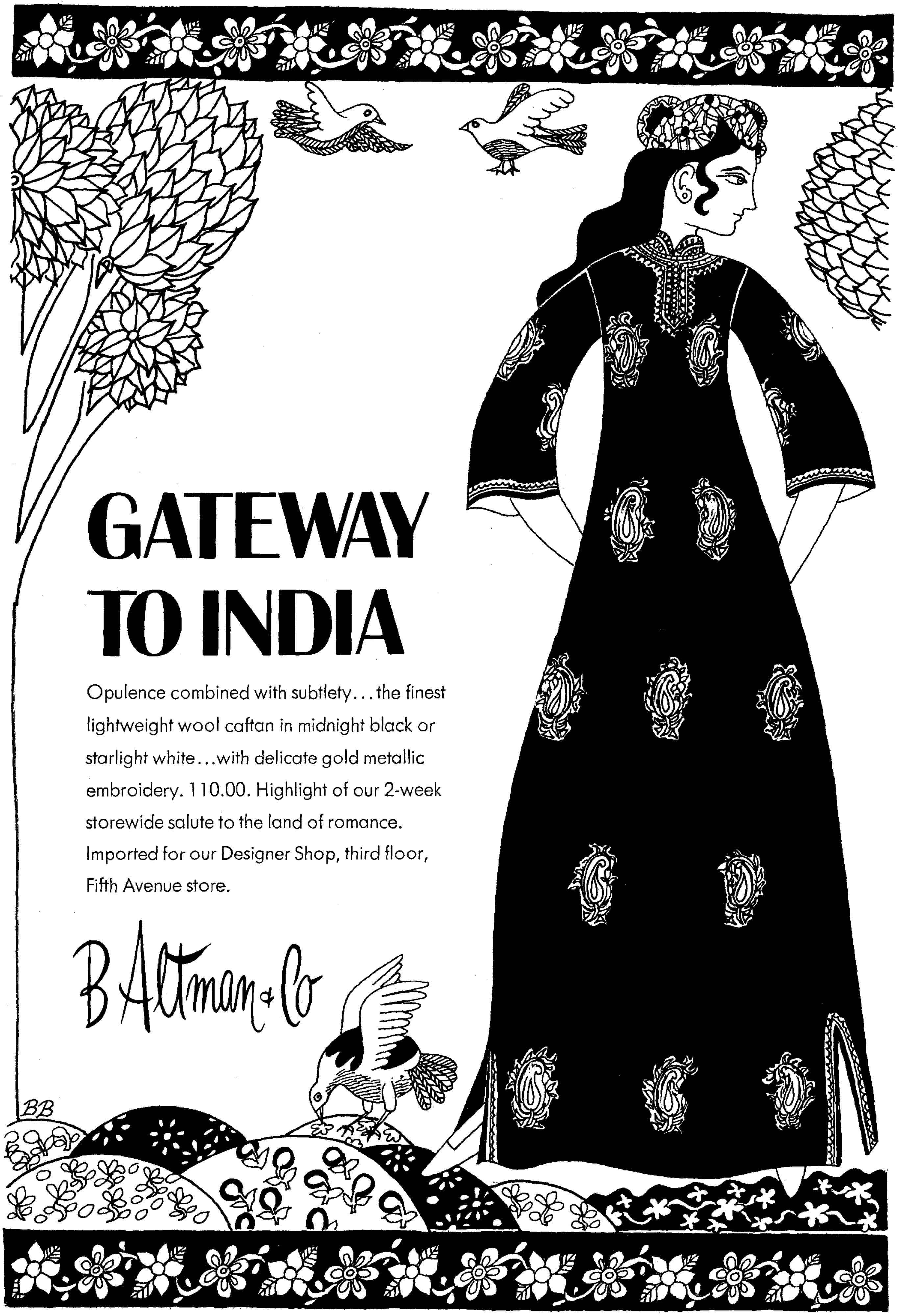

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the Attica uprising, millions of Americans were brought face to face with convicted criminals for the first time. Most of us were wholly unprepared for what we saw. Here were men who had committed crimes, including violent crimes, and who had now taken hostages, whom they were threatening to kill. Also, these were men who had led some of the most degrading lives it is possible to lead in America, both while they were outside prison and while they were inside. By all the laws of brutalization—which we have been hearing so much about recently—they should have been men so badly damaged that they were incapable of coherent thought or human feeling. Let a thousand of them out of their cells at once and you would expect to have a violent, inchoate mob. Yet the crowd we saw on television was not a mob but a purposeful gathering, and the men we saw were not brutalized, although they may have suffered brutality—they were unmistakably whole men. We saw men acting with dignity, not men stripped of their pride. There were unity, discipline, and restraint, as the treatment of the hostages showed. There was great eloquence, there was uncommon courage, there was selflessness. We think, in particular, of the young man named Elliott James Barkley, now dead, who was to have been released in a matter of days but who continued, in a conspicuous role of leadership, to help those he called his brothers. Altogether, we were faced with something new in our experience. The reformers among us had believed that what in effect were crimes committed by society against the prisoners had brutalized them, or rendered them less than fully human. The hard-liners among us had believed that the crimes committed by the prisoners against society had branded them as less than fully human forever. The prisoners paid with their lives to prove to all of us the truth of what they had explicitly told us: "We are not beasts. We are men."

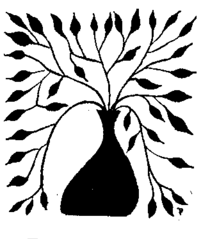
Ousmane Sembene

FIFTEEN years ago, Ousmane Sembene, a thoughtful, tough-minded Senegalese, was loading cargo on the docks of Marseille and teaching himself to write French in his spare time. Today, with four novels, five films, and a collection of short stories to his credit, Sembene is a celebrated—and controversial—figure in French West Africa. A political radical, he lives in Senegal, a tiny country that is just beginning to emerge from three hundred years of French rule. Although Sembene is highly regarded in Europe, he is not popular at home, because the themes that dominate his work are social injustice (which annoys the local politicians) and the influence of the African past (which embarrasses the local French-oriented intellectuals). His most ambitious film, "Mandabi" ("The Money Order"), tells the story of an illiterate old man who is cheated out of the proceeds of a money order by a series of corrupt officials. His best-known novel, "Les Bouts de Bois de Dieu" ("God's Bits of Wood"), is a brilliant reconstruction of a railroad strike that immobilized the Dakar-Niger line in 1947-48, told from both French and African points of view. A more recent film, "Tauw" ("Eldest Son"), is a semidocumentary study of the generation gap in a Senegalese family and a bitter picture of chronic poverty in a Dakar slum. "Tauw" was commissioned by the National Council of Churches and is being distributed throughout the United States this year as part of a study program on African youth.

We dropped by the Council offices one afternoon to meet Mr. Sembene and found him in a darkened projection room watching a rough cut of "Tauw." During a pause in the showing, we asked him why he had chosen this particular theme for the Council.

"Because this is the basic problem of Africa," replied Mr. Sembene, in French. "There is a terrible gulf between young people's aspirations and their accomplishments. Most African countries cannot provide enough jobs for the young men who come into their cities. This new generation receives too much information—through transistor radios, films, magazines—and at the same time it hasn't enough work to do. And in a Muslim country, such as Senegal is, there is also a conflict between religious tradition and the realities of life in a modern city. When young people are disoriented, they can become dangerous. In Dakar, where this film was made, the government has driven the young left-wing people underground, because one cannot openly oppose the regime."

As the lights came on, we remarked that this was not a uniquely African problem.



Mr. Sembene—a slight, puckish, black-skinned man who has large, expressive eyes, high cheekbones, and a neat pointed beard—smiled, and replied that he found most revolutionary movements in the United States amusing. "The only serious group are the Panthers," he said. "Not because they are black but because they attack basic social problems. They want to change the government so that minorities will have a much greater say in the running of the government. We would like to see the same kind of change in Senegal."

We asked Mr. Sembene if he belonged to a minority in Senegal, and he replied that he did, in a manner of speaking. "I grew up in a fishing village in Casamance, in the Diola country of Senegal, just above Portuguese Guinea," he said. "But my family was unusual, because we are Wolofs, from Dakar, to the north. Consequently, I speak four African languages—Wolof, Mandingo, Fulbe, and Diola—and I am the most ignorant member of our clan. My sister speaks nine African languages, and my wife speaks three, as well as French, English, and Spanish."

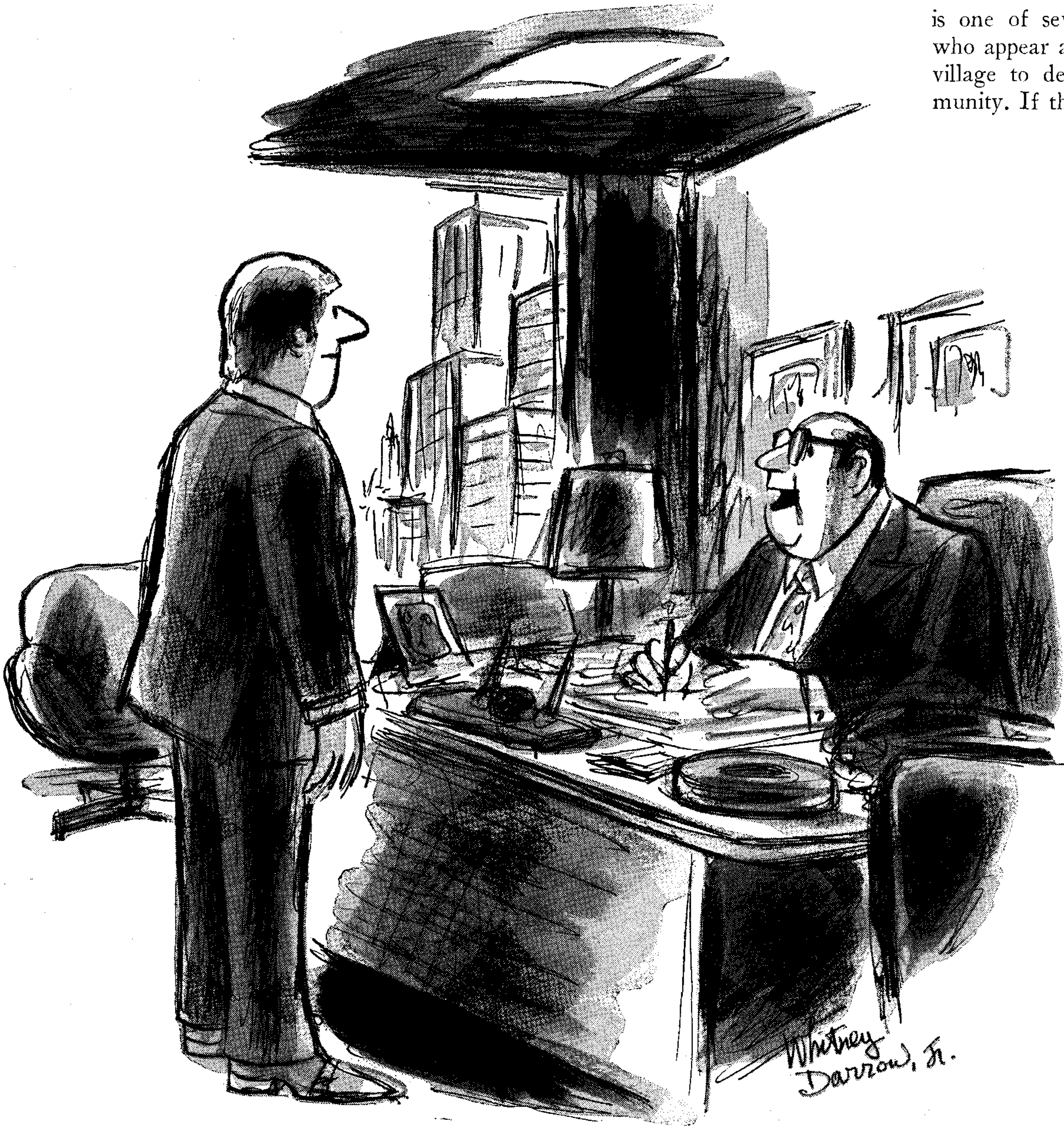
Mr. Sembene added that he had worked as a mason, a plumber, and a garage mechanic before being drafted into the French Army as a truck driver during the Second World War. "That was the beginning of my real education," he said. "I was sent to Provence and later to Germany, and in both I had the opportunity to talk with French people and read French books." In 1947, Mr. Sembene returned to Senegal and helped organize the Dakar-Niger railroad strike—the first effective railroad strike in French colonial history. The following year, he settled in Marseille, where he worked on the docks and perfected his writing style. "I continued to lead an active political life as a member of the Confédération Générale du Travail," he said. "And, since I talk a lot, I was elected a delegate from my shipyard." In 1960, after he had published two novels, he returned to Senegal, and immediately became a thorn in the side of the local Establishment.

"Dakar *seems* prosperous," he told us, "but beneath the appearances people are actually poorer than they were before independence. During the colonial period, for example, all medical services were free and quick. Now people have to wait forever, and there are few medicines available. Our desires for modernization outrange reality, and we end up with a capitalistic system that produces very little. There is a housing program that has made money for a small group of people, and there are factories—run by the French—that employ a handful of Africans. But the banks, the industries, the wholesale markets are still controlled by the French, who are forgiven their taxes because they supply jobs, and are permitted to take their profits out of the country. I have noticed that when rich nations—France, Britain, the United States, Japan, Germany—help underdeveloped countries, they always gain more for themselves than they give away."

We asked Mr. Sembene about his next project and learned that he was working on a film dealing with the influence of fetishism in African life. "I am shooting it down in the Diola country, on the Casamance River," he said, "because I want to show the very special relationship between this tribe and its gods. The film will be called 'Emitai'—'The Master of Thunder.' He is one of several gods and goddesses who appear and disappear in this small village to decide things for the community. If the people elect a chief, for example, and the gods do not agree with their choice, the gods will see to it that he cannot actually become chief. For the Diolas, who are a highly mystical people, these spirits are intermediaries between themselves and the true gods. Although they are mythological beings—very much like the Greek gods—they materialize from time to time in human form and hold chanted discussions with the people. I have already filmed—at a distance—a harvest ceremony in a sacred wood, during which the women of the village asked the goddess of abundance if it was a propitious time to harvest their rice. Although *my* goddess will be played by an actress, the Diola women assured me that the real goddess appeared and approved of the harvest."

"How do *you* regard these spirits?" we asked.

"I have never seen them, but I respect them," Mr. Sembene

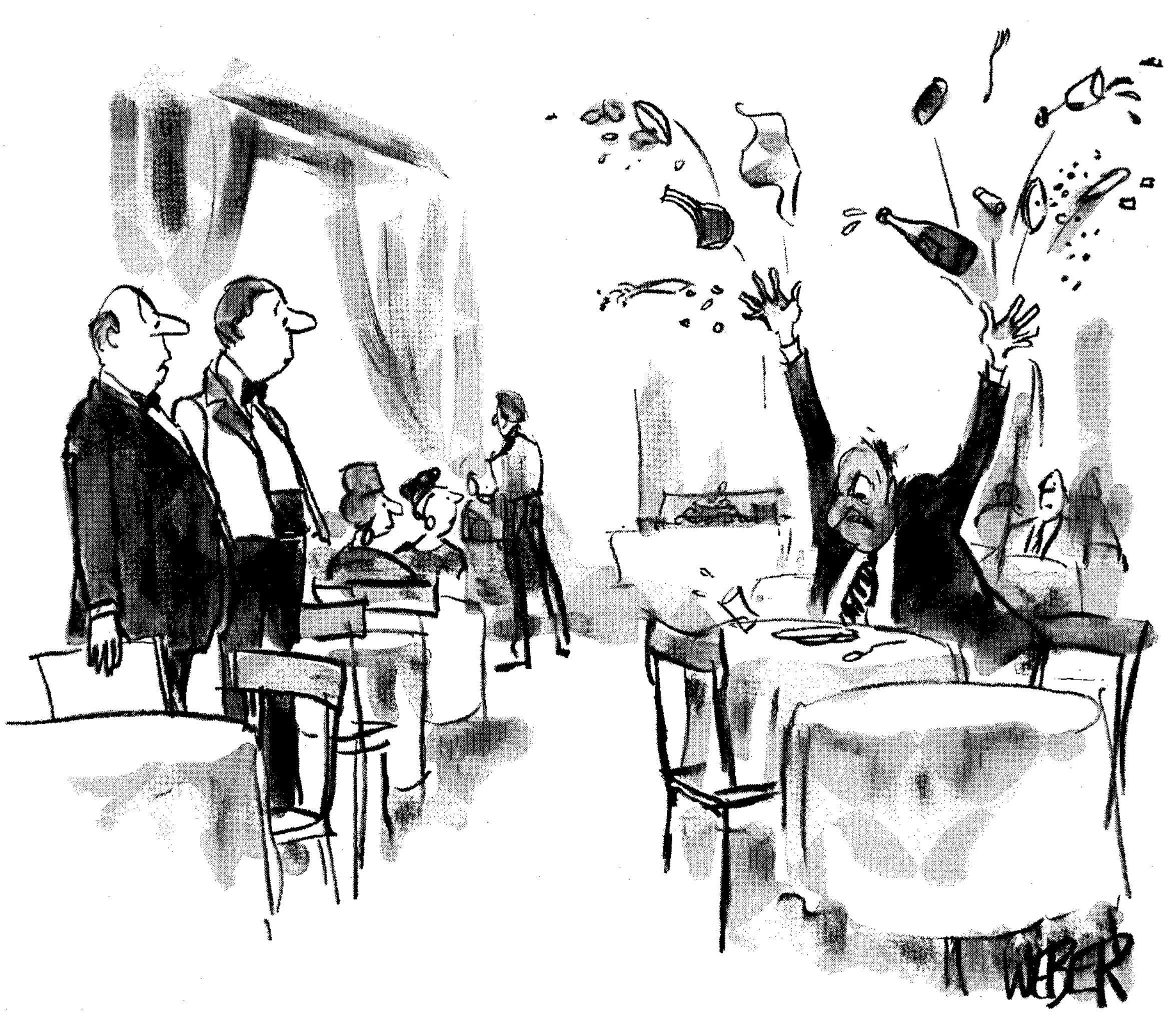

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Be patient, Hamlin. In just a few short weeks you can go back to screaming for more money."

replied. "They are an important part of our cultural heritage, just as Christianity is an important part of yours. We must understand our traditions before we can hope to understand ourselves."

Information

A LADY tells us that she phoned Medicare the other day to discuss a claim and was asked to hold the phone for a moment while the clerk looked up her file. The clerk was back in a flash. "I am sorry, Madam," she said, "but you are in the computer. You will not be out for several days. When you come out of the computer, we will be only too glad to get in touch with you. Thank you for calling, and have a good day."



"We can only hope he's not the Times' new food man."

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Hearing

AS required by the regulations governing federal transportation grants, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority held an open hearing, in the Hunter College auditorium, one evening last week on the "environmental impact" of the Second Avenue subway, which, it is hoped, will start operations sometime in 1978—or fifty-one years after the project was first announced by city officials. Since 1927 (it is also possible to carry the date back to 1922, when Mayor John F. Hylan submitted to the Board of Estimate his proposal for an East Side line up First Avenue), Manhattan has lost both the Second and the Third Avenue elevated lines—in 1940 and 1955, respectively—and now the upper East Side, although it is one of the most desirable residential areas of the city, is one of the hardest to reach by public transportation. In 1951, the city's voters thought they were remedying that defect when they approved the borrowing of five hundred million dollars for a Second Avenue line, but, subway deficits being what they were, and still are, those funds were soon being used to meet the increasing costs of running the existing subways.

So now, with funds raised by the New York State transportation-bond issue of 1969, plus a tentative federal commitment to pay two-thirds of the construction costs (currently estimated at two billion four hundred million dollars), the city is trying again, and the Board of Estimate has cautiously authorized the M.T.A. to proceed with a Second Avenue line from the base of Manhattan up to the Bronx. The route below Thirty-fourth Street was the subject of controversy two years ago, when lower East Siders objected to being bypassed, and eventually, in March of last year, a compromise was reached: a "cuphandle" spur would be built, extending as far east as Avenue C. To pay for the cuphandle, the Board of Estimate cut down on the rest of the line, narrowing it from four tracks—which would have provided express service—to two. (The 1927 proposal provided for six tracks, and in one area eight.) At the hearing, the M.T.A. directors—ten of the eleven members of the board showed up—expected to hear a lot of complaint about the reduction. They heard it, and also heard a lot of complaint about the proposed list of subway stops, which did not include one at Ninety-sixth Street.

Outstanding among the protesting delegations was one from Metropolitan Hospital, which sent about a hundred of its physicians, nurses, and employees to the hearing, along with a roster of speakers that included the hospital's executive director, Anthony Constantine, and one of its associate directors, Paul J. Whaley. Mr. Whaley, a tall, thin, impassioned young man, charged the M.T.A. with "brutal insensitivity toward the sick poor," and declared it "no coincidence" that the Metropolitan, a city hospital at Ninety-seventh Street, had been bypassed, while Rockefeller University, at Sixty-eighth Street, would have convenient access to the station proposed for the Lenox Hill area. Although Mr. Whaley drew the loudest applause and a few shouts of "Right on!," his criticism of the M.T.A. was, if nothing else, premature, since the station stops had not yet been fixed by the Authority. Its engineering department had proposed stations at Thirty-fourth, Forty-eighth, Fifty-seventh, Seventy-second, Eighty-sixth, 106th, and 123rd Streets, but the proposal had not been formally approved. It was hoped that this hearing would help settle the matter.

Support of the proposed list was led by John T. O'Neill, a New York City Transit Authority engineer. He defended the paucity of stations along the line by pointing out that during its half century of life on planners' maps the Second Avenue line had always been designated as a "feeder" line, intended primarily to bring riders from the Bronx (and from Queens, via the Sixty-third Street Tunnel, now being constructed under the East River) to lower Manhattan. "We are now in a position to make the Second Avenue a reality, if you'll just let us go ahead on these decisions," he said. Other speakers, most notably representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce and the East Side Association, also urged the M.T.A. to get on with the job.

The hearing lasted four hours and fifteen minutes. In addition to the dispute over the number of subway stops, there were arguments over the number of tracks and the method of construction—tunnelling (expensive) vs. "cut-and-cover" (disruptive of traffic). There were also occasional digressions into more recently familiar political topics. "It is not part of my remarks, but I can't resist noting that all of you up there are men, and no women make transportation policy in New York State," said Councilwoman Carol Greitzer.

"The Mayor nominated three of us to serve on this board," Harold Fisher, one of the Authority members, answered from the stage. "Don't forget him."

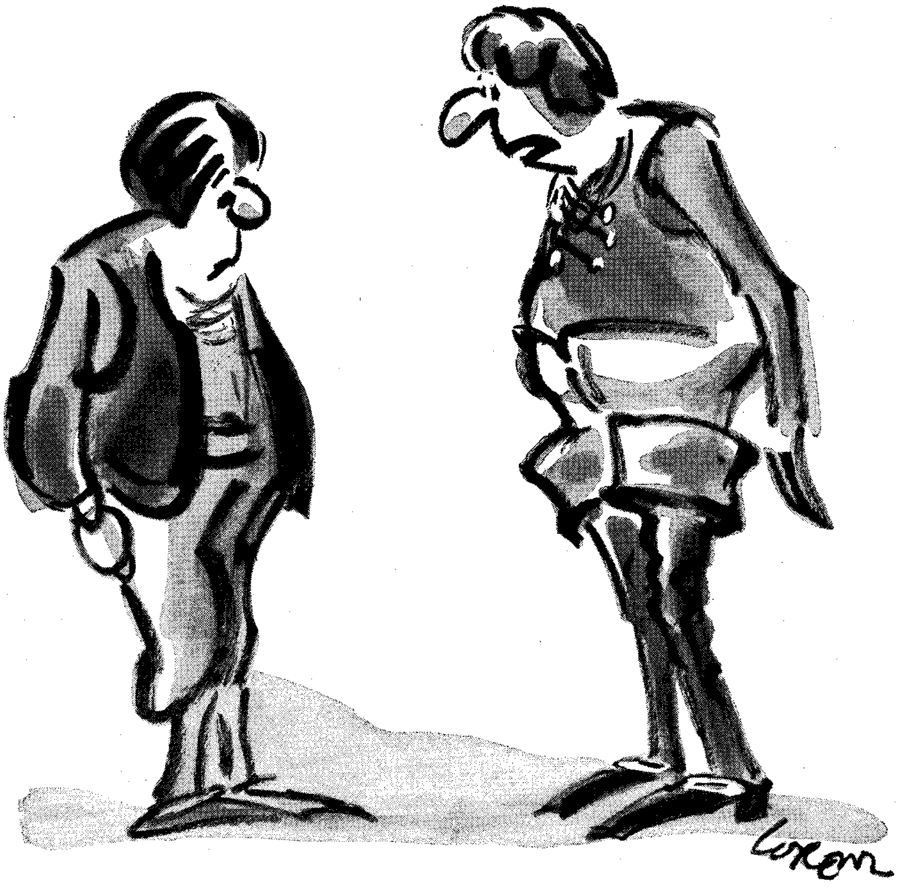
"I'm not forgetting the Mayor," Mrs. Greitzer said. "He's part of the problem."

Unquestionably, the best prepared of all those who objected to the two-track proposal was Lewis Hitch, a signal engineer employed by the City Transit Authority. A tall, thin, crew-cut man in a conservative brown suit, Mr. Hitch brought to the rostrum several sets of maps, cost estimates, and plans, as well as an easel on which to display them. "In my opinion, adverse public opinion over the seven-station, two-track line will reflect unfairly on the competence of the New York City Transit Authority," he began. What Mr. Hitch proposed was a four-track system with stations ten blocks apart, and since this included a stop at Ninety-sixth Street, he was cheered by the audience. The M.T.A. members, aroused by Mr. Hitch's careful preparation, peppered him with questions—particularly about the costs of his proposal. "My plan will cost eighty-five per cent more than yours, but it will be cheaper in the long run," Mr. Hitch said. In this he was supported by a number of other speakers, including William J. Diamond, the president of the East Side Manhattan Community Board, who pointed out that the Second and Third Avenue elevated routes had both been three-track lines, with both local and express service. "Anything less than a four-track system is doomed to obsolescence before it is even built," he said.

At the end of the hearing, we went up on the platform and asked Chairman William T. Ronan whether the arguments had made enough of an impression to bring about any change in the M.T.A.'s proposal. "They made a very persuasive case for Ninety-sixth Street," he said, "but I'm sure our planning people knew that the hospital was there before they submitted their plan to us. We'll keep an open mind, and consider the matter as we review the record."

We commented that the hearing had seemed vociferous.

"Not really," said Mr. Ronan, a stolid, genial veteran of scores of such sessions during his six-year tenure on the Authority. "You should have seen some of the ones we've had on Long Island."



"Lately, I'm only getting six leagues on my seven-league boots."

PAX Vobiscum

HEREWITH a placard to be found in the elevators of the University of Texas at Austin:

EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS

The failure of an elevator naturally causes inconvenience to passengers confined within elevator cars. No one has been injured in an elevator accident at the University of Texas.

PLEASE REMAIN CALM

Report your trouble by using the PAX telephone mounted within your elevator car.

DIAL STATION 777

If no response is received from Station 777

DIAL STATION 2108

If no response is received from Station 2108

DIAL STATION 1167

Every effort will be made to release you without serious loss of time.

Do not attempt to leave the car unless elevator stops at a landing.

The Daily Mirror

THE *Daily Mirror* is not much of a newspaper, but it has one important virtue. Unlike the afternoon editions of the *News* and the *Times*,

PORCUPUNCTURE
FEE: SIX WALNUTS
Alan Dunn

unlike the Time, Inc., venture into daily journalism in New York, unlike the *Daily Planet* and *Weekday*—in short, unlike a score of projects that never advanced beyond the planning stage—the *Mirror* is actually coming out, and has been coming out every day except Sunday since the beginning of the year.

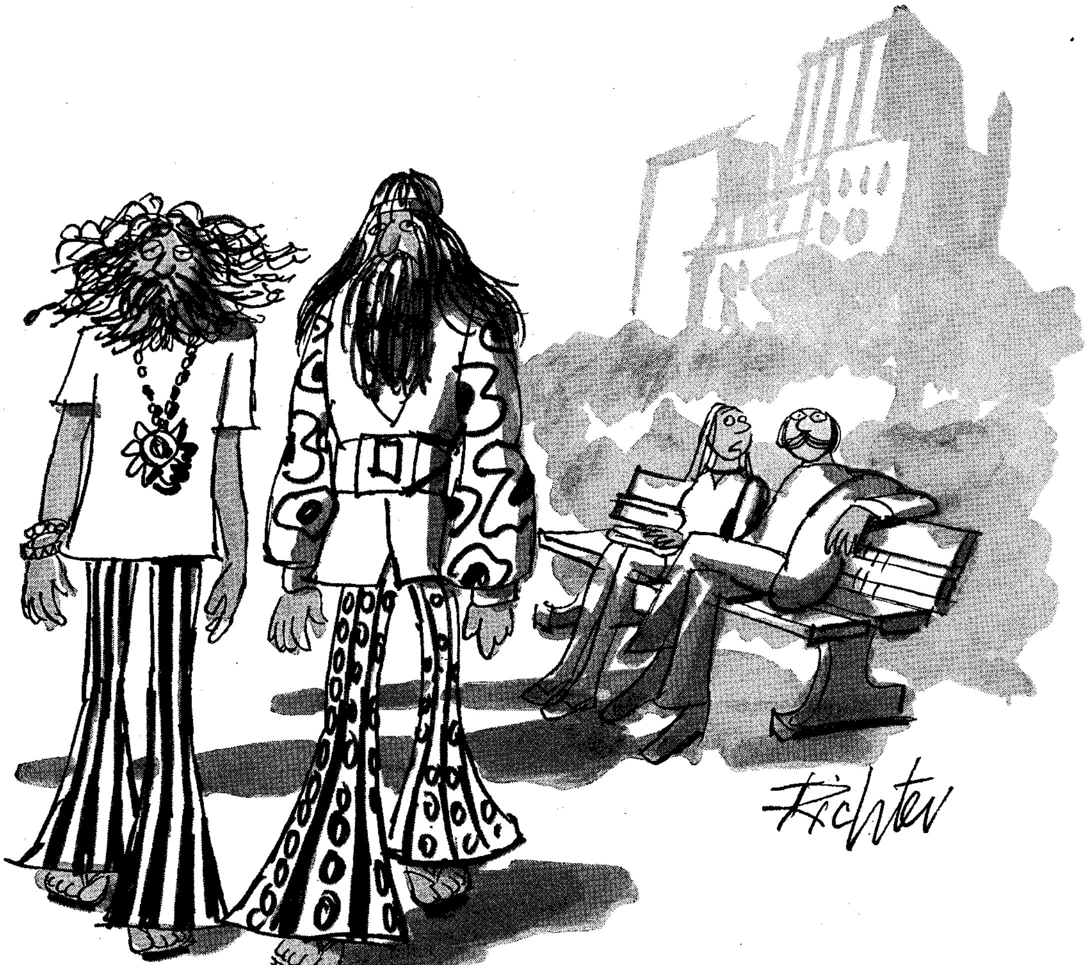
Like so many new things nowadays, the *Mirror* is a revival of something old. The old *Mirror*, which ceased publication in 1963, was often described as thirty-two pages of wrapping for Walter Winchell. The Winchell column is no more, and the present paper has no official connection with the defunct Hearst tabloid, but it has a familiar look. The front page consists of screaming headlines, a big photograph, and a mug shot of the Statue of Liberty, just as it did in the old days. The "Joe and Asbestos" comic strip still runs on the racing page. The sports pages are reasonably complete; news coverage, which comes almost entirely from the U.P.I. wire, is on the spotty side. There are a great many syndicated features and columnists, some of whom, such as Jimmy Cannon, Marianne Means, Bob Considine, and Jim Bishop, are familiar to New York newspaper readers of a certain age. It's a skinny paper, but so was the old *Mirror*, toward the end.

The *Daily Mirror* is put together in Queens, in a squat cinder-block building near Queensboro Plaza. We dropped in there the other day to meet Robert W. Farrell, the publisher. Mr. Farrell, who faintly resembles James Cagney, is a short, stocky man with white hair, a big cigar, and a pair of glasses that he wears on the end of his nose. We pulled up a folding chair in Mr. Farrell's sparsely furnished office and asked him why he had started a newspaper.

"This town needs a new kind of voice, a new kind of slant," he said. "The purpose of our newspaper is to provide an extremely outspoken voice for the people of New York. My whole philosophy of life is this: I believe in the little guy because I'm a little guy, and I think we're here for a short time and we ought to enjoy ourselves. People consider me a bit of a liberal, but we have no political axe to grind. Nobody here wants to be governor or senator, or even a broken-down councilman. We've got Considine, Bishop, Cannon—the best damn writers in town. I'm of the opinion that if you build a better mousetrap you'll get a lot of readers."

"How is the paper doing?"

"The press run was around seventy-five thousand today, but it'll be up to ninety thousand in a few days," he said. "We started on January 4th, and we were actually breaking even in April. We're losing money again—because things get slow in the summer—but not a hell of a lot. We can live with it. The main problem is that we haven't reached our capacity in distribution. We can't get to certain newsstands,



"Plainclothesmen?"

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and for some reason a number of newsstands that carry the paper hide it. We think we know why, but never mind that. It's a problem we're going to solve."

"How long did it take you to get the paper started?"

"It took about five years to bring it all together," Mr. Farrell said. "One of the things that made it difficult was that the *Daily News* had paid twelve million dollars for the title of the *Mirror*. I'm a lawyer—I've practiced law with Lee Bailey, and I've tried over five hundred cases—and it took all my legal knowledge to get that title. You know, the old *Mirror* was the second-largest newspaper in the country. It sold almost nine hundred thousand copies a day. It never went out of business—it was *put* out of business. My plan was to publish a newspaper that had the face of the old *Mirror*, but it's difficult to sell any publishing venture on Wall Street. To cold-cash business people, this is not a very exciting business. It's a field of devotion and dedication, and going to the bank is basically secondary. We're a publicly owned company; we have a hundred and fifty thousand shares outstanding, with a couple of hundred investors. People think you need five or ten million dollars to start a newspaper, but we're doing it for a couple of hundred thousand—less than the cost of a Broadway show."

We asked Mr. Farrell to tell us about his life before he started the *Mirror*.

"It's been a pretty wild one," he said. "I've never lived more than a mile from where I live now. I went to law school with a high-school diploma. I've done a lot of things besides practice law. I went on the road selling features for McNaught, which was known as the Tiffany of the syndicates. I had a magazine business—Farrell Publications. I published six million magazines a month—comics, love stories, digests. I got out of that in 1963. I've never lived in the past. Before I went into this, I published a thing called the *Underground Press Digest*, reprinting the best pieces from the underground papers. It didn't mean that I particularly approved of the underground press, but people ought to be privileged to look at both sides."

Mr. Farrell took us on a tour of the office. He showed us his four sportswriters, his two photographers, and his three reporters. "I get these kids right off their college newspapers," he said. "We have about thirty employees now, and at full strength we'll have between fifty and seventy-five. Day after day, we come up with the same headline story as the *Daily News*, but they've got four or five thousand people working for them. That's the secret of our operation—that and the offset printing process."

"Where are the presses?" we asked.

"We use two printing plants in Brooklyn and one upstate," Mr. Farrell said. "We don't own anything—we contract everything out. We're not burdened with excess. We're on the press for three or four hours, and that's what we pay for."

Mr. Farrell took us into the makeup room, where the pages are pasted up for the offset camera. He picked up the next day's editorial page. "This is the part I get a kick out of," he said. "I write all the editorials. I'm past fifty, but I feel like a boy of twelve. That's what happens when you're lucky enough to be doing something you love."

Summit Meeting

THE mystery of what the catcher says to the pitcher when he runs out to the mound in a crisis was partly cleared up for us the other day. "My son George is quite a pitcher," a father of our acquaintance told us, "and naturally Marge and I went up to his summer camp for the last big game of the season. George was steady as a rock right up to the ninth. His team, the Aardvarks, had a two-run lead. Then George began to tire. He walked the first two men. Out ran the catcher, over ran the first baseman, the shortstop, and the councillor-coach. George disappeared from view amid the powwow. The game was resumed, and George gallantly struck out three men in a row. Moments later, surrounded by scenes of frenzy, I congratulated George. 'Tell me,' I said. 'Just what did they tell you when they huddled around?' 'I don't know,' said George."

THE HIGH GROUND, OR LOOK, MA, I'M EXPLICATING

WHEN the helpmate pointed out how I tended to mumble and grunt in confrontation with paintings and other works of art, and suggested I might try framing my reactions in more articulate English, or at least sentences that parsed, I was at first resentful. I remembered T. S. Eliot's remark about how he hated being pressed for his opinions when strolling through galleries and museums, preferring to accumulate and discharge them at his leisure, if at all. Yet that position is hardly tenable under circumstances such as formed the occasion for my wife's whispered stricture—the black-tie opening of a one-man retrospective that we attended with some newly acquired friends, Bill and Jessie Gmelch. Such an event is in its nature half social—something one cannot in all conscience negotiate with a mouthful of teeth. So I made an effort to hitch up my responses onto a plane more nearly approximating that of ordered evaluation—with results that surprised and, I must say, delighted me.

"What we have here seems to me an organic fusion of form and content," I said, of an oil before which we four collectively stood, shortly after the murmured complaint for which the helpmate had momentarily drawn me out of the Gmelches' hearing, "one in which linear and compositional values are also happily resolved. I like especially the juxtaposition of contrasts, which are at once subtle and intrepid, forthright without being obtrusive."

Bill Gmelch nodded, tapping against pursed lips a catalogue which he had rolled into a tube. "Hmm," Jessie said, gazing at the picture. I continued.

"The amalgamation of subject and object, which was but tentatively realized in the artist's earlier period—in such efforts as the 'Blue Configuration' over there, where an ostensibly abstract intention is still somewhat qualified by representational elements—seems to me consummately achieved in this more recent 'City Modality,' where the object qua object, the *Ding an sich*, if you will, disappears in the chromatic boil."

"Oh, there are the McConkeys," Jessie said, and made for the new arrivals, hastily followed by Bill. The helpmate again waited till they were out of earshot. Then she said, "Go back to the way you were."

This was more easily said than done. When a man has found his tongue on the level I had, the cat is not likely to get it again very soon. I could hardly wait for the next chance to practice my newly discovered gift, which was like a heady wine. It came the very next week when we attended an all-Chopin concert by a Brazilian pianist, again with the Gmelches.

"Like him?" Bill said in the lobby during the intermission, eying me warily as he shook a cigarette from a pack. "I think he's good. His reading of the sonata struck me as especially fine."

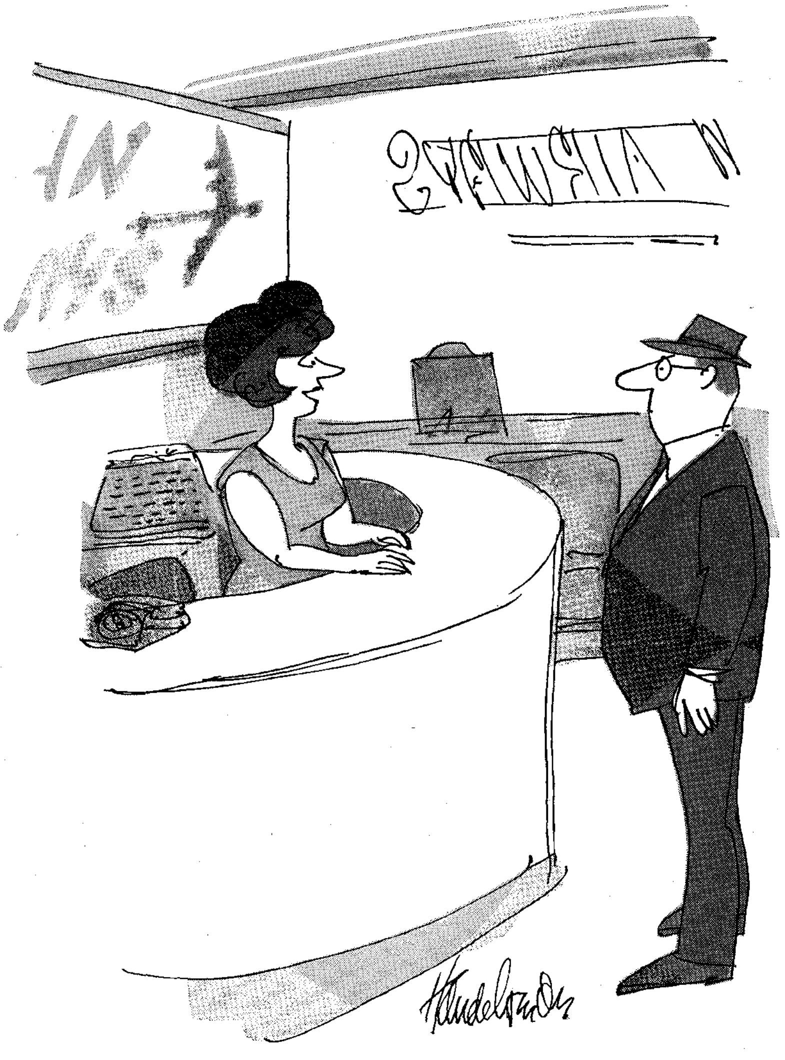
"Except in the slow movement," I said, "where I detected a certain viscosity in the phrasing. Also his tempi were at times heretical, to say the least, notably in the more reflective passages, where the lyrical intent of the original was distorted by an overinflation of its rhythmic values, I thought. I find the performance in general somewhat marred by a willful pyrotechnicality, which repeatedly sacrifices the composer's avowed melodic line to a heedless personal panache. Where is everyone going?"

Bill gesticulated through the doorway to a bar across the street, sucking back a large mouthful of smoke. "Time for a quick one before the buzzer."

I chased them through a light drizzle, shouting explications lost in the noise of the traffic and then that of the bar, which discouraged all but the small talk into which my three companions seemed, for some reason, eagerly to plunge. I listened with abstracted smiles to their gossip as I mentally drafted amplifications of the points I had raised. I was now beginning to wonder about Eliot. The pleasures of pontification were none he had ever passed up in his prose writings!

Something or other was causing a steady decline in the Gmelches' state of mind. They were in quite a foul humor when we got up to our place for a nightcap after the concert. I noticed them whispering angrily together in a corner of the living room, glancing in my direction and breaking off as I approached with brandies. Evidently a little domestic spat of some sort. It showed me how urgent the need for a bit of stimulating talk. A new novel, lying on a coffee table, offered just the opportunity.

"I felt it a distinct advance over the author's previous work,"



"Your son needn't be at college. As a dropout he is eligible for our special Young Punk fares."

I said, "particularly compelling in its portrayal of the slob as counter-culture. Here the grubby romanticism of asphalt vagabondage, long familiar to us in a rash of 'road' fiction from those still into words, is elevated into an outright arraignment of the work ethos as more puritanic dregs. Especially notable are the scenes in which the protagonist takes to the streets and asks nonentities for their autographs, as Whitmanesque gestures of democracy. Would, alas, the style were more Whitmanesque."

They all watched in hangdog silence as I packed and lit a pipe.

"My quarrel is not that it's recycled Faulkner—what isn't these days!—but that rhetoric is, *en principe*, incongruous with so putatively skeptical a vision. Let me just get the book and read a passage illustrating—"

"No." Both Gmelches spoke as they rose simultaneously and stood with clenched fists, as though prepared to bar my passage to the book with physical force if necessary. "We have to toddle along," Bill said, levelly. "We have to get up tomorrow," Jessie explained. The helpmate now climbed to her feet, like a third guest I must see to the door. Until we actually reached it, there was the eeriest sense that she might indeed sail through it and out into the night, remembering only at the last moment that she lived here.

"Well, you've driven them away," she said when we were alone. "Probably for good. In God's name, can't you stop it? Talking like that?"

"It would be dishonest to guarantee *anything*. Once you've got the hang of something—"

"Then I'll guarantee something. That I can't take much more of this phase. Look. We're all going to the Bilkingtons' cocktail party Saturday, and you'd damn well better talk United States there, is all I can say, Buster."

THE helpmate's misgivings were not without foundation. Bo Bilkington is a tired businessman who encourages canards such as that he carries a hip flask to the opera. When he shakes hands, he will fold his fingers back two joints, so that you think you are grasping stumps, and say, with a laugh, "Lost 'em on a minesweeper." Saturday evening saw me being greeted again in that vein, and smilin' through in my own, as I rolled an eye around the apartment to see who was on deck. A large mixture of friends and strangers. Plucking a drink from a passing tray, I made for a group at the far end of the living room who were listening to an L.P. of some new poet reading his stuff—an album entitled "Vibes," of which I caught the last ten minutes.

ONLY FITTING

Field mouse,
I see you've made a house
out of an old shoe
I threw out, oh,
it must be at least two years ago.

From the looks of it,
you've made it as snug and comfy
as an old shoe should be.
With us, that's a luxury
we can't often indulge in.
Right about when things begin to fit,
when every bump has worn its bulge in,
it's time, it seems,
to toss them out.

The hitch is,
when I catch myself—on a fall day such as this
that fits my mood like a glove—
out chatting with a field mouse
like a man in love
with his life despite all,
I feel I must be about due
either to be resoled
or just finally dropped, too,
like the proverbial,
who-knows-how-old,
other shoe.

—JON SWAN

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"Like it?" Jenny Bilkington said, when the stereo had clicked off.

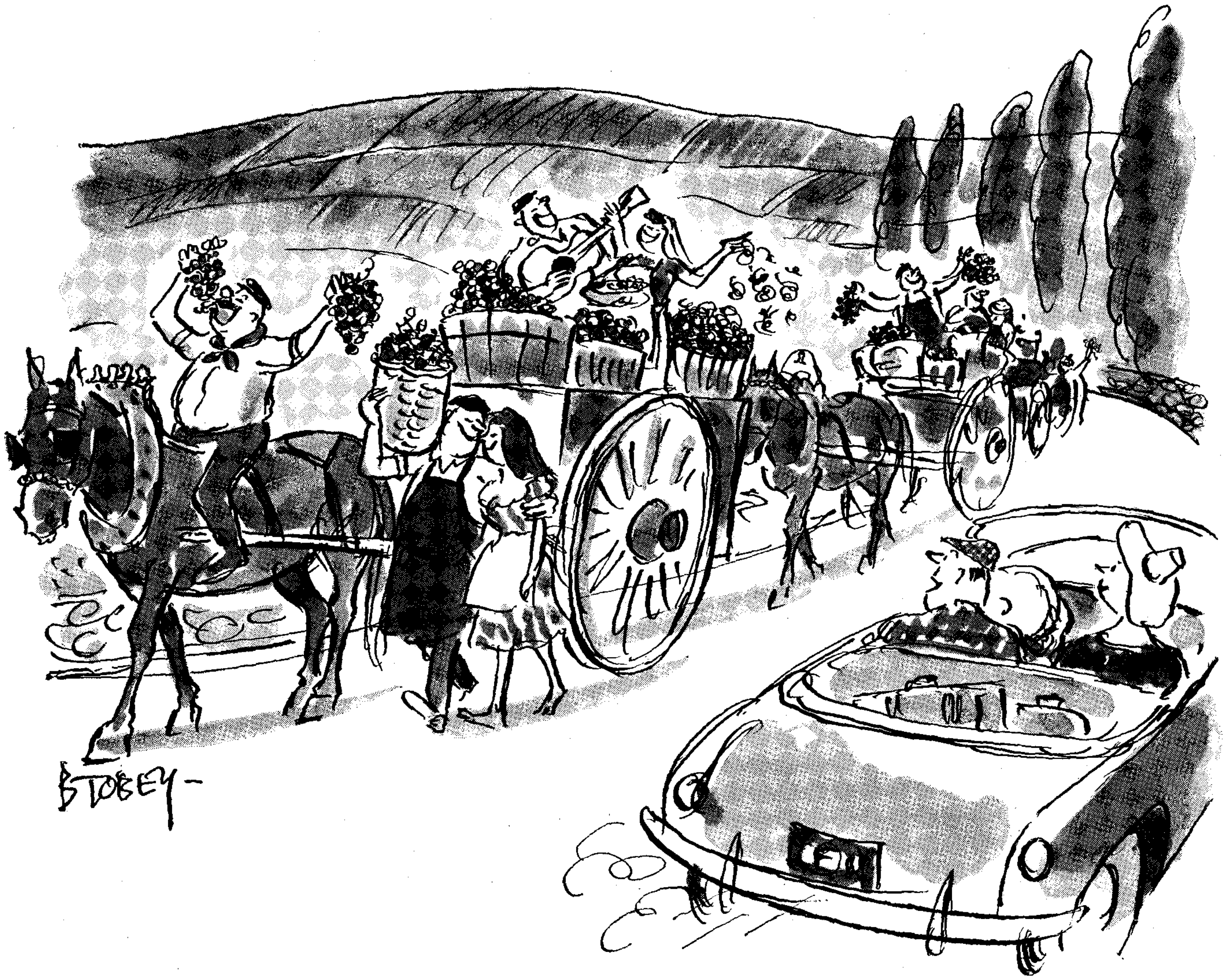
There were murmurs of approval, a few polite shrugs and exclamations. I could feel the helpmate's eye on me, though from behind. I made an effort to get a grip on myself. The brief, foredoomed struggle of a man hooked on exegesis. I cleared my throat as Jenny moved to play the flip side.

"I find it on the whole creditable of its kind, allowing for the element of naïveté in colloquial art generally," I said. "The style is basically folk collage rather than formalized song, of course. The use of slang, clichés, and the like, wedged arbitrarily into what systematic verse there is, offers a literary counterpart of the 'found objects' incorporated into contemporary junk sculpture—yet another example of the fragmentation that has marked our art for half a century, reflecting a dilapidated Western psyche. Each generation espouses its argot with more bravado than the last (the hippie lexicon is almost all cult verbiage), a development hardly surprising, for in the beginning may have been the word but the end is always jargon."

"How about *that?*" said Bo. He glanced wretchedly over at another group as he reached for his highball. "Let's—"

"I liked especially the passage beginning, 'What availeth it a lawnmower?,' as a wry commentary on certain pernickety homeowning elements comprising in fact a culture in midslide. Also effective was the symbolism of the carpenter's apprentice who throws down his tools and leaves Scarsdale, as allusion to the current Jesus bag."

The plan to hear a little of the flip side was abandoned as the group dispersed, to re-form into smaller knots of muttering guests. One especially exercised little cluster, incidentally including Bill Gmelch, were shaking their heads and even their fists. A mob can be an ugly thing. I caught the words "be allowed out" and other such inflamed scraps. In this way the party now began to take more discernible shape. The helpmate grasped



"Looks like a great year for this vineyard!"

• •

my hand at one point and towed me across the long living room to a group clear at the other end. "They're discussing movies," she said with a smile intended for public consumption, adding, through gritted teeth, "*thank God.*"

That lot were talking about a picture I happened to have seen, and so was fortunately able to join in the conversation. A groan went up from some woman as I approached, probably someone bored with Al Herndon's two cents about the film, for he was holding forth in typical style on its merits. One thing is, he's loaded with inherited money, which always sets people's backs up. I stood with the flat of a hand against the wall, hearing him out like the rest.

"The art that conceals art," I said the instant Plentykins paused for breath, "is nowhere more important than in the cinema, where we have such a variety of techniques to keep scrupulously in line. I found both the photography and the direction in 'Bus to Scranton' obtrusive. The long coal-pit and slag-heap shots were beautifully realized as anti-scenery, but the close-ups became much too studied, as did the raffishness of the male principal, whose exposition of the role was an uneasy hash of Bogart and Mastroianni, which any director worth his salt could have disciplined . . ."

AMONG the last to arrive, we were the first to leave. The helpmate seemed anxious to get me alone in a taxicab.

"Well, that tears it," she said as we sped for home. "Did you notice the Herndons and the Gmelches and the Bustamentes talking about getting theatre tickets to something and breaking it off when we came up? We'll never be invited anywhere again, except to a dogfight. I swear I don't know what makes you tick. One minute you're the soul of concession, the next you can't be budged, especially if it involves something that gives you some kind of subcutaneous gratification."

"Can I help it if it's my mature period?"

"Oh, God, who knows what anybody is like!" she said, ignoring me. "Before a woman can begin telling you what a prince you are, you've become a pain. You know what I think? *I* think," she went on, warming to her subject, "you mask a genuine aggression under a façade of compliance, and vice versa—a sort of basic insecurity inside this husk of independence. You seem unable to divorce your societal from your ego drives, your gregarious from your competitional . . ."

She can go on like that for days. Ah, well, it's an age of criticism, isn't it? It's nothing if not that.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

Most of the lonely places are now in imminent danger of being overrun. Go and see them now, for God's sake, before it is too late.—*Eric Newby in the London Observer.*

Take the kids along, too. And a few six-packs.

THE ELDER LADY

On the fourteenth of January, 1941, María Justina Rubio de Jáuregui was to be one hundred years old. She was the last surviving daughter of any of the soldiers who had fought in the South American War of Independence.

Colonel Mariano Rubio, her father, was what might, without irreverence, be called a minor immortal. Born in 1799 in the Buenos Aires parish of La Merced, the son of local landowners, he was promoted to ensign in San Martín's Army of the Andes, and he fought in the battle of Chacabuco, in the defeat of Cancha Rayada, at Maipú, and, two years after that, at Arequipa. At the beginning of April, 1823, there took place the famous engagement of Big Hill, which, having been fought in a valley between two summits, is often also known as the battle of Red Hill. Always envious of our glories, the Venezuelans attribute this victory to General Simón Bolívar, but the impartial observer, the Argentine historian, is not easily taken in and knows only too well that the laurels rightfully belong to Colonel Mariano Rubio. The Colonel, at the head of a regiment of Colombian hussars, turned the tide in this battle, waged entirely with sabres and lances, which paved the way for the no less famous action at Ayacucho, in which he also took part, receiving a wound. In 1827, it was his fate to fight boldly at Ituzaingó, under the immediate command of Alvear. In spite of his blood tie with the dictator Rosas, in later years he was one of Lavalle's men, and once broke up a troop of gaucho militia in an action the Colonel always referred to as a sabrefest. With the defeat of the Unitarians, he emigrated to Uruguay, where he married. In the eighteen-forties, in the course of that country's long civil war, the Guerra Grande, he died in Montevideo during the siege of the city by Oribe's Blancos. He was nearly forty-four, which at that time was almost old age. He had been a friend of the writer Florencio Varela. It is quite likely that professors at the Military Academy would have flunked him, since his only experience lay in fighting battles, not in taking examinations. He left two daughters, of which the younger, María Justina, is the one who concerns us.

Toward the end of 1853, the Colonel's widow and his daughters settled in Buenos Aires. They never got back their lands, which had been confiscated by the dictator during the Colonel's long absence, but the memory of those miles and miles of lost acres on which they had never laid eyes survived in the family for many years. At the age of seventeen, María Justina married the physician Bernardo Jáuregui, who, though a civilian, fought during the civil wars in the battles of Pavón and Cepeda, and later died practicing his profession during the yellow-fever epidemic of the eighteen-seventies. He left a son and two daughters. Mariano, the firstborn, was a customs inspector, and he used to frequent the National Library and National Archives, with the intention of compiling an exhaustive life of the hero, his grandfather, which he never finished and perhaps never even began. The older daughter, María Elvira, married a cousin, a Saavedra, who was employed in the Ministry of Finance. Julia, the second daughter, had married a Mr. Molinari, who, despite his Italian name, was a professor of Latin and a person of the highest accomplishments. I pass over grandchildren and great-grandchildren; it is enough that my reader picture a family that is honorable, that has come down in life, and that is presided over by a heroic shade and by a daughter born in exile.

The family lived modestly in Palermo, in what at the time was the outskirts of Buenos Aires, not far from the church of Guadalupe. Mariano still remembered having seen there, from a tramcar of the Grand National Lines, the big pond on whose shores were scattered a series of hovels, not of galvanized-iron sheets but of unplastered brick. Yesterday's poverty was less poor than the poverty handed down to us today by industrialism. Fortunes were also much smaller then.

The Rubios lived above a local dry-goods store. The stairway was narrow; the bannister, which ran up the right-hand side, led to a longish corridor, at the end of which was a dark vestibule, where there were a coatrack and a few chairs. The vestibule opened into the small drawing room, with its upholstered furniture, and the drawing room into the dining room, with its mahogany furniture and glass-fronted china closet. The metal shutters, always kept drawn in fear of the sunlight, let a little dim twilight filter through. I recall an odor of stored-away things. At the back of the house were the bedrooms, the bathroom, a small gallery with a laundry tub, and the servant's room. In the whole house there were no books other than a volume of the poet Andrade; a short biography of the hero, with handwritten additions scribbled into the margins; and Montaner y Simón's Hispano-American Encyclopedia, acquired on installments, together with the small set of shelves that came with it. They lived on a pension, which was never paid them punctually, and on the income from a rented property—the single remains of the once vast acreage—in Lomas de Zamora.

"Silly Wasp!"

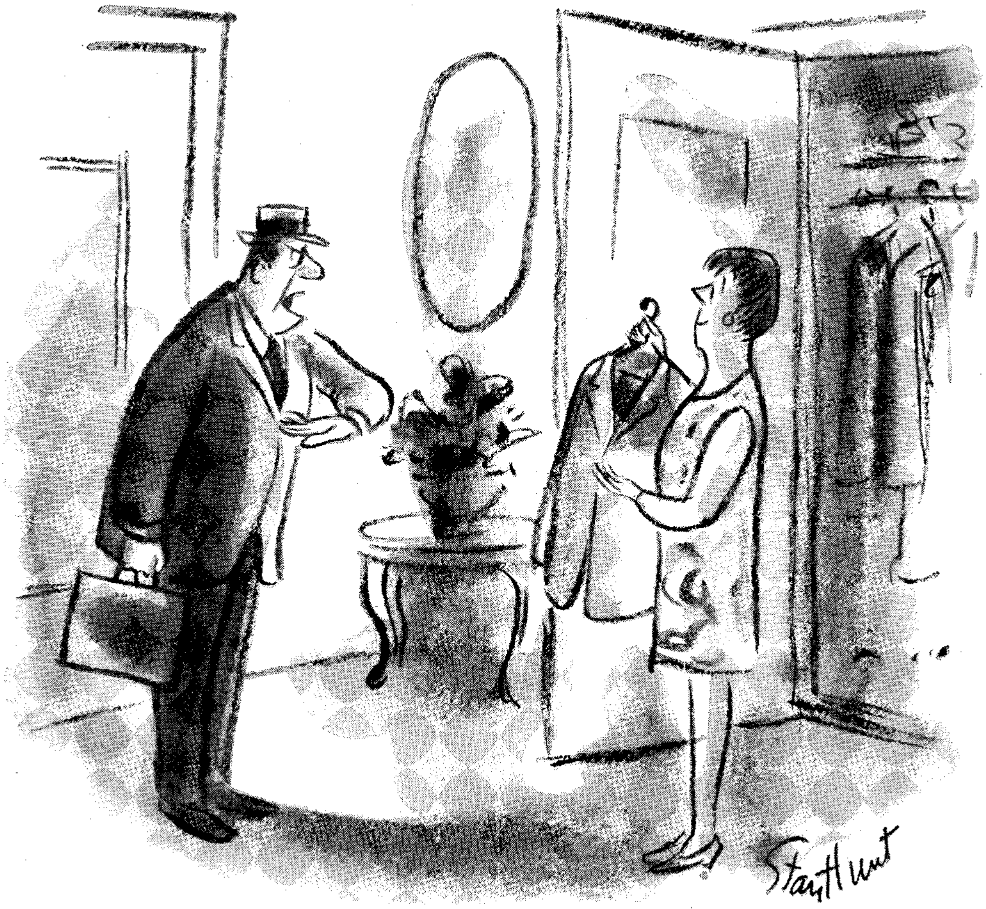
"It seems a tragic waste when you consider what Ralph Nader's intelligence and drive might have accomplished in some legitimate walk of life."

At the time of my story, the elder lady lived with Julia, who was widowed, and with Julia's son. Mrs. Jáuregui went on hating bygone tyrants—Artigas, Rosas, and Urquiza. The First World War, which made her loathe the Germans, about whom she knew very little, was less real to her than the revolution of 1890 and, needless to say, the cavalry charge at Big Hill. Since 1932, she had been growing dimmer and dimmer; common metaphors are the best, because they are the only true ones. She was, of course, a Catholic, which does not necessarily mean that she believed in a God that is One and is Three, or even in an afterlife. While her hands moved over her rosary, she muttered prayers that she had never understood. In place of Easter and of Twelfth Night she had accepted Christmas, just as she had grown to accept tea instead of maté. To her, the words "Protestant," "Jew," "Freemason," "heretic," and "atheist" were synonyms and empty of meaning. While she could still talk, she spoke not of Spaniards but of *godos*, or Goths, just as her ancestors had done. During the Centennial, in 1910, she could hardly believe that the Spanish Infanta—who, after all, was a princess—spoke, against all expectation, like a common Spaniard and not like an Argentine lady; it was at her son-in-law's wake that a rich relative, who had never set foot in the Jáuregui house but whose name they avidly sought in the society pages of the newspapers, gave her the disquieting news. Many of the place names that Mrs. Jáuregui used had long since been altered; she still spoke of such streets as Las Artes, Temple, Buen Orden, La Piedad, the two Calles Largas, and of the Plaza del Parque and the Portones. The family affected these archaisms, which in her were spontaneous. They spoke of "Orientales" instead of "Uruguayans."

Mrs. Jáuregui never went out of the house after 1921; perhaps she never suspected that Buenos Aires had been changing and growing. First memories are the most vivid. The city that she pictured beyond her front door may well have been a much earlier one than that of the time they were forced to move from the center of town out to Palermo. If so, to her the oxen that hauled wagons still rested in the square of the Once, and dead violets still spread their fragrance among the gardens of Barracas. "Now all my dreams are of dead people" was one of the last things she was heard to say. No one had ever thought of her as a fool, but as far as I know she had never enjoyed the pleasures of the mind; the last pleasures left her would be those of memory and, later on, of forgetfulness. She had always been generous. I recall her bright, quiet eyes and her smile. Who knows what tumult of passions—now lost but which once burned—there had been in that old woman; in her day, she had been quite pleasant-looking. Sensitive to plants, whose modest and silent life was so akin to her own, she looked after some begonias in her room and touched their leaves, which she could no longer see. Up until 1929, the year in which she sank into a kind of half sleep, she recounted historical happenings, but always using the same words in the same order, as if they were the Lord's Prayer, so that I grew to suspect there were no longer any real images behind them. Even eating one thing or another was all the same to her. She was, in short, happy.

SLEEPING, as we all know, is the most secret of our acts. We devote a third of our lives to it, and yet do not understand it. For some, it is no more than an eclipse of wakefulness; for others, a more complex state spanning at one and the same time past, present, and future; for still others, an uninterrupted series of dreams. To say that Mrs. Jáuregui spent ten years in a quiet chaos is perhaps mistaken; each moment of those ten years may well have been a pure present, without a before or after. There is no reason to marvel at such a present, which we count by days and nights and by the hundreds of leaves of many calendars and by anxieties and events; it is what we go through every morning before waking up and every night before falling asleep. Twice each day, we are all the elder lady.

The Jáuregui family lived, as we have already seen, in a somewhat false situation. They felt they belonged to the aristocracy, but the people spoken of in the society column knew nothing whatever about them; they were descendants of a founding father, but



"Agnes, I'm not asking about my clothes being taken to the cleaners. I'm telling you that I've been taken to the cleaners."

• •

more often than not the schoolbooks overlooked him. While it is undeniable that a street bore his name, that street, known to very few people, was lost somewhere out behind the sprawling Westside cemetery.

THE fourteenth of January was drawing near. On the tenth, an officer in full-dress uniform delivered to the family a letter signed by the Minister of War himself, announcing his visit on the fourteenth. The Jáureguis showed the letter to the whole neighborhood and made a great deal of the engraved stationery and the signature. Then the newspapermen came. The family helped them with all available information; it was obvious that they had never heard of Colonel Rubio. People whom the family scarcely knew called by telephone so as to be invited.

They all worked very hard for the great day. They waxed the floors, they washed the windows, they undraped the chandeliers, they polished the mahogany, they shined all the silver in the china closet, they moved the furniture around, and they opened the lid of the drawing-room piano to show off the velvet cloth that covered the keys. People came and went. A neighbor lady very kindly lent a pot of geraniums. The only person unaware of all the fuss was Mrs. Jáuregui, who, wearing a fixed smile, seemed not to understand a thing. Helped by the servant girl, Julia got her mother primped up as though she were already dead. The first things visitors would see on entering would be the oil portrait of the hero and, a little below it and to the right, the sword of his many battles. Even in hard times, the Jáureguis had always refused to sell the sword, thinking they would one day donate it to the Historical Museum.

The party would begin at seven. They had set the hour for six-thirty, knowing all along that nobody likes to be the first to arrive. By ten minutes past seven, not a soul had yet appeared; the family argued somewhat nervously the advantages and disadvantages of not being punctual. Elvira, who took pride in arriving on the dot, flatly stated that it was an unpardonable discourtesy to keep others waiting. Julia, repeating what her husband had always said, was of the opinion that arriving late was a courtesy, because if everyone did so it would make things easier and that way no one would be hurrying anyone else. At seven-fifteen, the house was packed. The whole neighborhood could see and envy the automobile and chauffeur of Mrs. Figueroa, who almost never invited the Jáureguis to her house but whom they received effusively, so that nobody would guess they only saw each other once in a blue moon. The President sent his aide, an extremely polite gentleman, who said that it was a great honor for him to shake the hand of the daughter of the hero of Big Hill. The Minister, who had to leave early, read a very fine speech, in which more was said about General San Martín, however, than about Colonel Rubio. The elderly lady sat in her armchair, propped up with pillows, and from time to time nodded her head approvingly or dropped her fan. A group of distinguished ladies, the Daughters of the Republic, sang her the National Anthem, which she seemed not to hear. The photographers herded the gathering into artistic groupings and were lavish with their flashbulbs. The small glasses of sherry and port were not enough to go around. Someone uncorked a number of bottles of champagne. Mrs. Jáuregui did not utter a single word; perhaps she no longer knew who she was. From that night on, she never left her bed.

When all the strangers had gone, the family improvised a small cold supper. The delicate perfume of incense had long since been dispelled by the odor of tobacco smoke and coffee.

The morning and afternoon papers loyally lied, dwelling on the almost miraculous memory of the hero's daughter, who "is an eloquent storehouse of a century of Argentine history." Julia wanted to show her mother the clippings. In her twilit room, the elder lady lay motionless, her eyes closed. She had no fever; the doctor examined her and said that everything was as it should be. A few days later, she died. The press of so many people, the unusual clamor, the flashbulbs, the speech, the uniforms, and the repeated handshaking had hastened her end. Perhaps she believed that they were Rosas's henchmen, who had broken into the house.

I think back on the dead soldiers of Big Hill; I think of the nameless men of America and of Spain who met their deaths under the hooves of the horses; I think that the last victim of that throng of lances high on a Peruvian tableland was, more than a century later, a very old lady. —Jorge Luis Borges

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CLOSING CIRCLE—I

HERE, in the earth's thin skin of air, water, and soil, and the radiant solar fire that bathes it, several billion years ago life appeared and was nourished. As it grew, life evolved, its old forms transforming the earth's skin, and new ones adapting to these changes. Living things multiplied in number, variety, and habitat until they formed a global network, becoming deftly enmeshed in the surroundings they had themselves created. This is the ecosphere, the home life has built for itself on the planet's surface.

The modern mind has become accustomed to think of separate, singular events, each dependent upon a unique, singular cause. But in the ecosphere every effect is also a cause: an animal's waste becomes food for soil bacteria; what the bacteria excrete nourishes plants; animals eat the plants. Such cycles are hard to fit into human experience in the age of technology, where Machine A always yields Product B, and Product B, once used, is cast away, having no further meaning for the machine, the product, or the user. We have broken out of the circle of life, converting its endless cycles into man-made, linear events. Oil is taken from the ground, distilled into fuel, burned in an engine, converted thereby into noxious fumes, which are emitted into the air. At the end of the line is smog. Other man-made breaks in the ecosphere's cycles spew out sewage, toxic chemicals, heaps of rubbish—testimony to our power to tear the ecological fabric that has, for millions of years, sustained the planet's life. Suddenly, we have discovered what we should have known long before: that anything which fails to fit into the ecosphere is a threat to its finely balanced cycles.

There is a kind of ambiguity in our relation to the environment. Biologically, human beings participate in the environmental system as subsidiary parts of the whole. Yet human society is designed to exploit the environment as a whole to produce wealth. The paradoxical role we play in the natural environment—at once participant and exploiter—distorts our perception of it. Particularly serious is the illusion that we have "conquered nature" and no longer depend on the natural environment. A good place to experience this illusion is in a jet airplane. Safely seated on a plastic cushion, carried in a winged aluminum tube, streaking miles above the earth's surface, through air nearly thin enough to boil the blood, at a speed that almost makes the sun stand still, we find it easy to believe that we have conquered nature and have escaped from the ancient bondage to air, water, and soil. But, like the people it carries, the airplane is a creature of the earth's environment. Its engines burn fuel and oxygen produced by the earth's green plants. Traced a few steps back, every part of the craft is equally dependent on the environment. The steel came from smelters fed with coal, water, and oxygen—all nature's products. The aluminum was refined from ore with electricity, again produced by combustion of fuel and oxygen or generated by falling water. For every pound of plastic in the plane's interior, we must reckon that some pounds of coal were needed to produce the power used to manufacture it. For every manufactured part, gallons of pure water were used. Without the earth's natural environmental constituents—oxygen, water, fuel—the airplane, like man, cannot exist. The ecosphere and the multitude of living things that inhabit it supports every human activity; it is essential to our livelihoods and our lives.

HOW the earth was formed from the cloud of cosmic dust that produced the solar system is not yet clear. But we do know that the earth was at first a lifeless rocky mass in an atmosphere consisting largely of water vapor, hydrogen gas, ammonia, and methane. These substances are made up of the same four chemical elements that now dominate the composition of the earth's skin: hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen. (Water is made of two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen atom; hydrogen gas of two hydrogen atoms; ammonia of one nitrogen atom and three hydrogen atoms; methane of a carbon atom and four hydrogen atoms.) But on the earth at present these elements also occur in molecular combinations vastly more numerous and complex than the simple molecules that composed the ancient atmosphere.

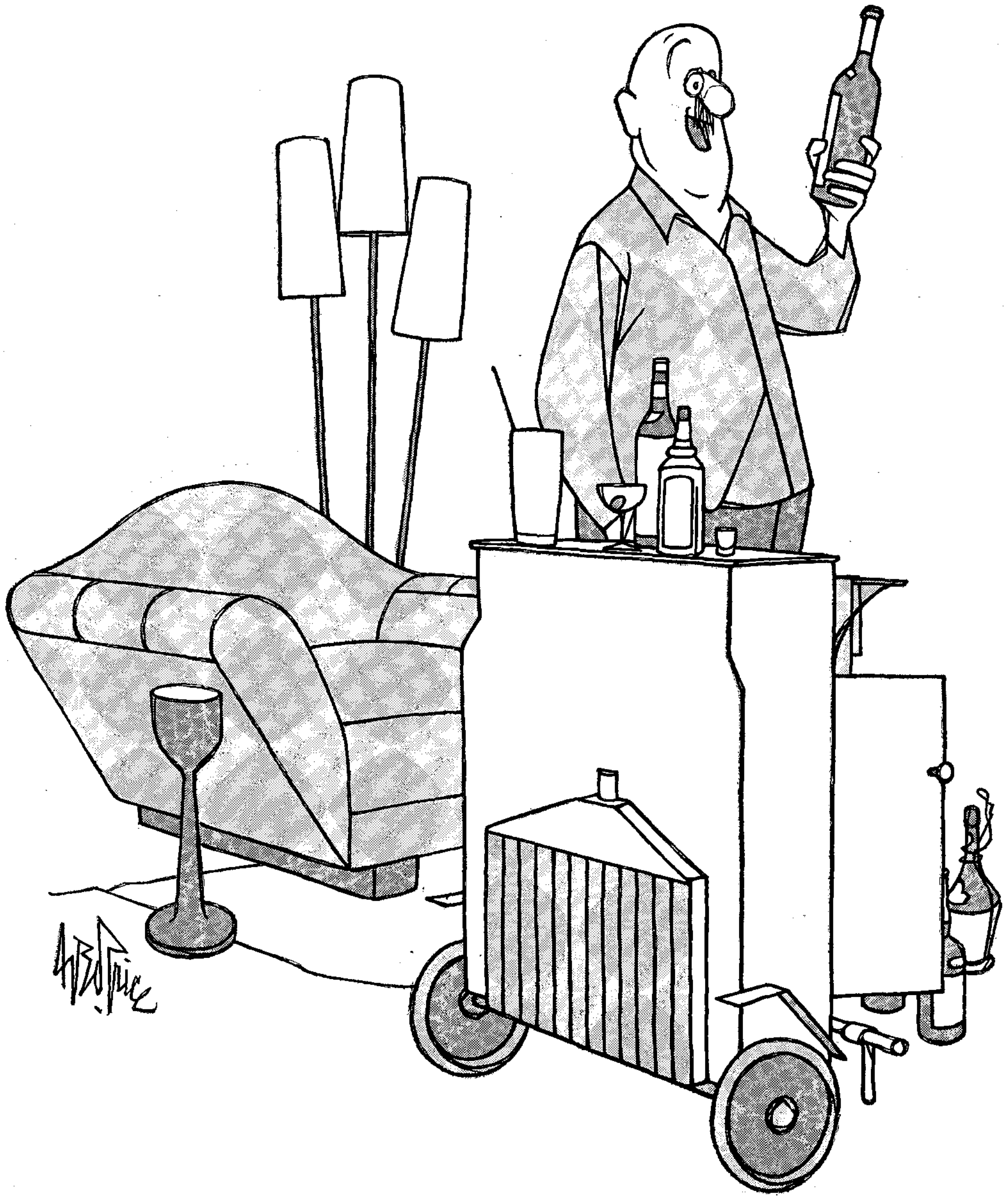
The basic events that, from this beginning, generated the present skin of the earth, including its living inhabitants, are now fairly well known. Living things are made up nearly exclusively of the same four elements that composed the earth's early atmosphere. But in living things these elements take on enormously complex molecular forms, composing the class of organic compounds. The variety and complexity of organic compounds is staggering. Thus, a single protein molecule, a type of substance characteristic of all living things, consists of an elaborately convoluted network of thousands of hydrogen atoms, hundreds of carbon atoms, and lesser numbers of oxygen and nitrogen atoms. Thousands of different kinds of protein molecules, each with a distinctive atomic arrangement, occur in living things. Some idea of the enormous variety that is possible can be gained from this esoteric but illuminating fact: The weight of the combination of just one molecule of each of the different kinds of protein that could exist, given the rules of protein composition, would be larger than the weight of the known universe. This means that the proteins that are actually found in living things represent only a fantastically small fraction of all the possible varieties of protein. Such complexity, variety, and selectivity are characteristic of all the other major classes of organic compounds in living things: nucleic acids, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins, and hormones. Thus, the actual chemical composition of living things is an enormously narrow selection from the range of possible chemical compositions.

What process could convert the few simple molecules in the earth's early atmosphere into the monumentally complex yet highly selective assemblage of organic compounds that we now find in living things? For a long time, it was believed that this accomplishment—like the analogous one of composing a novel out of the letters of the

alphabet—was an ability unique to living things. This would mean that life, in its full chemical competence, somehow appeared in a single spontaneous event on the earth, or came to the earth through space from some other source. According to this view, the origin of life must have preceded the appearance of organic compounds on the earth. We now know that the reverse is true—that organic compounds were derived from the simple ingredients of the earth's early atmosphere by non-living, geochemical processes, and themselves later gave rise to life. The geochemical origin of organic compounds has been imitated in the laboratory: a mixture of water, ammonia, and methane that is exposed to ultraviolet light, an electric spark, or just heat produces detectable amounts of such organic compounds as amino acids—which, linked together, become proteins. Ultraviolet light was readily available from solar radiation on the primitive earth's surface. There is now good reason to believe that under this influence the simple compounds of the earth's early atmosphere were gradually converted into a mixture of organic compounds. Thus, to use an image favored by the originator of this theory, Professor A. I. Oparin, there appeared on the earth a kind of "organic soup."

It was within this soup that the first living things developed, two to three billion years ago. How that happened is a fascinating but poorly understood process. Fortunately, we do know enough about the characteristics of the first forms of life to establish their dependence—and their effects—on the environment. It now seems quite clear that the first forms of life were nourished by the ancient earth's organic soup. All living things require organic substances as food, which is the source both of the energy that drives them and of their own substance. The organic compounds that must have been present in the soup—for example, sugars—can readily yield energy sufficient to support life, and, together with other building blocks, such as amino acids and nucleotides, they can be formed into the huge and complex molecules of life: carbohydrates, proteins, and nucleic acids. Oxygen, as such, was lacking in the early earth's atmosphere, so that the first living things must have derived energy from organic foods without combusting them with oxygen. This type of metabolism—fermentation—is the most primitive energy-yielding process in living things. All present forms of life, including those which depend on oxygen, can carry out fermentation on organic compounds to some degree. However, life could not have survived in this form, for it would have soon consumed the earth's original organic soup. Survival became possible because of a timely evolutionary development: the emergence of photosynthetic organisms. These new organisms—the first green plants—used sunlight to combine carbon dioxide and inorganic materials into fresh organic matter. This crucial event reconverted the first life forms' waste, carbon dioxide, into their food—organic compounds. It closed the circle and transformed what was a fatally linear process into a looped, self-perpetuating one. Since then, the presence and expansion of life on the earth has been linked to a virtually inexhaustible source of energy—the sun.

This, in its primitive form, is the grand scheme that has perpetuated life on the earth: the dependence of one life process on another; the mutual, interconnected development of the earth's life system and the non-living constituents of the environment; the repeated transformation of the materials of life in great cycles, driven by the energy of the sun. This evolutionary history can be summarized in a series of propositions about the nature of life and its relation to the environment: Living things, as a whole, emerged from the non-living skin of the earth. Life is a very powerful form of chemistry, which, once on the earth, rapidly changed its surface. Every living thing is intimately dependent on its physical and chemical surroundings, so, as these changed, new forms of life, suited to the new surroundings, emerged. Life begets life, so that once new forms appeared in a favorable environment they could proliferate and spread until they occupied every suitable environmental niche within physi-

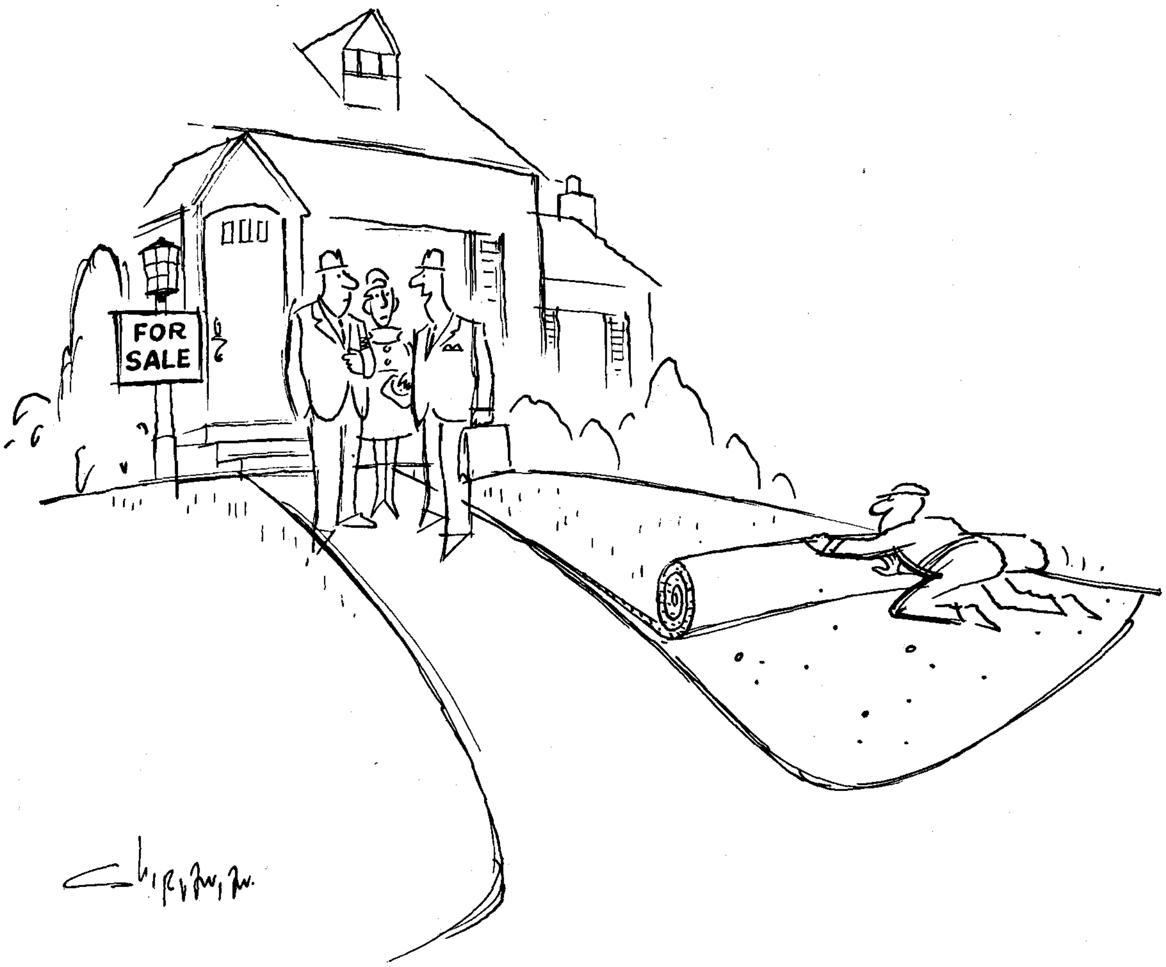


"Well! This looks like an idea whose time has come!"

cal reach. Every living thing is dependent on many others, either indirectly, through the physical and chemical features of the environment, or directly, for food or a sheltering place. Within every living thing on the earth—indeed, within each of its individual cells—is contained another network (as complex, on its own scale, as the environmental system), made up of numerous intricate molecules, elaborately interconnected by chemical reactions, on which the life properties of the whole organism depend.

Unfortunately, we in the scientific community are not well prepared to deal with interconnections of this kind. We have been trained by modern science to think about much simpler events—how one particle bounces off another, or how Molecule A reacts with Molecule B. Confronted by a situation as complex as the environment and its vast array of living inhabitants, we are likely—some more than others—to attempt to reduce it in our minds to a set of separate simple events, in the hope that their sum will somehow represent the whole. This is an illusory hope. For some time now, biologists have studied animals isolated in cages, and biochemists have studied molecules isolated in test tubes, accumulating the vast, detailed literature of modern biological science. Yet these separate data have yielded no sum that explains why the air reeks and the water is foul.

I make this confession as a preliminary to my own effort, in what follows, to describe the environmental system in a way that may help us understand the present crisis. The confession is intended as a reminder that we have so long neglected the task of studying complex natural processes, such as those in the environment, that our methods of approaching them are still crude and uncertain. Consider the numerous ways of thinking about the environment. First, there is its spatial complexity: How can we encompass in a unifying idea the existence, as a stable, continuing entity, of the richly populated, kaleidoscopic ambience of a tropical jungle and the seemingly dead, unchanging desert? Then there is the multiplicity of living things in the environment: What common features can explain the environmental behavior of a mouse, a hawk, a trout, an earthworm, an ant, the bacteria of the human intestine, and the algae that color Lake Erie green? Then there is the variety of biochemical processes that not only are internal to every living thing but also mediate its interactions with other living things and with the environment: How can we hold within a single set of ideas photosynthesis, the fermentative decay of organic matter, oxygen-requiring combustion, and the intricate chemical dependence of one organism on another that leads to parasitism? Each of these questions, representing a separate view of the environmental system, is only a narrow slice through the complex whole. While each can illuminate some features of the whole system, the picture it yields is necessarily false to some degree. For in looking at one set of relationships we inevitably ignore a good deal of the rest, yet in the real world everything in the environment is connected to everything else.



"Everything goes with the house except the lawn. They're taking that with them."

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ONE interesting slice through the environmental network can be taken by tracing the movement of chemical elements that participate in it. There are a hundred-odd chemical elements, and every chemical compound consists of molecules in which two or more elementary atoms are linked together. So nitrogen gas (as in the air) consists of molecules made up of two linked nitrogen atoms; the molecules of oxygen gas (also in the air) consist of two linked oxygen atoms; carbon-dioxide molecules consist of a carbon atom combined with two oxygen atoms; sulphur dioxide has an analogous composition; and so on. A distinction is made between two great classes of compounds: inorganic and organic. Organic compounds were first discovered exclusively in juices of living things (grapes, for example), as against non-living parts of the earth, such as the air or rocks. As the chemical compositions of organic compounds were worked out, it became apparent that all of them contained carbon atoms, linked together in chains (straight or branched) or in rings. Other atoms common in the organic compounds found in living things are hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and, less frequently, phosphorus, sulphur, and certain metals. Carbohydrates, such as sugar, starch, and cellulose, as well as proteins, fats, nucleic acids, vitamins, and hormones are all organic compounds. Common salt, nitrates, and phosphates lack carbon and are classed as inorganic compounds. Carbon dioxide is usually considered inorganic, because of its simplicity. Chemists have learned how to synthesize organic compounds, and the variety and complexity of man-made organic substances are vast and growing.

Among the chemical elements that participate in ecological cycles, nitrogen plays a leading role, and its track through the environmental network is illuminating. About eighty per cent of the earth's nitrogen is in the air, as chemically inert nitrogen gas. Of the remaining twenty per cent, a good deal is part of the soil's humus, a very complex organic substance. Another significant fraction is contained in living things—almost entirely as part of organic compounds. Nitrogen can enter the soil from the air through nitrogen fixation—a process carried out by various bacteria and algae, some of them living free in the soil and others associated with the roots of legumes, like clover, or with the leaves of some tropical plants. Nitrogen also enters the soil from the decay of plant matter and of animal wastes. Much of it eventually becomes incorporated into humus. Humus slowly releases nitrogen through the action of soil micro-organisms that convert it into nitrate, a chemical grouping consisting of a nitrogen atom joined to three oxygen atoms. The nitrate is then taken up by the roots of plants and is made into protein and other vital parts of the plants. In nature, the plants become food for animals, whose wastes are returned to the soil, completing the cycle. The plants' roots play a crucial role in this cycle. They extract nitrate from the soil water, using oxygen to drive the combustion processes that yield the needed energy. Oxygen penetrates the soil from the air, through a network of small air spaces created by the spongy structure of humus. Thus, the soil's humus content governs its porosity and the efficiency with which the roots absorb nitrate and other nutrients.

Consider the implications of two sets of relationships that have just been described: one, the over-all movement of nitrogen atoms through the soil cycle; the other, the interdependence of the plants' efficient growth and the structure of the soil. Note that the two cycles are not of the same sort. One describes the literal movement of a physical entity, the nitrogen atom; the other is more abstract, involving a set of dependencies of one process on another. The two cycles are strongly connected at a single point—humus. In one cycle, humus is the major storehouse of soil nitrogen for plant growth; in the other, it is responsible for the physical condition of the soil that enables the efficient use of nutrients, including nitrogen released from the humus. This duality in the role of humus in the soil amplifies the effects of changes in soil condition. That is, if the soil's humus content declines, the availability of nitrate for plant growth is reduced, and since the efficiency of nitrate absorption by the roots falls at the same time, the effect of humus on plant growth is self-accelerating. Or, to put it another way, adequate soil humus insures not only a good supply of nutrient nitrogen but also its thrifty use by the plant. Any environmental agent that, like humus, links two or more cycles is almost certain to play a powerful role in the system as a whole. Such a link enhances the complexity of the system, the fineness of its network, and thereby contributes to its stability. For this reason, when such a link is weakened the ecological fabric is likely to unravel. To appreciate the crucial significance of a link such as humus, one must, of course, see it in its two roles simultaneously. Unfortunately, this type of vision is not fostered by the kind of specialization that isolates biologists into separate camps: experts either on soil structure or on plant nutrition. The tendency to consider only one thing at a time is a chief reason we have failed to understand the environment and have blundered into destroying it.

The movement of nitrogen in aquatic ecosystems is also significant. Again the movement is cyclical through a sequence of steps: fish produce organic wastes; decay micro-organisms working upon these wastes release nitrogen from organic forms and combine it with oxygen to form nitrate; this is reconverted to organic forms by algae; algal organic matter nourishes small aquatic animals; these are eaten by the

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LISTENING TO "PEARL"

There's more gloss in the sad perfection of her death
than in her voice, not a pearl but a pockmarked moon,
an old voice—did it call her with its hungering,
swallow her up in its last breath and take her with it?
She was a blurt that arose from the hush of us
to end in a stump—silence now again, except for the bones
we rattle to tease the ghost back briefly.

I saw her last in concert the year before she died,
the very night before men first walked on the moon.
Of those two hostile, far beauties only theirs delivered them back.
The script of her song tangled in a rage;
perhaps all its length was her signature,
her presence a gift, if ever opened, showing . . . what?
The idea's the thing that counts—
wasn't speed-and-distance always the only arrival?

Blossom of hurt sex, all she bore was promise;
the flower was the fruit and, when its moisture failed,
fissured old age outdistanced the baby face.
The fleetingness of the gentle voice in her was sweet enough,
a little was enough, much more than sweetness followed.

—Douglas Morea

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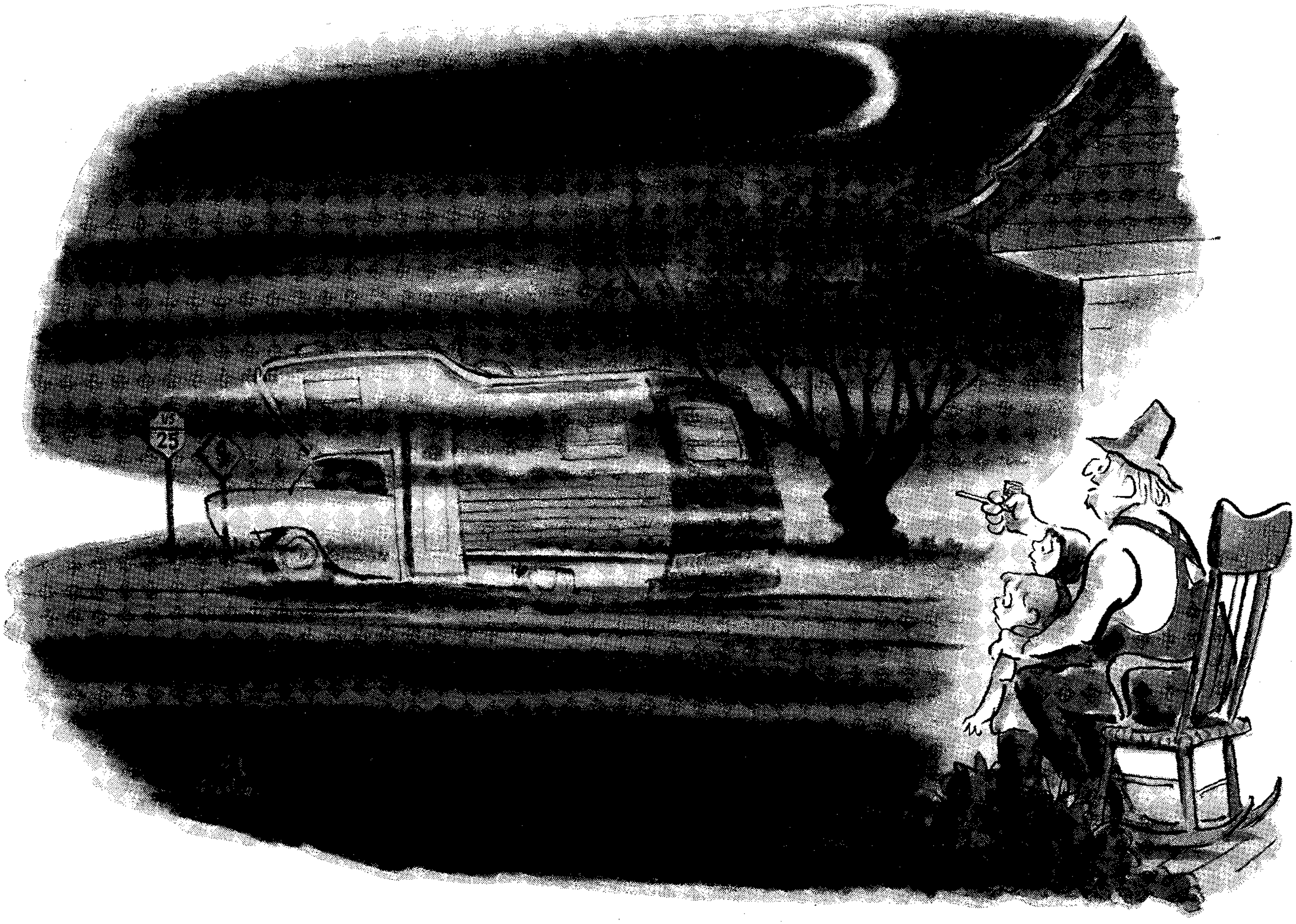

"Aye, 'tis said when New York's sales tax jumped to seven per cent he slipped across the line into Connecticut. And when Connecticut passed its tax package he fled to New Hampshire. And now, the legend goes, he flees from state to state forever."

• •

fish. The balance between the rate of decay of organic materials and the rate of algal growth determines the concentration of nitrate in the water. In nature, little nitrate reaches the water from the soil, because of its thrifty use in the soil cycle. As a result, the nitrate content of natural surface water is very low (on the order of a part per million) and the algal population is correspondingly low; the water is clear and—unless man intervenes to upset the balance—remains largely free of noxious organic debris.

OF the three great ecological arenas—soil, water, and air—the air is the largest, the most uniform across the globe, and the one affected least directly by biological action. In nature, the composition of air is remarkably uniform: nearly eighty per cent nitrogen gas, about twenty per cent oxygen gas, with a very low concentration of carbon dioxide (about .03 per cent), very much lower concentrations of a few rare gases, such as helium, neon, and krypton, and variable amounts of water vapor. Like everything else on earth, the behavior of the sea of air is governed by cycles, but in general these involve physical phenomena rather than chemical or biological ones. On a short time scale, the air cycle is simply what we call weather. The weather cycle is driven by the sun's energy, which bathes the earth incessantly. Any substance on the earth's surface that absorbs solar energy—for example, soil—is warmed by it unless the energy causes a change in the state of the substance. Energy absorbed by ice, a solid, instead of warming it can convert it to the liquid state—water. Energy absorbed by water either warms it or converts it to the gaseous state—water vapor. If the energy-absorbing material is readily changed in state—for example, the water in the ocean—a considerable part of the solar energy can be absorbed without raising the temperature. So, after a sunny day the sand is hot and the water relatively cool. During the day, the air above the hot sand, being warm and light, rises; the cooler air over the water flows in to take its place; there is a cool on-shore breeze.

A good deal of the solar energy absorbed by the oceans, which cover two-thirds of the earth's surface, is taken up by the conversion of liquid water to water vapor—the process of evaporation. Every gram of water vapor carried in the air embodies a fixed amount of solar energy—about five hundred and thirty-six calories per gram. When the reverse process—condensation of water vapor into liquid—occurs, this energy is released. During hot summer days in the Caribbean, the air is filled with water vapor. As the water vapor rises from the earth's surface, it strikes the cold air of the stratosphere and begins to condense, forming rain. For every gram of water vapor that condenses to rain, five hundred and thirty-six calories of energy are released. This heats the air, causing it to rise; cool air rushes in near the surface to replace the rising hot air—winds are created. This is the origin of Caribbean hurricanes.

For our purpose, the main thing to keep in mind about the daily changes in the air that bathes the earth is that the weather is a means of moving the air mass that covers a particular locale, such as a city, and a means of washing airborne materials, such as pollutants, out of it. The weather keeps the air clean. Anything that becomes airborne, caught by the weather, is eventually *brought to earth, where it enters the* environmental cycles that operate in the water and the soil. If there is little air movement, whatever is introduced into the air by local activities—for example, smog—tends to accumulate in the air. Still-air conditions have a way of perpetuating themselves. When air is still, it tends to develop into an upper zone of warm air and a lower zone of cold air. This reverses the usual situation, in which the lower layers of air are warmer than the upper ones, and it is therefore called an inversion. Since cold air is denser than warm air, vertical circulation is prevented under inversion conditions. An inversion may hold the air mass over a city in place for some days. When that happens, as it did in New York City in November, 1966, pollutants may accumulate to the point of emergency. These weather changes are chiefly in the lower reaches of the atmosphere—the layer extending forty or fifty thousand feet above the earth's surface. Above this layer is the stratosphere, where there is almost no moisture—no clouds, no rain or snow. If things that enter the air are light *enough to escape into the stratosphere,* they may remain there for a long time. Some of the radioactive debris produced by nuclear explosions is associated with very light particles, and they may remain in the stratosphere for months.

Over a long period of time, changes in the composition of the air can have strong effects on the amount and kind of solar radiation that reaches the earth's surface. These effects are brought about by changes in the amounts of airborne dust particles, water vapor, clouds, carbon dioxide, and ozone. Generally, water vapor and clouds have a shielding effect; solar radiation is scattered by water droplets, and much of it may then fail to reach the earth. This is why cloudy conditions tend to reduce the earth's temperature. Carbon dioxide has a special effect, because it is transparent to most of the sun's radiation except that in the infrared region of the spectrum. In this respect, carbon dioxide is like glass, which transmits visible light but reflects infrared—the properties that make glass so useful in a greenhouse *in the winter. Visible* energy enters through the glass, and is absorbed by the soil in the greenhouse and converted to heat, which is reradiated from the soil as infrared energy. But when this infrared energy reaches the greenhouse glass, it is bounced back and held within the greenhouse as heat. This is why an otherwise unheated greenhouse is so warm on a sunny winter day. Like glass, the carbon dioxide in the air that blankets the earth acts as a giant energy valve. Visible solar energy passes through it; reaching the earth, much of this energy is converted to heat, but the resultant infrared radiation is kept within the earth's air blanket by the *heat-reflecting* property of carbon dioxide. Thus, the higher the carbon-dioxide concentration in the air the larger the proportion of solar radiation retained by the earth as heat. In the early period of the earth's existence, the carbon-dioxide concentration was high, and, accordingly, the average temperature of the earth approached the tropical. Then, as great masses of plants used carbon dioxide in the formation of vegetation—which eventually fossilized as coal, oil, and gas—the earth became cooler. Now that we are burning these fossil fuels and releasing their carbon dioxide, the carbon-dioxide concentration of the atmosphere is rising, and may have an effect on the earth's temperature.

Another constituent of the air, ozone, plays a special role in governing the radiation that is received at the earth's surface. A

"It's almost game time. Isn't he going to goad us into savage fury?"

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chemically reactive molecule composed of three atoms of oxygen joined in a triangle, ozone is a good absorber of ultraviolet radiation. It is formed from oxygen, but since it reacts vigorously with substances near the earth's surface, it is present only in the upper reaches of the stratosphere. When the earth's atmosphere acquired its oxygen from the photosynthetic activity of green plants, the planet also acquired a high-altitude blanket of ozone. Before that, the earth's surface had been bathed in intense ultraviolet radiation; indeed, this was the energy source that converted the early earth's blanket of methane, water, ammonia, and hydrogen gas into the soup of organic compounds in which the first living things originated. However, ultraviolet radiation is very damaging to the delicate balance of chemical reactions in living cells, and it is likely that the first living things survived only by growing in a layer of water sufficiently thick to protect them from the ultraviolet radiation that reached the earth's surface. Not until oxygen was formed, and, with it, the protective layer of ozone, was the intensity of ultraviolet radiation on the earth's surface reduced sufficiently to allow living things to emerge from the water and begin to inhabit the earth's surface. The continued existence of terrestrial life is dependent on the layer of ozone in the stratosphere—a protective device that is itself a product of life. A reduction of the ozone in the stratosphere would put terrestrial life under a serious threat from solar ultraviolet radiation. This threat has been raised by the SST.

In broad outline, these are the sort of environmental cycles that govern the behavior of the three great global systems—the soil, the water, and the air. Within each of the systems are found many thousands of different species of living things. Each species is suited to its particular environmental niche, and each, through its life processes, affects the physical and chemical properties of its immediate environment, including the life processes of other living species. These relationships are bewildering in their variety and marvellous in their intricate detail. An animal—say, a deer—may depend on plants for food; the plants depend on the action of soil bacteria for their nutrients; the bacteria, in turn, live on the organic wastes dropped on the soil by animals; at the same time, the deer is food for the mountain lion. Insects may live on the juices of plants or gather pollen from their flowers. Other insects may suck blood from ani-

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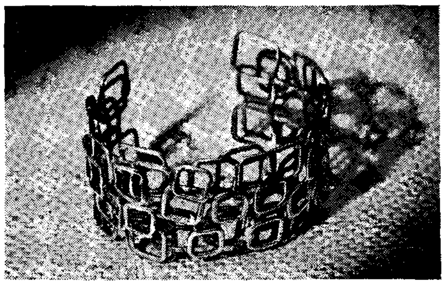

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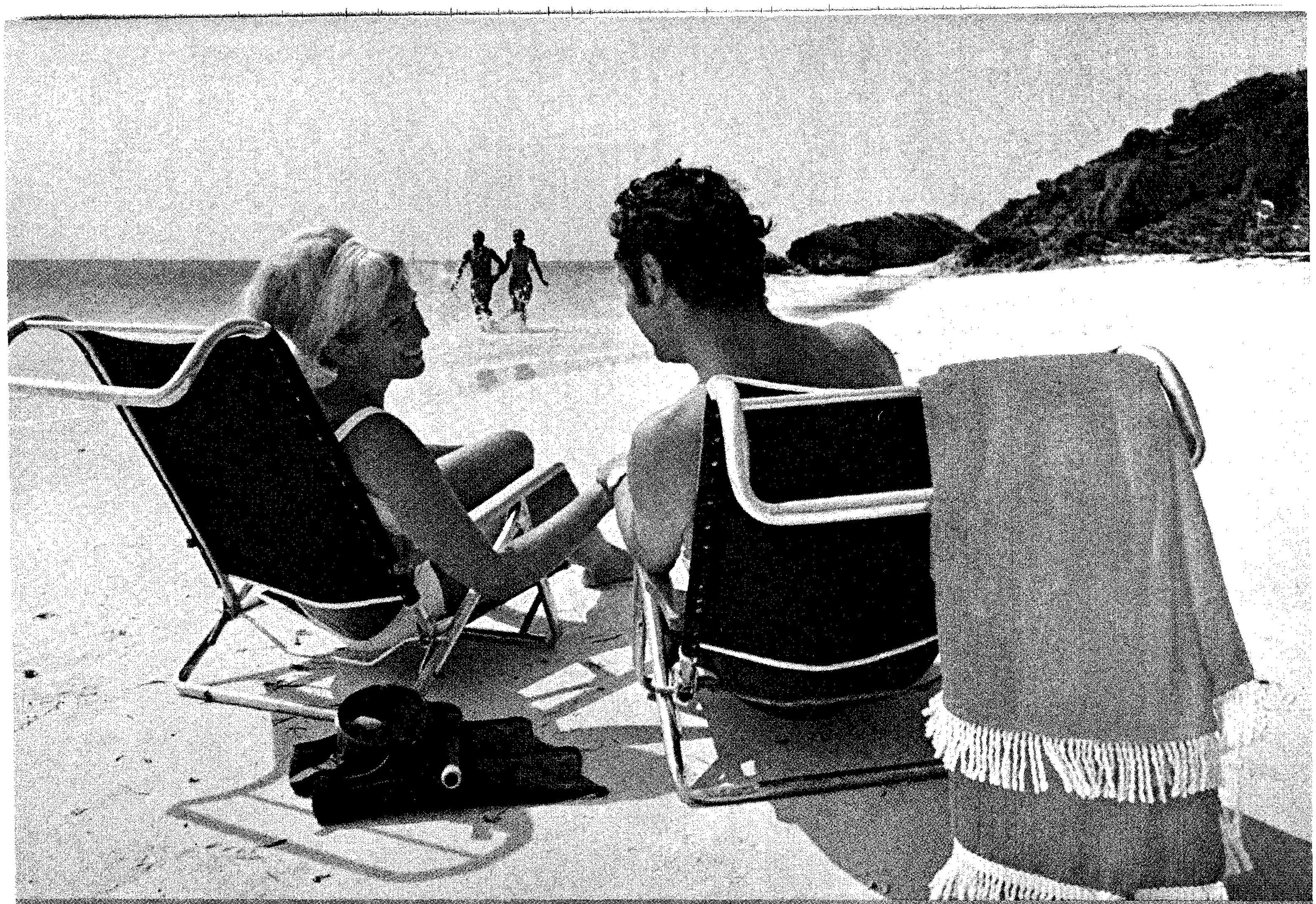

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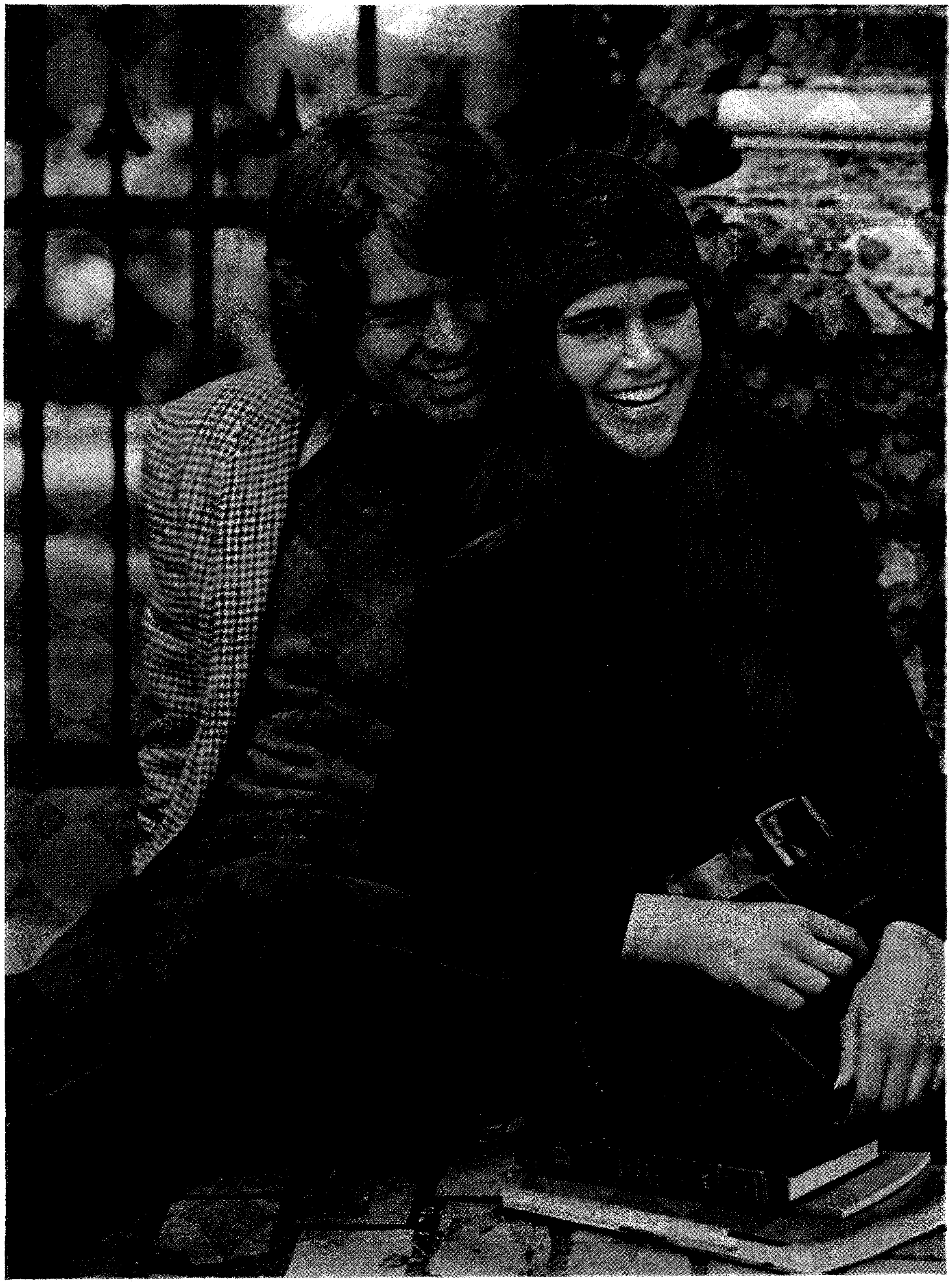

Well, for one thing, they're not weeping over "Love Story" anymore. (Even though it was filmed there.) Some of the students are supposed to be going tweedy again. (Will wonders never cease?) All eyes are on the new football coach. (They also have a new president.)

And, for another thing, a leading architect has selected Alcan Aluminum's new decorative paneling to go on ceilings in the Harvard Graduate School of Design.

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(Incidentally, our President, our Advertising Director, and our copywriter went to Harvard. But that doesn't mean we don't have our eyes on all that building going on in New Haven.)

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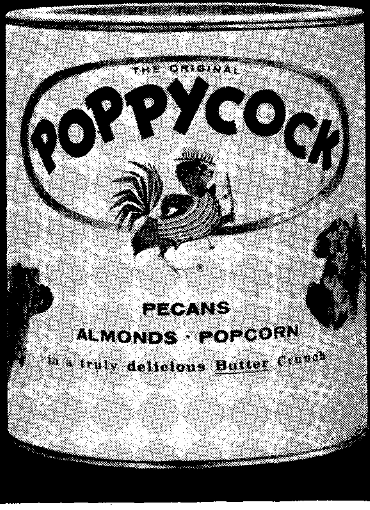


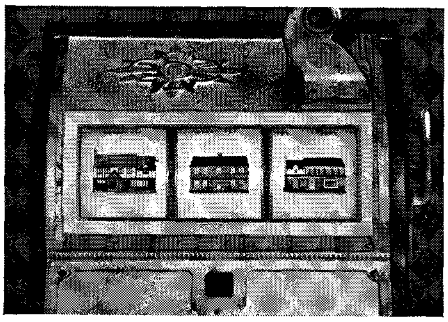
From Villa Park, Illinois, to gourmet food sections, to you.

mals. Bacteria may live on the internal tissues of animals and plants. Fungi break down the tissues of dead plants and animals. All this, many times multiplied, and organized, species by species, in intricate, precise relationships, makes up the vast network of life on the earth.

The science that studies these relationships and the processes linking each living thing to the physical and chemical environment is ecology—the science of planetary housekeeping. It is a young science, and much of what it includes has been learned from studies of only small segments of the network of life on the earth. Ecology has not yet explicitly developed cohesive, simplifying generalizations such as are exemplified by the laws of physics. Nevertheless, a number of generalizations are evident in what we already know about the ecosphere, and these can be organized into an informal set of laws of ecology.

The First Law of Ecology: Everything Is Connected to Everything Else. The fact that an ecosystem consists of multiple interconnected parts that act on one another has some surprising consequences. Our ability to picture the behavior of such systems has been helped considerably by the development, even more recent than ecology, of the science of cybernetics. We owe the basic concept to the inventive mind of the late Norbert Wiener. "Cybernetics" derives from the Greek word for helmsman; it is concerned with cycles of events that steer, or govern, the behavior of a system. The helmsman is part of a system—the ship—that also includes the compass and the rudder. If the ship veers off the chosen compass course, the change shows up in the movement of the compass needle. Observed and interpreted by the helmsman, this event determines a subsequent one: the helmsman turns the rudder, which swings the ship back onto its original course. When this happens, the compass needle returns to its on-course position, and the cycle is complete. If the helmsman turns the rudder too far in response to a small deflection of the compass needle, the excess swing of the ship shows up in the compass, signalling to the helmsman to correct his overreaction by an opposite movement. Thus, the operation of the cycle stabilizes the course of the ship.

In a similar way, stabilizing cybernetic relations are built into an ecological cycle. Consider, for example, the fresh-water ecological cycle of fish, organic waste, bacteria of decay, in-



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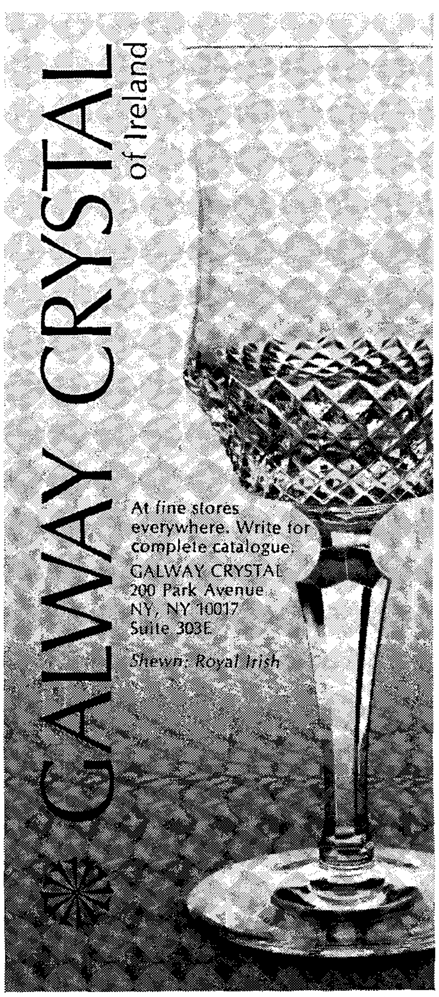

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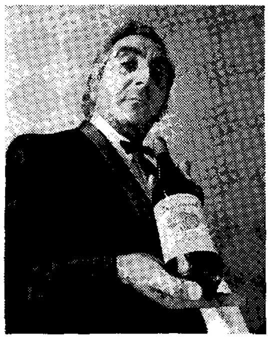


Wine with a meal should be one of life's biggest pleasures.

But the act of ordering and tasting it can be one of life's biggest pains.

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing you your final exam. And the worst part is, it's an oral exam.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the ritual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

INGLENOOK'S GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

WHITE DINNER WINES	
Chablis	sha-blee'
Pinot Chardonnay	pea-no shar-doh-nay'
Pinot Blanc	pea-no blanh
Chenin Blanc	she-nahn blanh
Sauterne	so-tairn'
Sauvignon Blanc	so-vee-nyonh blanh
Semillon	say'-mee-yonh
Riesling	reez'-ling
Sylvaner	sil'-vah-ner
Traminer	trah-mee'-ner
RED DINNER WINES	
Charbono	shar-bo-no
Gamay	gah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pea-no
Cabernet Sauvignon	kab-er-nay' so-vee-nyonh
Zinfandel	zin-fan-dell
Gamay Beaujolais	gah-may boh-sho-lay

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

"IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.

AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

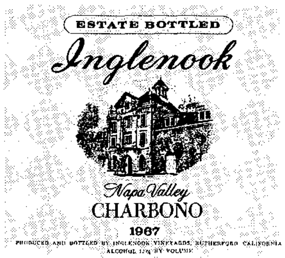
And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best.

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered Inglenook with his dinner.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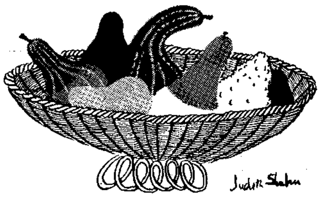
organic products, algae, fish. Suppose that, owing to unusually warm summer weather, there is a rapid growth of algae. This depletes the supply of inorganic nutrients, so that two sectors of the cycle—algae and nutrients—are out of balance, but in opposite directions. The operation of the ecological cycle, like that of the ship, soon brings the situation back into balance. For the excess of algae increases the ease with which fish can feed on them, and this reduces the algal population, increases fish-waste production, and eventually leads to an increased level of nutrients when the waste decays. Thus, the levels of algae and nutrients tend to return to their original, balanced position.

In such cybernetic systems, the course is maintained not by rigid control but flexibly, just as the ship does not move unwaveringly on its path but swings first to one side of the true course and then to the other. The frequency of its swings depends on the relative speeds of the various steps in the cycle, such as the rate at which the ship responds to the rudder. Ecological systems exhibit comparable swings, although these are often obscured by the effects of daily or seasonal variations in weather and other environmental agencies. The most famous examples of such ecological oscillations are the periodic fluctuations in the size of fur-bearing-animal populations. For example, from trapping records in Canada it is known that the populations of rabbits and lynx follow ten-year fluctuations. When there are many rabbits, the lynx prosper; the rising population of lynx increasingly ravages the rabbit population, reducing it; as the rabbits become scarce, there is insufficient food to support the now numerous lynx; as the lynx begin to die off, the rabbits are less fiercely hunted and increase in numbers. And so on. These oscillations are built into the operation of the simple cycle, in which the lynx population is positively related to the number of rabbits and the rabbit population is negatively related to the number of lynx. In such an oscillating system, there is always danger that an oscillation will swing so wide of the balance point that the system can no longer compensate for it and the system will collapse. Suppose, for example, that in one particular swing of the rabbit-lynx cycle the lynx manage to eat all the rabbits (or, for that matter, all but one). Now the rabbit population can no longer reproduce. As usual, the lynx begin to starve as the rabbits are consumed, but this time the drop in the lynx population is not followed by an increase in rabbits. The lynx then die off. The entire rabbit-lynx system collapses.



This is similar to the ecological collapse that accompanies eutrophication. If the nutrient level of lake water becomes so high as to stimulate the rapid growth of algae, the dense algal population cannot be long sustained, because of an intrinsic limitation in photosynthetic efficiency. As the thickness of the algal layer in the water increases, insufficient light for photosynthesis reaches the lower parts of the algal layer. Thus, any strong overgrowth of algae very quickly dies back, releasing organic debris. The level of organic matter may then become so great that its decay—which is to say its combining with oxygen to form nitrate and other inorganic substances—totally depletes the oxygen content of the water. The bacteria of decay, which need oxygen to survive, then die off. The entire aquatic cycle collapses.

The dynamic behavior of a cybernetic system—that is, the frequency of its natural oscillations, the speed with which it responds to external changes, and its over-all rate of operation—depends on the relative rates of its constituent steps. In the ship system, the compass needle swings in fractions of a second; the helmsman's reaction takes some seconds; the ship responds over a period of minutes. In the aquatic ecosystem, each biological step also has a characteristic reaction time, which depends on the metabolic and reproductive rates of the organisms involved. The time to produce a new generation of fish may be some months; for algae it is a matter of days; decay bacteria can reproduce in a few hours. The metabolic rates of these organisms—that is, the rates at which they use nutrients, consume oxygen, produce waste—is inversely related to their size. If we call the metabolic rate of a fish one, the algal rate is about a hundred and the bacterial rate about ten thousand. If the entire cyclical system is to remain in balance, the over-all rate of turnover must be governed by the slowest step—in this case, the growth and metabolism of the fish. Any external occurrence that forces part of the cycle to operate faster than the over-all rate leads to trouble. For example, the rate of waste

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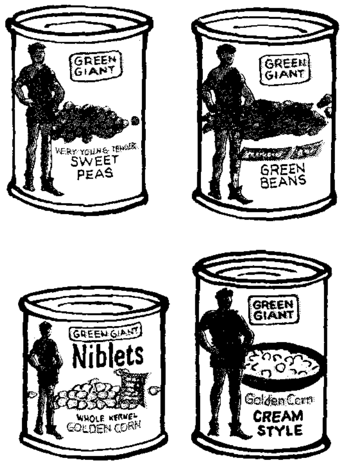
As for lyrics, Cole Porter was never more crisp. Evidence the Giant's "Ho Ho Ho." Heartfelt and warm, with a sincere sophistication. In vegetables, as in music, true sentiment lives forever.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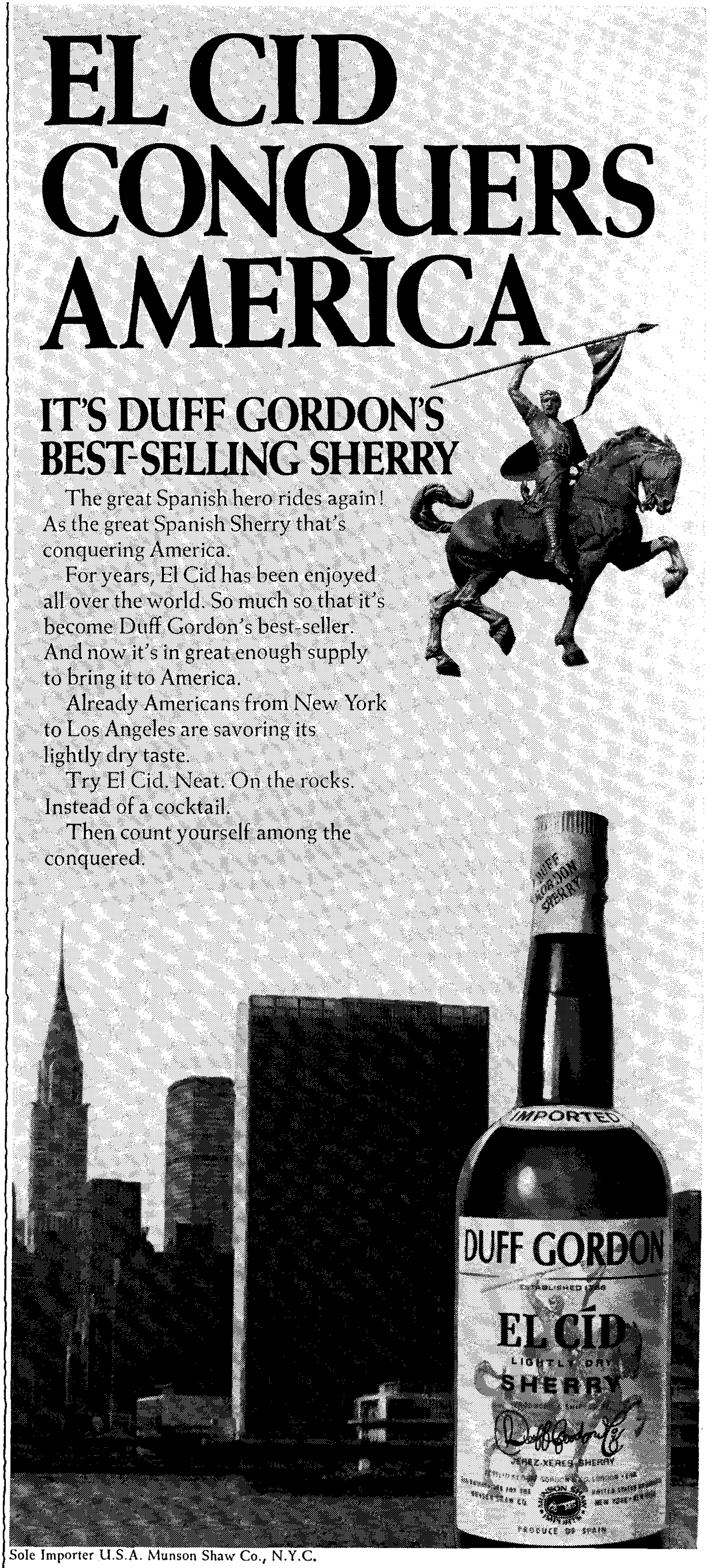
Green Giant
Good things from the garden

production by fish determines the rate of bacterial decay and the rate of oxygen consumption in the course of that decay. In a balanced situation, enough oxygen is produced by the algae and enters from the air to support the decay bacteria. But suppose that the rate at which organic waste enters the cycle is increased artificially—for example, by the dumping of sewage into the water. Now the decay bacteria are supplied with organic waste at a much higher level than usual. Because of their rapid metabolism, they are able to act quickly on the increased organic load. As a result, the rate of oxygen consumption by the decay bacteria can easily exceed the rate of oxygen production by the algae (and the rate of the entry of oxygen from the air), so the oxygen level goes to zero and the system collapses. Thus, the rates of the separate processes in the cycle are in a natural state of balance that is maintained only as long as there is no overwhelming external intrusion on the system. Such an intrusion, because it is not controlled by the self-governing cyclical relations, is a threat to the stability of the whole system.

Ecosystems differ considerably in their rate characteristics and therefore vary a great deal in the speed with which they react to changed situations or approach the point of collapse. For example, aquatic ecosystems turn over much faster than a soil ecosystem; an acre of richly populated marine shoreline annually produces about seven times as much organic material as an acre of alfalfa. The slow turnover of the soil cycle is due to the rather low rate of one of its many steps—the release of nutrient from the soil's organic store, which is very much slower than the corresponding step in the aquatic system.

The amount of stress an ecosystem can absorb before it is driven to collapse is also a result of its various interconnections and their relative speeds of response. The more complex the ecosystem, the more successfully it can resist a stress. For example, in the rabbit-lynx system, if the lynx had an alternative source of food they might survive the sudden depletion of rabbits. In this way, branching—the establishing of alternative pathways—increases an ecosystem's resistance to stress. Most ecosystems are so complex that the cycles are not simple circular paths but are crisscrossed with branches to form a network, or a fabric, of interconnections. Like a net, in which each knot is connected to others by several strands, such a fabric can resist collapse better



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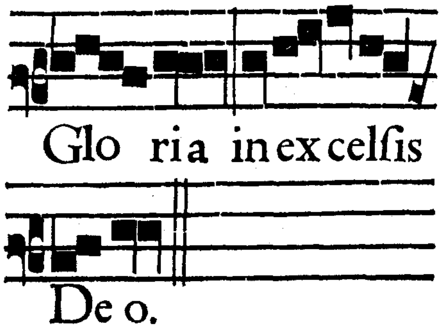

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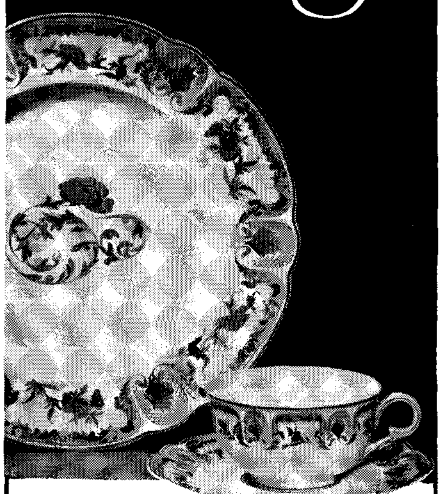
than a simple circle of threads, which if it is cut anywhere breaks down as a whole. Environmental pollution is often a sign that ecological links have been cut, and that the ecosystem has been artificially simplified and made more vulnerable to stress and to final collapse.

A typical food chain begins with microscopic algae; these are eaten by small fish, which, in turn, are eaten by game fish, which are finally taken by a bird of prey or man. As a result, there is a kind of pyramid of consumption, in which the biggest animal, at the top, is sustained by a great mass of smaller organisms, lower down. One consequence of this relationship is that when any substance that, unlike ordinary body substances, is not metabolized (for example, a pesticide or mercury) enters the food chain, it becomes increasingly concentrated as it moves toward the top. For example, when Clear Lake, California, was treated with the persistent, non-metabolized insecticide DDD, the water was found to contain from fifty to seventy parts of the insecticide per million. In the microscopic algae, DDD concentrations were about two hundred and fifty times as great; in small fish, the concentration was about five hundred times as great as it was in the water; and in large fish the concentration of DDD was eighty thousand times that of the lake water.

All this results from the simple fact about ecosystems that everything is connected to everything else. The system is stabilized by its dynamic, self-compensating properties, but these same properties, if they are subjected to undue stress, can lead to a dramatic collapse. The complexity of the ecological network and its intrinsic rate of turnover determine how great a stress it can endure, and for how long, without collapsing. And the ecological network is an amplifier, so that a small perturbation in one place may have large, distant, long-delayed effects.

THE SECOND LAW OF ECOLOGY: EVERYTHING MUST GO SOMEWHERE. This is, of course, simply an informal restatement of a basic law of physics—that matter is indestructible. Applied to ecology, the law means that in nature there is no such thing as waste. In every natural system, what is excreted by one organism as waste is taken up by another as food. Animals release carbon dioxide as a respiratory waste; this is an essential nutrient for green plants. Plants excrete oxygen, which is used by animals. Animal or-

Chantoung



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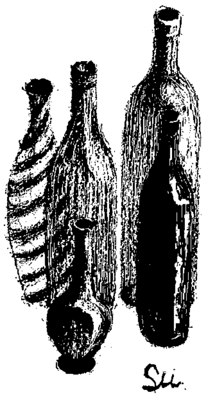
ganic wastes nourish the bacteria of decay. The waste of the bacteria—inorganic materials such as nitrate, phosphate, and carbon dioxide—become algal nutrients.

A persistent effort to answer the question "Where does it go?" can yield a surprising amount of valuable information about an ecosystem. Consider, for example, the fate of a household item that contains mercury—a very toxic substance, with serious environmental effects that have only recently been recognized. A dry-cell battery containing mercury is bought, used to the point of exhaustion, and then thrown out. But where does it really go? First it is put in a container of rubbish; this is collected and taken to an incinerator. Here the mercury is heated and converted into mercury vapor, which is emitted by the incinerator stack. Mercury vapor is carried by the wind, and is eventually brought to earth in rain or snow. Entering a mountain lake, let us say, the mercury condenses and sinks to the bottom. Here it is acted on by bacteria, which convert it to methyl mercury. This is soluble and is taken up by fish; since it is not metabolized, the mercury accumulates in the organs and the flesh of the fish. The fish are caught and eaten by men and the mercury becomes deposited in their organs. This is an effective way to trace out an ecological path. It is also an excellent way to counteract the prevalent notion that something regarded as useless simply "goes away" when it is discarded. Nothing "goes away;" instead, it is transferred from place to place, converted from one molecular form to another, acting on the life processes of any organism in which, for a time, it is lodged. One of the chief reasons for the present environmental crisis is that large amounts of material have been extracted from the earth, converted into new forms, and discharged into the environment without anyone's taking into account the fact that everything has to go somewhere. The result, too often, is the accumulation of harmful amounts of material in places where, in nature, they do not belong.



The Third Law of Ecology: Nature Knows Best. In my experience, this principle is likely to encounter considerable resistance, for it appears to contradict a strongly held idea about the unique competence of human beings. One of the most pervasive features of modern technology is the notion that it is intended to "improve on nature"—to provide food, clothing, shelter, and means of communication and expression that are superior to those available to man in nature. Stated baldly, this third law of ecology holds that any major man-made change in a natural system is likely to be detrimental to that system. This is a rather extreme claim; nevertheless, I believe that it has a good deal of merit, if it is understood in a properly defined context.

Suppose you were to open the back of your watch, close your eyes, and poke a pencil into the exposed works. The almost certain result would be damage to the watch—almost certain, but not absolutely so. There is some possibility, however small, that the watch was out of adjustment and that the random thrust of the pencil would happen to make the precise change needed to improve it. However, this outcome is exceedingly improbable. The reason is self-evident. There is a very considerable amount of what technologists now call research and development (or, more familiarly, r. and d.) behind the watch. This means that over the years numerous watchmakers, each taught by a predecessor, have tried out a huge variety of detailed arrangements of watchworks, have discarded those that were not compatible with the over-all operation of the system, and have retained the better features. In effect, the watch mechanism, as it now exists, represents a very restricted selection from among an enormous variety of possible arrangements of its components. Any random change made in the watch is likely to fall into the very large class of inconsistent or harmful arrangements that have been tried out in past watchmaking experience and discarded. One might say, as a law of watches, that "the watchmaker knows best."

There is a close analogy in biological systems. It is possible to induce random, inherited changes in a living thing by treating it with an agent, such as X-rays, that increases the frequency of mutations. Generally, exposure to X-rays increases the frequency of all the mutations that have been observed—though very infrequently—in nature and can therefore be regarded as possible changes. What is significant for our purpose is the universal observation that when mutation frequency is enhanced by X-rays, or other means,

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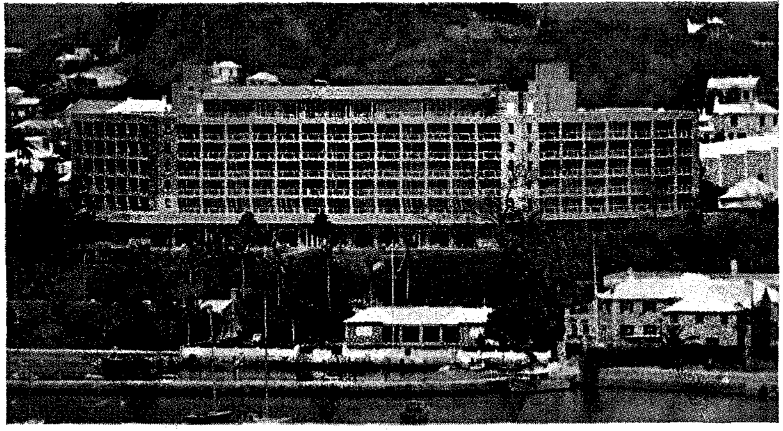

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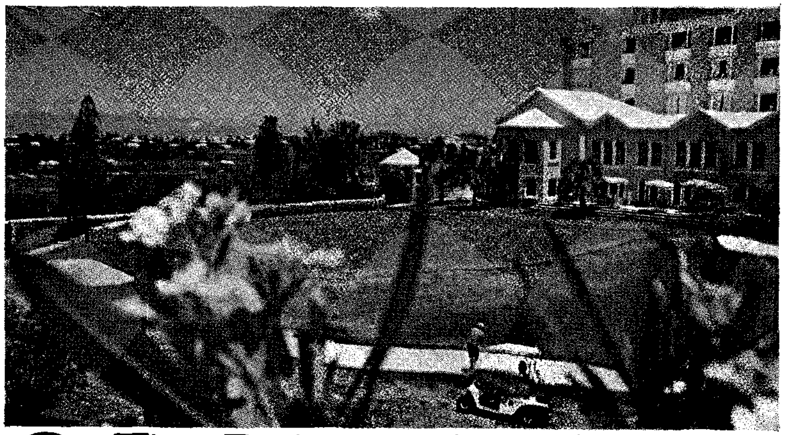

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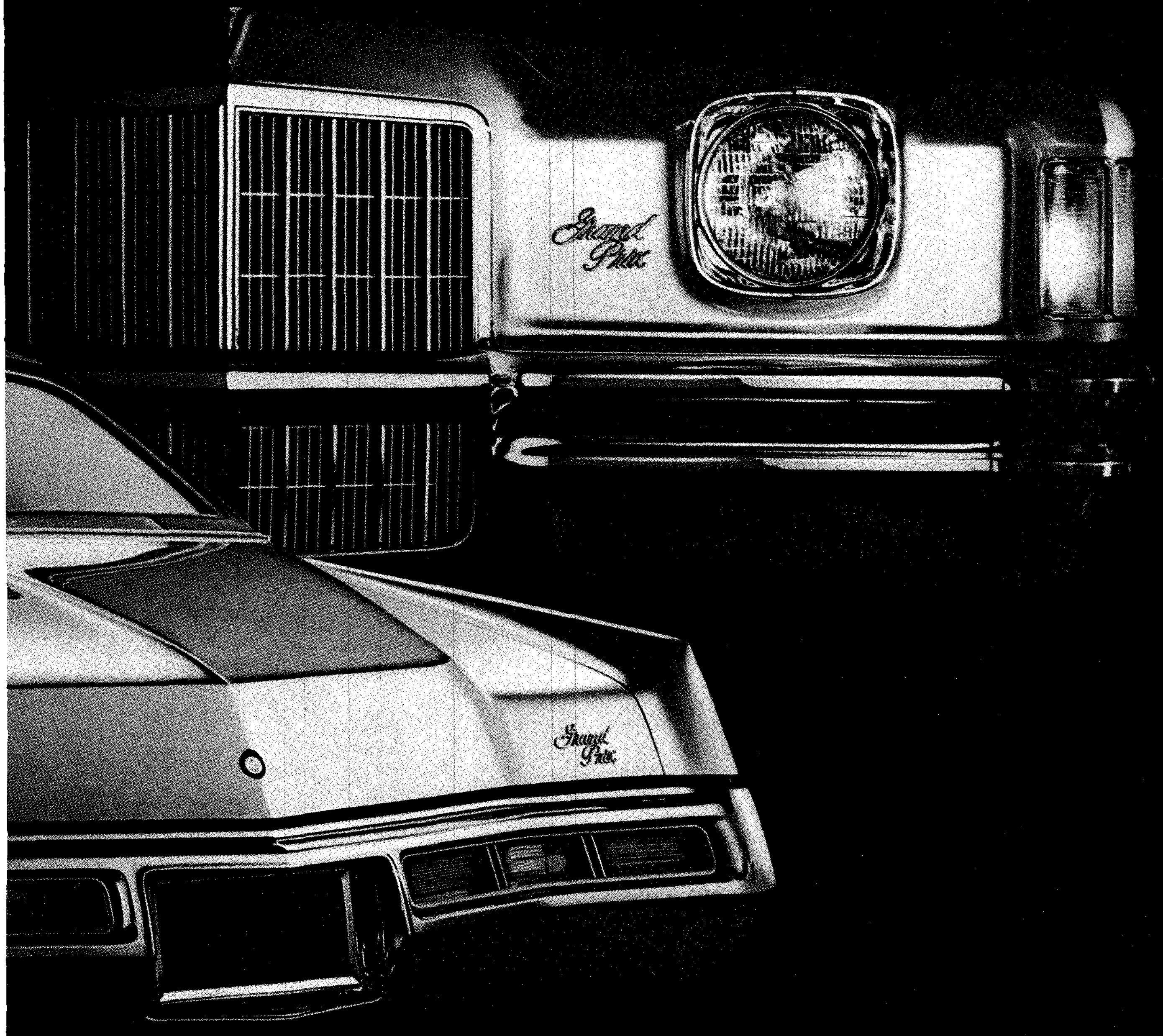

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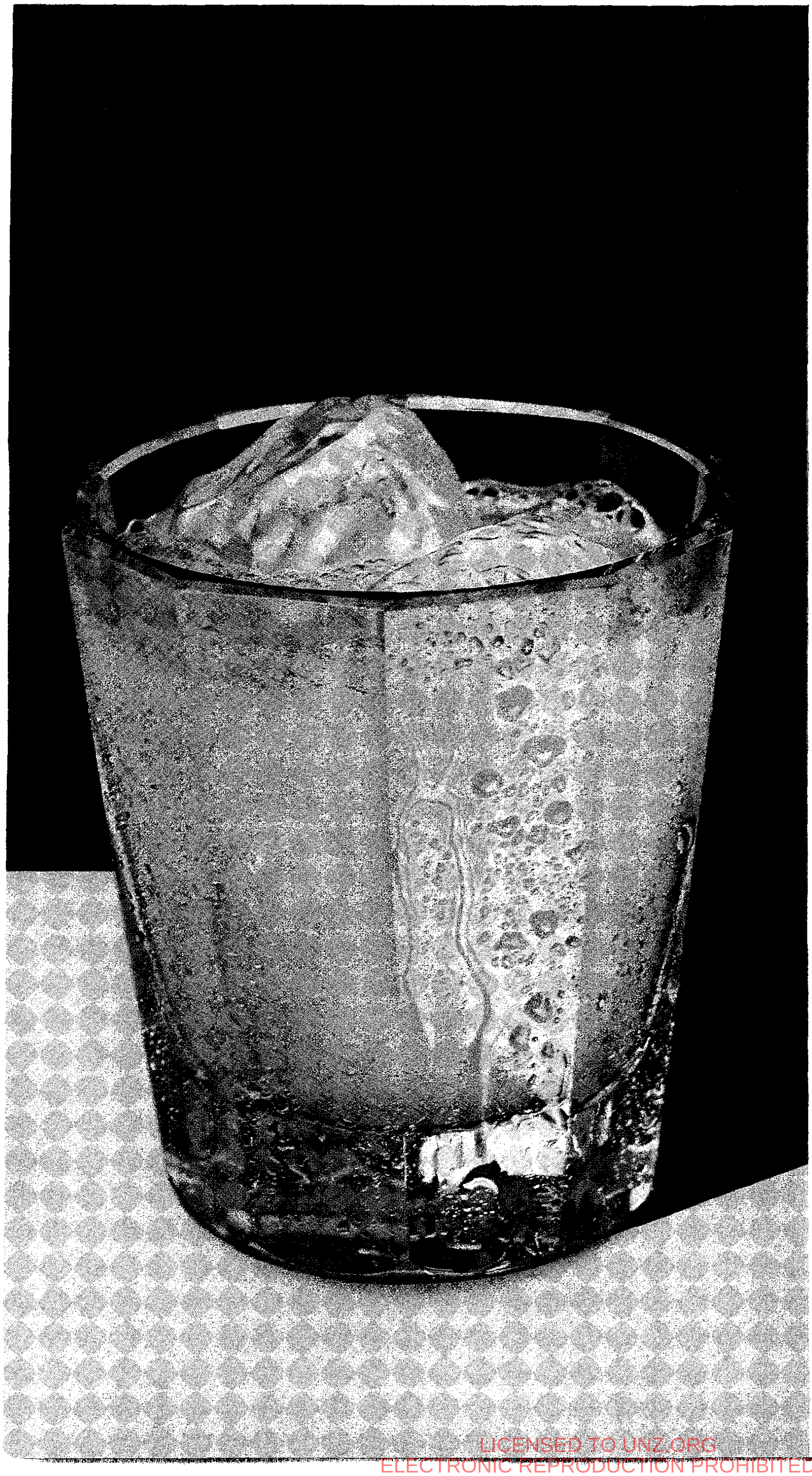

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nearly all the mutations are harmful to the organisms, and the great majority are so damaging as to kill the organisms before they are fully formed. In other words, a living organism that is forced to undergo a random change in its organization is, like a watch, almost certain to be damaged rather than improved. And in both cases the explanation is the same—a great deal of r. and d. In effect, there are several billion years of r. and d. behind every living thing. In that time, a staggering number of new individual living things have been produced, each of them affording an opportunity to try out the suitability of some random genetic change. If the change damages the organism, the organism is likely to die before the change can be passed on to future generations. In this way, living things accumulate a complex organization of compatible parts, and those possible arrangements that are not compatible with the whole are screened out in the long course of evolution. Thus, the structure of a present living thing or the organization of a current natural ecosystem is likely to be "best," in the sense that it has been so heavily screened for disadvantageous components that any new one is likely to be worse than the present ones.

This principle is particularly relevant to the field of organic chemistry. Living things are composed of many thousands of different organic compounds, and it is sometimes imagined that at least some of these might be improved upon if they were replaced by man-made variants of the natural substances. The third law of ecology suggests that the artificial introduction of an organic compound that does not occur in nature is very likely to be harmful. The varieties of chemical substances that are actually found in living things are vastly more restricted than the varieties that are possible. Obviously, a fantastically large number of protein types are not made by living cells, although many of these possible protein types were once formed in some particular living things, found to be harmful, and rejected through the death of the experimental subject. Living cells synthesize fatty acids—a type of organic molecule that contains carbon chains of various lengths—whose chains have even numbers of carbon atoms (two, four, six, etc.) but synthesize no fatty acids with odd numbers of carbon atoms in their chains. This suggests that the latter have at some point been tried out and found wanting. Similarly, organic compounds that contain attached nitrogen and oxygen atoms are very rare in liv-

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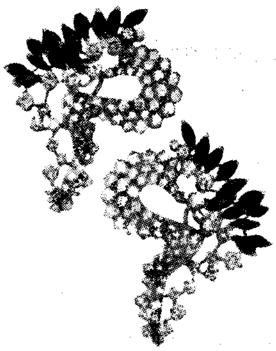

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ing things. This fact should warn us that the artificial introduction of substances of this type could be dangerous. And that is indeed the case: such substances are usually toxic and frequently carcinogenic. And I would suppose from the fact that DDT is nowhere found in nature that somewhere, at some time in the past, some unfortunate cell synthesized this molecule—and died.

One of the striking facts about the chemistry of living systems is that for every organic substance that is produced by a living organism there exists somewhere in nature an enzyme capable of breaking that substance down. In nature, that is, no organic substance is synthesized unless there is provision for its degradation; recycling is enforced. When man synthesizes an organic substance with a molecular structure that departs significantly from the types occurring in nature, the probability is that no degradative enzyme exists and that the material will accumulate.

These considerations suggest that it would be prudent to regard every man-made organic chemical that has a strong effect on any one organism as potentially dangerous to other forms of life. In practice, this means that all man-made organic compounds that are at all active biologically ought to be treated as we treat drugs—or, rather, as we *should* treat them. That is, prudently, cautiously. Such caution or prudence is, of course, impossible when billions of pounds of the substance are produced and broadly disseminated into the ecosystem, where it can reach and affect numerous organisms not under our observation. Yet this is precisely what has been done with detergents, pesticides, and herbicides.

THE FOURTH LAW OF ECOLOGY: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH. In my experience, this idea has proved so illuminating for environmental problems that I am borrowing it from its original source, economics. The law derives from a story that economists like to tell about an oil-rich potentate who decided that his new wealth needed the guidance of economic science. Accordingly, he ordered his advisers, on pain of death, to produce a set of volumes containing all the wisdom of economics. When the tomes arrived, the potentate was impatient and issued a second order—to reduce all the knowledge of economics to a single volume. The story goes on in this vein until the advisers are required, if they are to survive, to reduce

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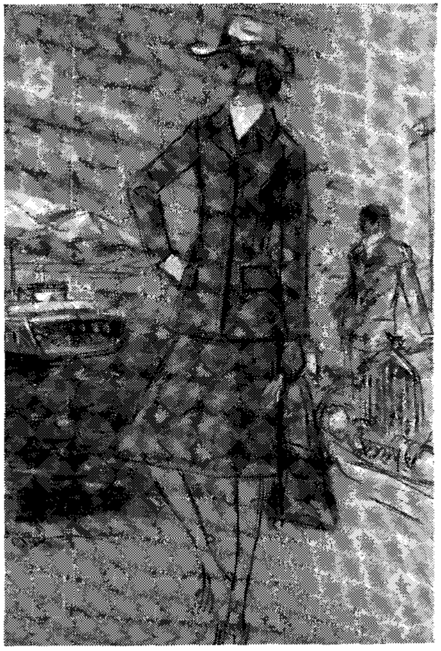

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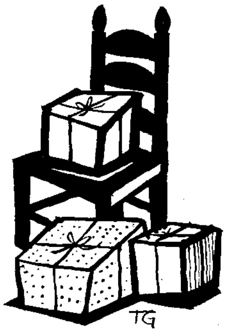
the totality of economic science to a single sentence. This sentence is the "free-lunch" law.

In ecology, as in economics, the law is intended to warn us that every gain is won at some cost. In a way, this ecological law embodies the three previous laws. Because the global ecosystem is a connected whole, in which nothing can be gained or lost, and which is not subject to over-all improvement, anything extracted from it by human effort must be replaced. The payment of this price cannot be avoided.

Our experience with nuclear power, for example, tells us that modern technology has achieved a scale and an intensity that begin to match those of the global system in which we live. But it also reminds us that we cannot wield this power without deeply intruding on the delicate environmental fabric that supports us, and it warns us that our ability to intrude on the environment far outstrips our knowledge of the consequences. It tells us that every environmental incursion, whatever its benefits, has a cost.



Air pollution is not merely a nuisance and a threat to health. It is a reminder that our most celebrated technological achievements—the automobile, the jet plane, the power plant, industry in general, and, indeed, the modern city itself—are, in the environment, costly failures.

The same pattern may be found in the effects of our pollution of water, as in the eutrophication of Lake Erie, where we have grossly—and, I believe, irreversibly—changed a source of great ecological wealth. And what we have done to our air and water we are now doing to our soil.

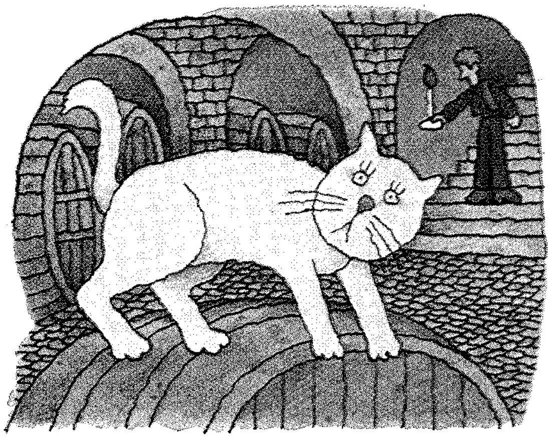
DECATUR, Illinois, which provides a striking case history of soil pollution, is a quiet city of a hundred thousand people, lying in the open farmland of Illinois about a hundred and twenty miles from the nearest large city, St. Louis. There are only a few local industries, none of them very serious polluters. It might seem an unlikely place to find evidence of the environmental crisis. Yet Decatur now confronts a pollution problem as serious in its potential human hazards, and as far-reaching in its significance for the United States and the world, as air pollution in Los Angeles.

There was no evidence of environmental trouble in Decatur until a few years ago, when the local health department received a sample of water for a routine test for nitrate content. The department conducted such tests chiefly as a service to surrounding farms. For a number of years, it had been known that shallow wells on farms in the Midwest often contained nitrate above the levels recommended by public-health authorities. Nitrate itself appears to be relatively innocuous in the human body. However, it can be converted to nitrite by the action of certain intestinal bacteria, which are often more active in infants than in adults. And nitrite, a grouping of one nitrogen and two oxygen atoms, is poisonous, for it combines with hemoglobin in the blood, converting it to methemoglobin, and so prevents the transport of oxygen by the blood. An infant thus affected turns blue and is in serious danger of asphyxiation and death. The problem with the wells was discovered some years ago by physicians in Missouri, and since then health officials have been alert to it, warning farmers to use a new water supply when their wells exceed the recommended nitrate level—forty-five parts per million. The problem is worldwide; infant methemoglobinemia from excessive nitrate has been reported in France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Israel. The Macon County health department found that the sample in question exceeded the recommended limit somewhat, but this was not surprising, since nitrate-polluted wells are fairly common in the area. However, the citizen who had submitted the sample then informed the health department that the sample came not from a farm well but from the Decatur city water supply. The city obtains its water from Lake Decatur, an impoundment of the Sangamon River, and tests quickly showed that both the lake water and the river water had a nitrate level at about the recommended limit. This was in the spring. By summer, the level had declined considerably, but it rose again in the winter, so that in the following spring months it had again reached a potentially dangerous nitrate level. Since then, the cycle has been repeated, and the city faces a serious, and as yet unsolved, public-health problem.

I learned all this from Leo Michl, the Public Health Administrator of Macon County, in Decatur, who called me in St. Louis, where I was teaching a course at Washington University on

The Julius Kayser Guide to German Wines

(Lesson No. 7: History)

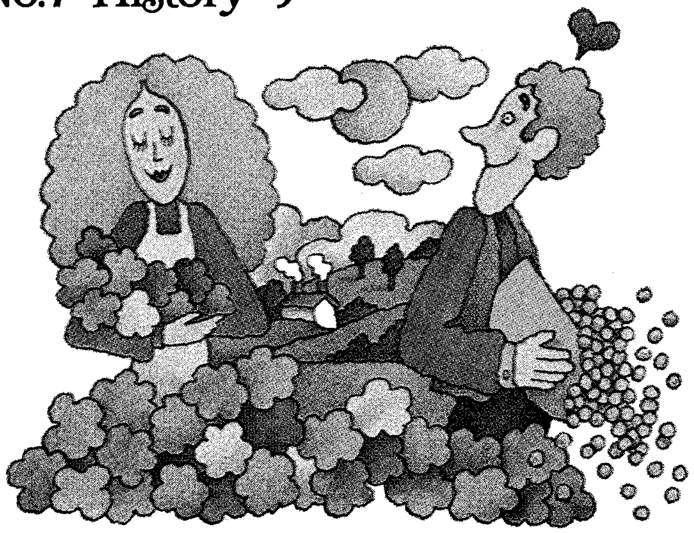


Zeller Schwarze Katz

One Friday, Julius Kayser's mama (she was sort of a pest) said "A black cat ran into our cellar. Get it out."

Julius found a white cat and some old magazines—but no black cat. To keep mama quiet, he brought up a light, fruity wine he had just invented. Mama was snoozing so Julius gave the wine to the girl next door and got his first kiss (but that's another story).

You can find the black cat on the label of a light, fruity Julius Kayser Moselle Wine. The name is *black-cat-in-the-cellar* or—in German—Zeller Schwarze Katz (tsel'-ler-swartse-kats). Always a nice kitty.

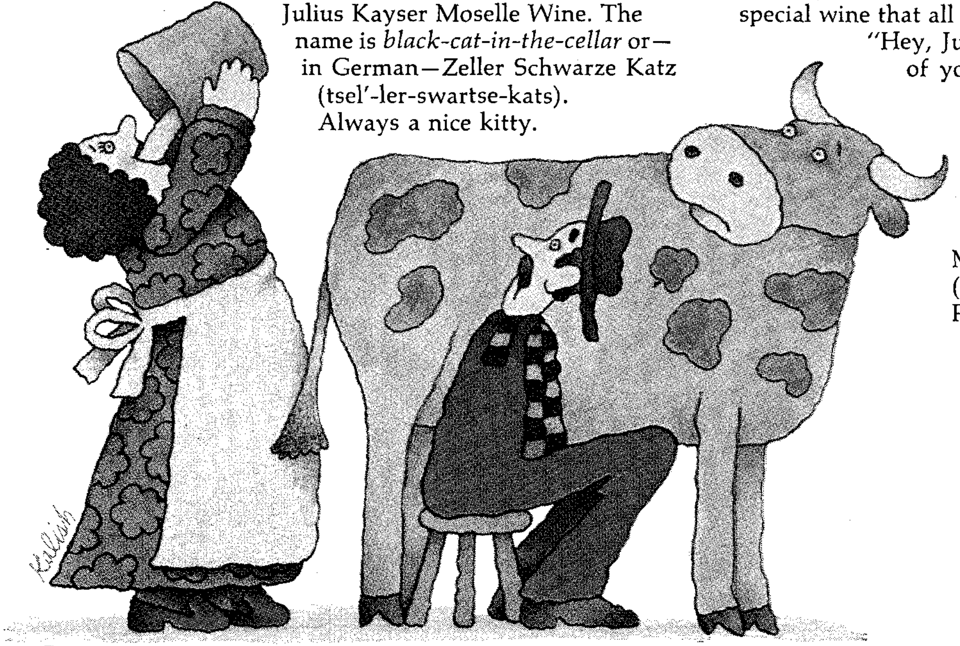


Moselbluemchen

Once along the Moselle there was an exquisite maiden—light, sunny, with a scent of blossoms about her. Young Julius on his first grape-picking trip fell headlong in love.

Now his mother had said to come right home when the grapes were picked so Julius did. (This was before "Easy Rider.") But in memory, Julius made a special wine that all who tasted said, "Hey, Julius—this reminds me of your first love."

Even today you can drink a certain light fragrance of blossoms. It's called *flower-of-the-Moselle* or—in German—Moselbluemchen (mo-zel-bloom'-shen). Forever mmmmmm.



Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel

Deep in the Rhine Valley lived a peasant woman who couldn't stop drinking milk.

Her desperate husband went to a witch. "See Julius Kayser," crooned the witch. He did, and from a brown bottle, Julius poured something light, bright and white. The wife took one taste and swore off milk forever. Her happy mate gave the witch a glockenspiel and a set of lessons. You can enjoy this same Julius Kayser Rhine Wine—light, bright, white. It's *wife-loves-milk-a-musical-instrument-played-with-hammers* or—in German—Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel (leeb'-frow-milsh-glok'-n-speel). Consistently enchanting.

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Zeller schwarze Katz

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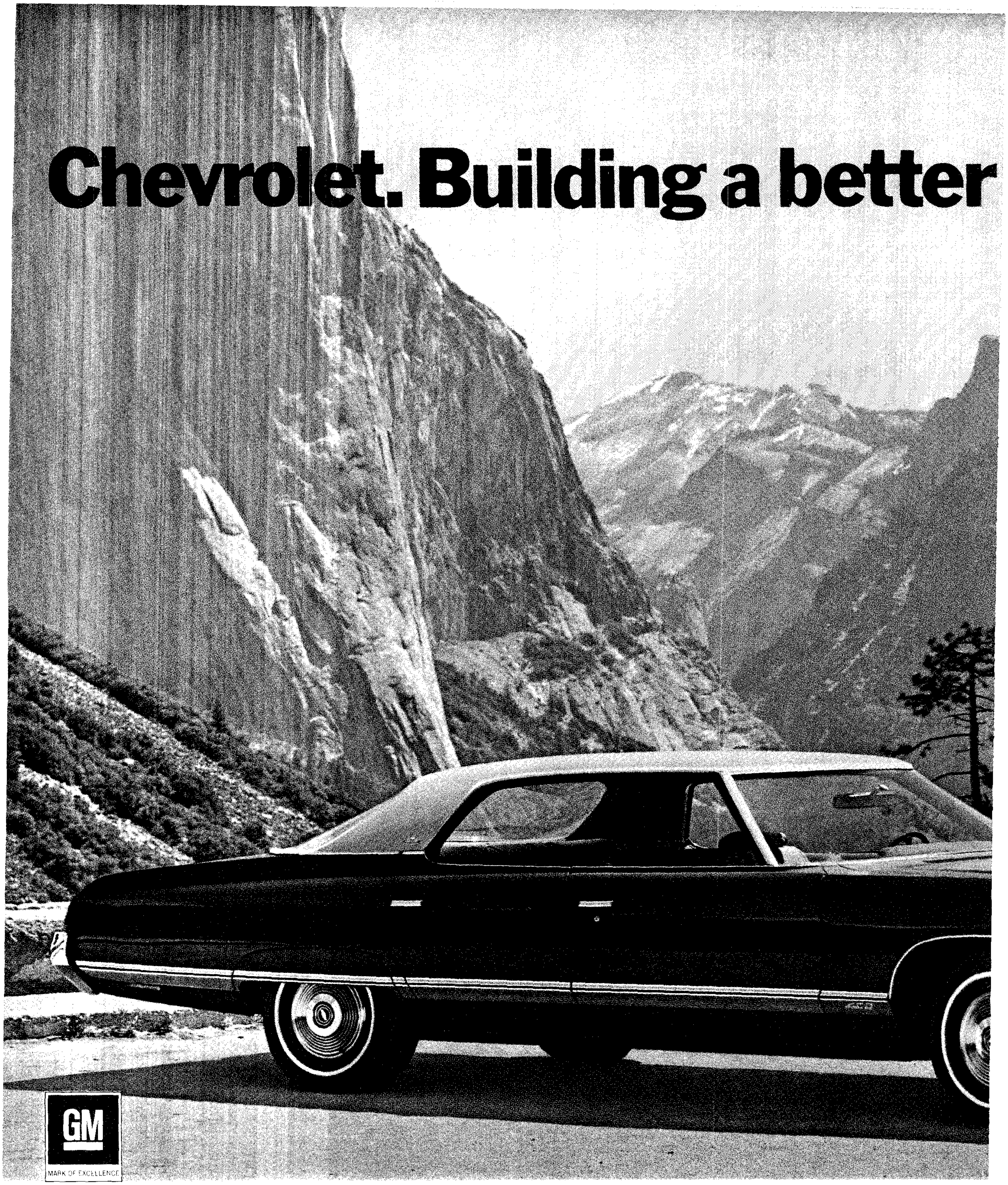

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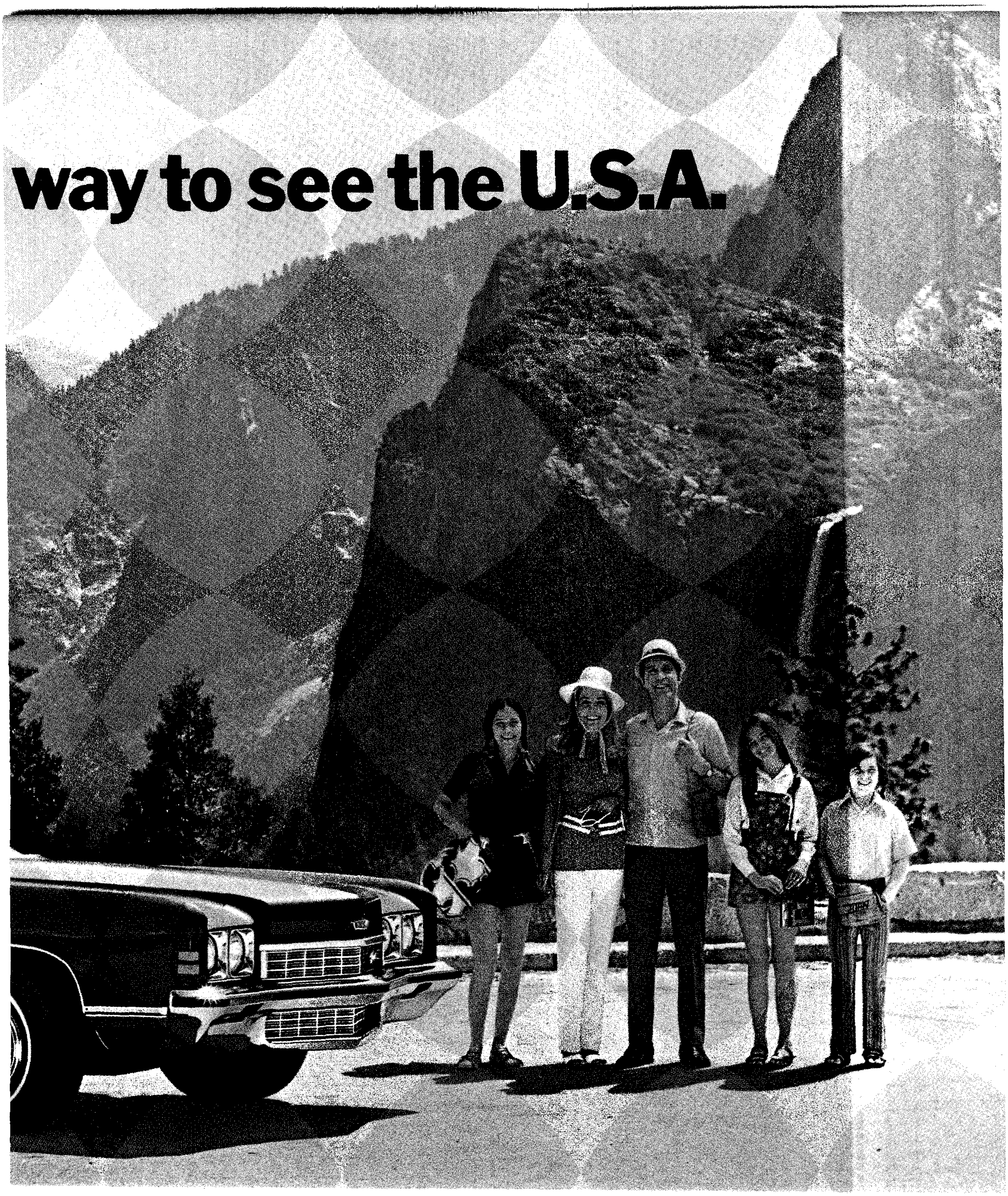
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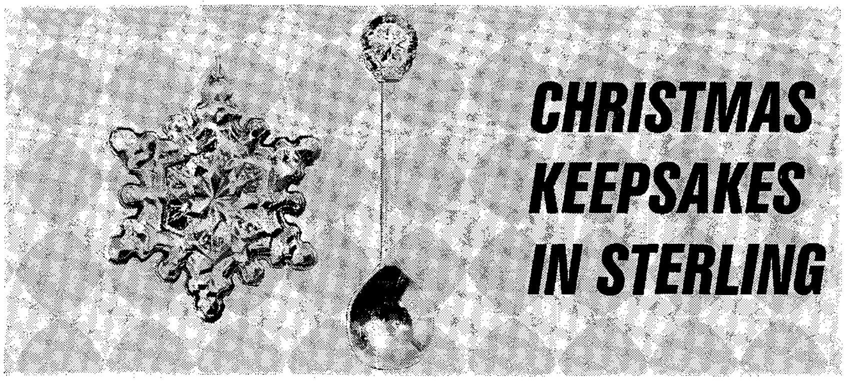
environmental problems, among them the general behavior of nitrogen in the ecosphere. The Decatur situation was discussed in class, and since students these days are actively concerned with the relevance of science to public affairs, it was perhaps not surprising that one student, who happened to live in Illinois, telephoned the Decatur newspaper to report the water situation. After the facts were confirmed by the health department, the paper published the news that in recent months the city's water supply had been polluted with excessive nitrate, and that fertilizer used on the surrounding farmlands was a possible source of the pollution.

The newspaper account agitated a number of people. Intensive use of inorganic nitrogen fertilizer has become the mainstay of farms in the Decatur area, as it has in many other parts of the world. Since 1945, the costs to the American farmer of most of his needed resources—land, labor, machinery, and fuel—have increased considerably in relation to the cash value of his crops. On the other hand, the relative cost of fertilizer has declined significantly. As a result, the farmer receives his greatest economic return, per dollar invested, from the use of nitrogen fertilizer. If public-health considerations should force a reduction in the use of this type of fertilizer, farmers might face economic ruin. To appreciate how acutely this conflict affects the farmers of Illinois, it is necessary to understand agricultural conditions in that area. Illinois is in the great corn belt of the United States, and corn is an avid consumer of soil nitrogen. The nitrogen available from the natural fertility of the soil has declined since farming began in the area. Under natural conditions, a rather large store of humus nitrogen is maintained in the soil by the addition of the organic remains of plants and the bodily wastes of animals. Organic nitrogen is also formed there by the fixation of nitrogen taken from the air and acted upon by certain soil bacteria. When the soil is heavily cropped and the crop is removed from the land and sold, rather than fed to animals, the supply of humus nitrogen necessarily declines. However, crop yields can be increased considerably by the artificial addition of inorganic nitrogen to the soil. In Illinois, the total annual use of inorganic nitrogen as fertilizer increased from less than ten thousand tons in 1945 to about six hundred thousand tons in 1967, and the increasing use of nitrogen fertilizer has greatly im-



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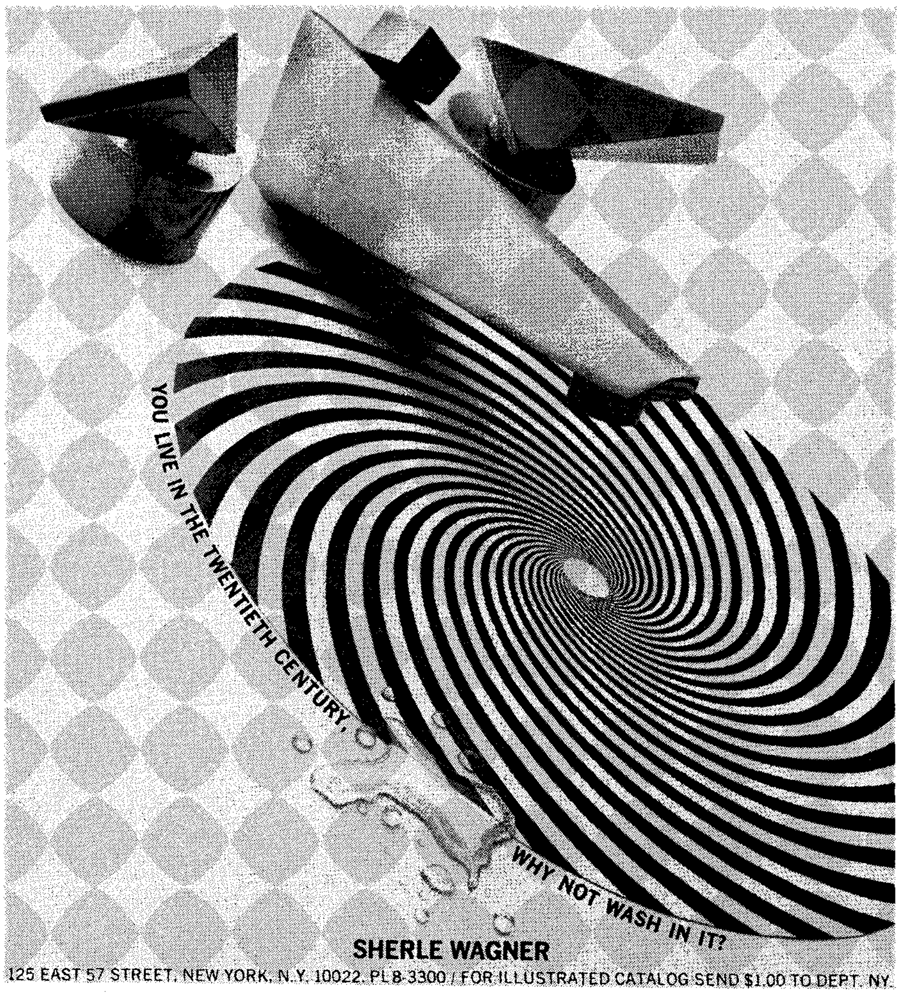

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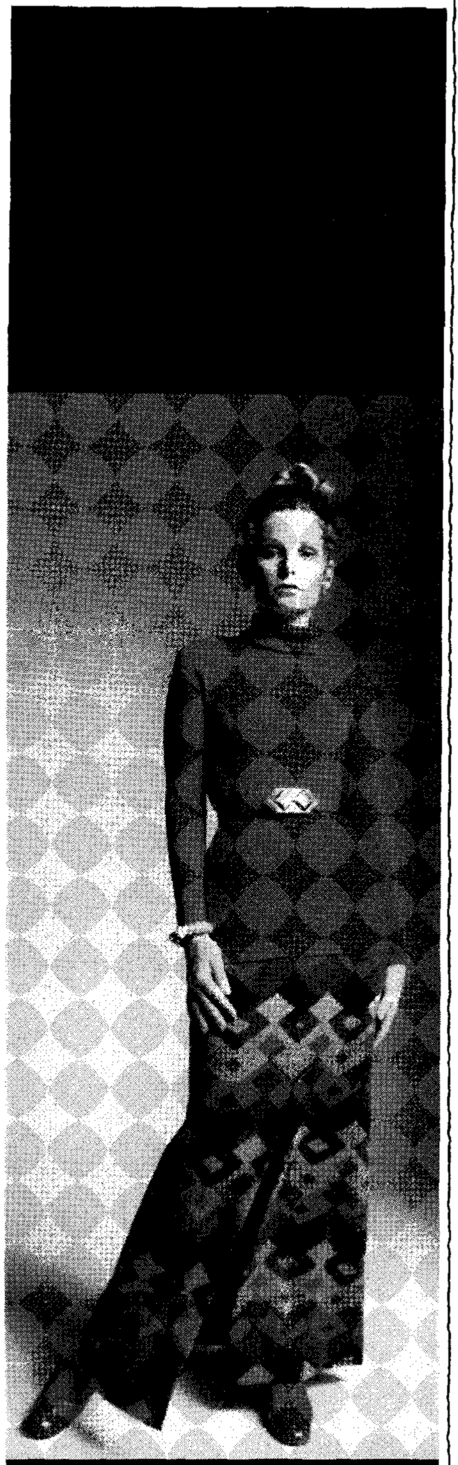

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proved the yield of corn per acre. Between 1945 and 1948, when very little fertilizer was used, the average annual corn yield was about fifty bushels per acre; in 1958, when about a hundred thousand tons of fertilizer was used, the average corn yield was about seventy bushels per acre—an increment of twenty bushels per acre in yield in response to a fertilizer increment of about a hundred thousand tons per year. In 1965, four hundred thousand tons of nitrogen was used to obtain an average yield of about ninety-five bushels per acre—a fertilizer increment of three hundred thousand tons to obtain an additional twenty-five bushels per acre. Obviously, the law of diminishing returns is at work here; as cultivation becomes increasingly intensive, increasing amounts of nitrogen fertilizer must be used to obtain the same increment in yield. In these figures lies the crux of the issue that confronts Decatur. Local farmers often find that if they receive a return of only about eighty bushels per acre from their corn crop, they just about meet expenses. If they are to operate at a profit, the yield per acre must be raised above that point, and under present conditions this can be accomplished only by the use of nitrogen fertilizer at levels that are utilized very inefficiently by the crop.

The farmers are not troubled by this inefficiency in itself, because the cost of fertilizer is very low. Of course, the inefficient uptake of the last few pounds of nitrogen per acre means that a good deal of the nitrogen must go somewhere else. The fate of this "lost" nitrogen is suggested by data from the Illinois State Water Survey, which shows that between 1958 and 1965, when nitrogen-fertilizer use increased fourfold, the nitrate levels of a number of the rivers that drain Illinois farmlands increased significantly. There was good reason to believe that the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer was the basic cause of the dangerously high levels of nitrate in the Decatur water supply. This possibility put the citizens of Decatur in a very difficult position. Clearly, there was a hazard to their water supply that needed to be corrected, but if it were to be corrected by a reduction in the use of nitrogen fertilizer on the surrounding farms, not only the farmers but Decatur itself would suffer economically, since the economy of the city was largely dependent on the farms.

Further controversy on this general subject broke out following my presen-

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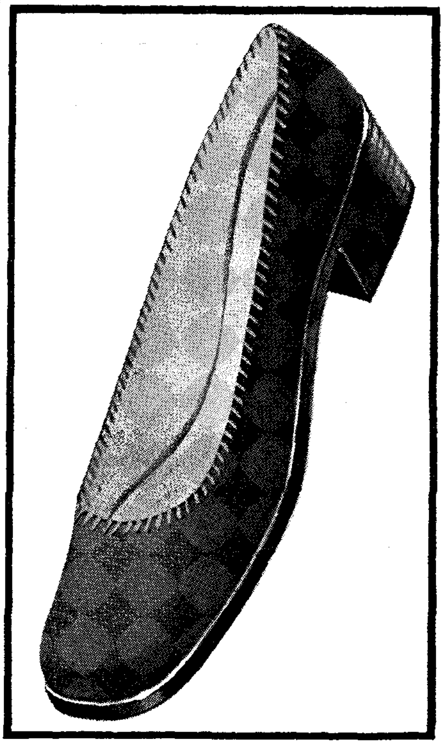

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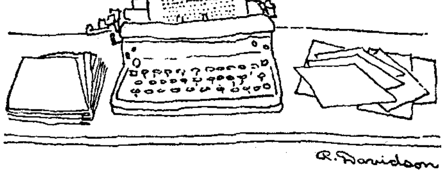
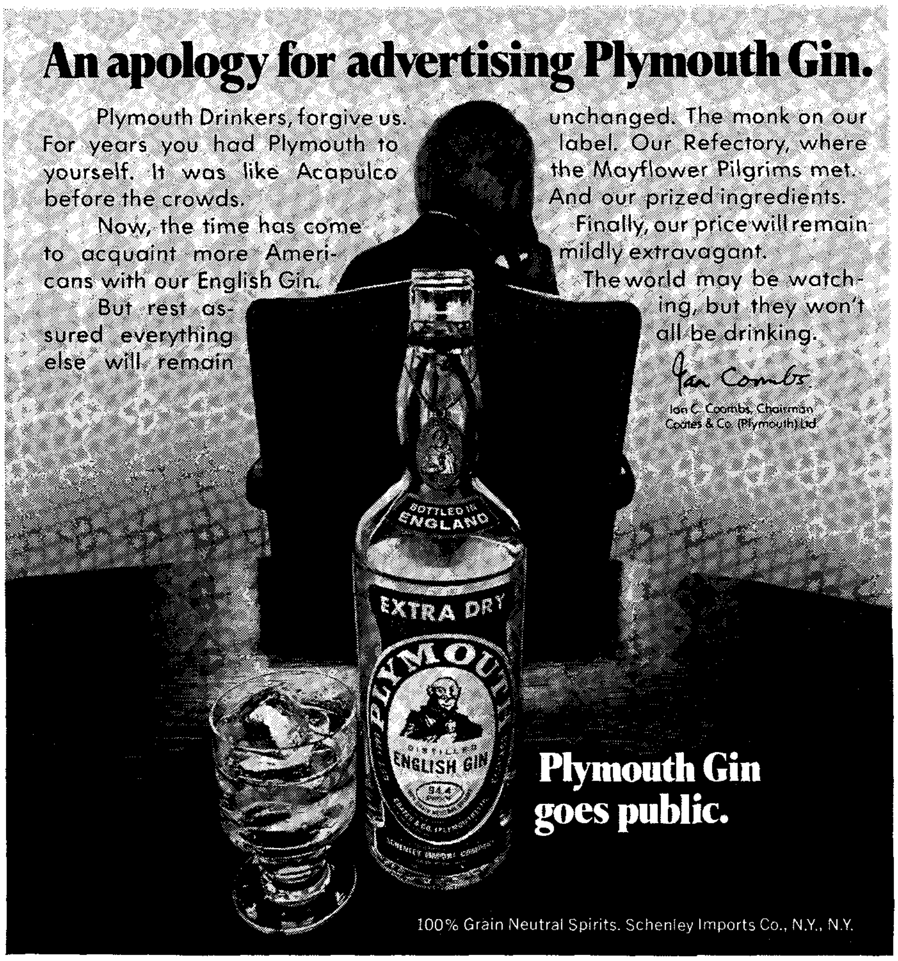
tation of a paper on the relation between fertilizer and nitrate levels in Midwestern rivers at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December, 1968. Within two weeks, an official of the National Plant Food Institute, the American fertilizer trade association, had sent out letters to soil experts at a number of major universities warning them about my paper. This attitude is understandable, given the Institute's vested interest in increasing the sale of fertilizer—a two-billion-dollar industry in the United States. Even within the scientific community itself, "objectivity" is a difficult—perhaps an illusory—goal. After all, we in the scientific community are all human beings as well as scientists. Like everyone else, we develop a set of personal values that reflect, among other things, our relations to major segments of society and our vested interest in the significance and validity of our own work. The way scientists get at the truth is not so much by avoiding mistakes or personal bias as by displaying them in public, where they can be corrected. In any event, it is not surprising that, in addition to the officers of the fertilizer trade association, some individual university scientists should have been irritated by observations regarding the hazards of fertilizers to water quality, for the farmers who now use great amounts of nitrogen fertilizer do so on the advice of agricultural scientists—men who have devoted their lives to improving the farmers' crop yield and their economic well-being. Indeed, the enormous economic value of nitrogen fertilizer to the farmers of the United States is a tribute to the personal devotion and competence of agricultural scientists. What is at fault in this situation is not the agricultural consequences of intensive nitrogen fertilization for farm yields but its ecological consequences for water supplies, and until very recently—when the controversy over pesticides, fertilizers, and other agricultural chemicals led to a change in outlook—this broader context was considered to lie outside the scope of agricultural science.

Aside from open discussion, the scientific community has another pro-





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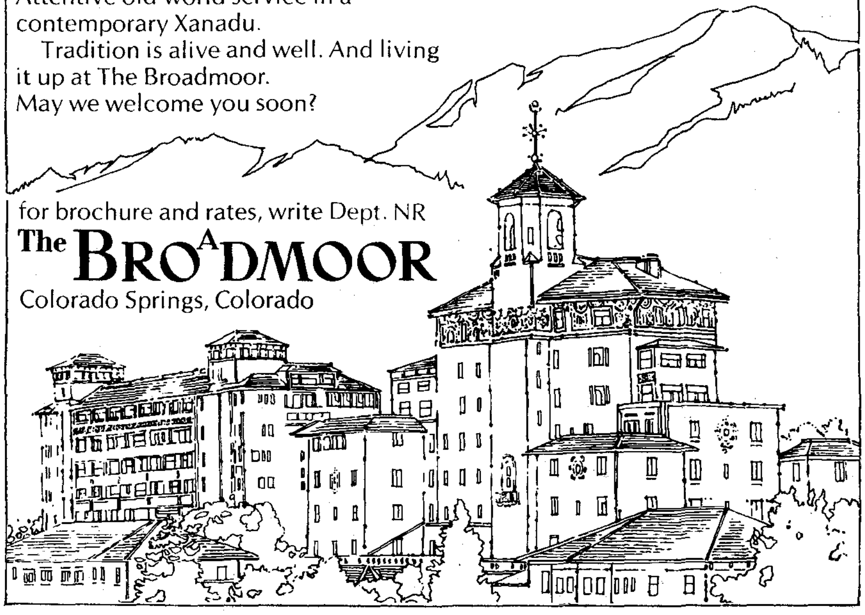

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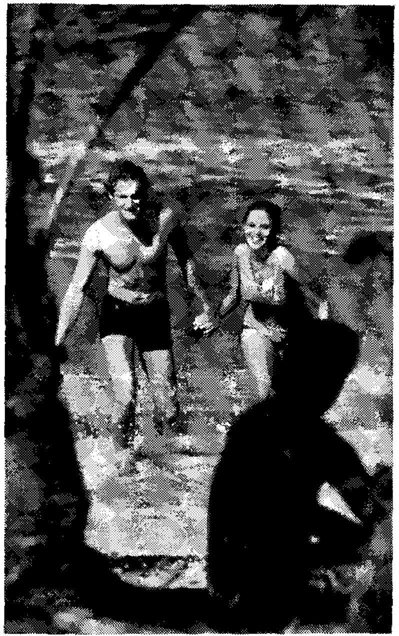

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cedure for getting at the truth—the accumulation of more data. Accordingly, some of us at the Washington University Center for the Biology of Natural Systems decided to study the Decatur situation in detail. Excellent information about the nitrate levels of the Sangamon River was already available from the Illinois State Water Survey, and data regarding fertilizer use were also at hand. Though the parallel between the two sets of data was evident, such results would continue to be open to criticism as long as there was no information that literally traced the movement of fertilizer nitrogen from the point of application in the soil to the river itself. What was needed was some way to distinguish between the nitrate in the river which originated in artificial fertilizer and the nitrate which originated from the breakdown of humus or other organic materials. At this point, I recalled an observation made in my laboratory some twenty years earlier, when we were using a heavy (non-radioactive) isotope of nitrogen to trace the synthesis of viruses in plants. In nature, the nitrogen atom exists in two forms, which are chemically identical and differ only in their atomic weights. One of them, Nitrogen 14 (that is, nitrogen with a weight of fourteen atomic units), makes up about 99.6 per cent of all natural nitrogen; the other form, Nitrogen 15 (that is, nitrogen with a weight of fifteen atomic units), makes up the remainder. The ratio between the prevalence of the two forms of nitrogen can be determined with remarkable precision by an electronic instrument, the mass spectrometer. From mass-spectrometer measurements, we now soon learned that whereas the artificial fertilizers used in Illinois all had nitrogen-isotope ratios approximately the same as that found in the air (a natural consequence of the fact that they were made, chemically, from air nitrogen), natural nitrogen in soil, manure, and sewage was considerably enriched in Nitrogen 15. This meant that measurements of the isotope ratio in nitrate taken from the Sangamon River or from soil-drainage water might show whether the nitrate was derived from artificial fertilizer or from organic matter in soil, manure, or sewage.

We decided to make such measurements. Fortunately, a Center associate, Dr. John W. Goers, had been brought up in Illinois and knew the Decatur area and some of its people well. He obtained the coöperation of a group of farmers whose land lay in the Sangamon River watershed near the town of Cerro Gordo. All the land in the area

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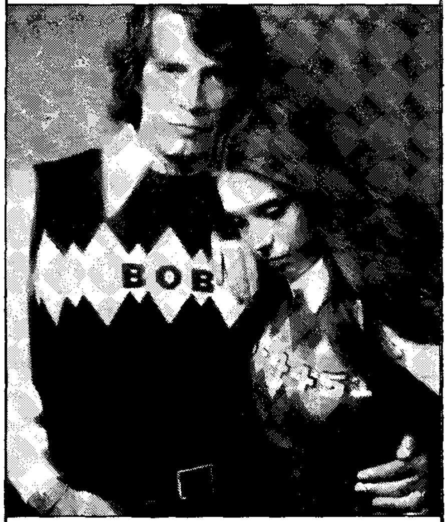

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is artificially drained by a system of tile pipes that lie three or four feet beneath the surface. Tramping about the fields with his farmer friends, Dr. Goers located the outlet points of various drainage tiles and made arrangements to collect samples of the water that flowed from them. These samples were brought back to the laboratory and measured for nitrate content, and the nitrogen was analyzed with respect to the ratio between Nitrogen 15 and Nitrogen 14. It was found that those drains yielding high nitrate levels were low in Nitrogen 15 content, and those yielding low levels were high in it. This meant that whatever source was responsible for high nitrate levels in soil-drainage water must have itself been relatively low in Nitrogen 15 content. The only possible nitrogen source with that characteristic was artificial nitrogen fertilizer. More detailed studies confirmed this conclusion, and showed as well that a minimum of sixty per cent of the nitrate in Lake Decatur is derived from fertilizer used on the adjacent farms. There is now little doubt that the nitrate problem in Lake Decatur arises from the intensive use of artificial nitrogen fertilizer on the neighboring farms.

It should be noted that our university is not an agricultural institution—that, indeed, like most of the nation's independent universities, it has long been guided by the precept that its mission is the propagation of "pure" knowledge. This has been particularly true in the science departments, where the goal is the pursuit of "basic" science—the fundamental properties of nature. In practice, especially in biology, this has meant in recent years that research has been concerned largely with the finer details of chemical and physical processes in living things. Usually, such events cannot be studied in whole living systems, where they are so numerous and so elaborately interconnected that the nature of any single process is obscured by the effects of others. Instead, research tends to be concentrated on test-tube systems of reactive molecules isolated from living things. This kind of research, "molecular biology," has become almost synonymous with "pure" biology. Some of us have been concerned because such an approach is inapplicable to the actual biological processes that occur in nature—for example, in Illinois soil—where the system's intrinsic complexity must be understood rather than avoided by artificial isolation of its parts in the laboratory. Indeed, a general controversy has now arisen in the United States scien-

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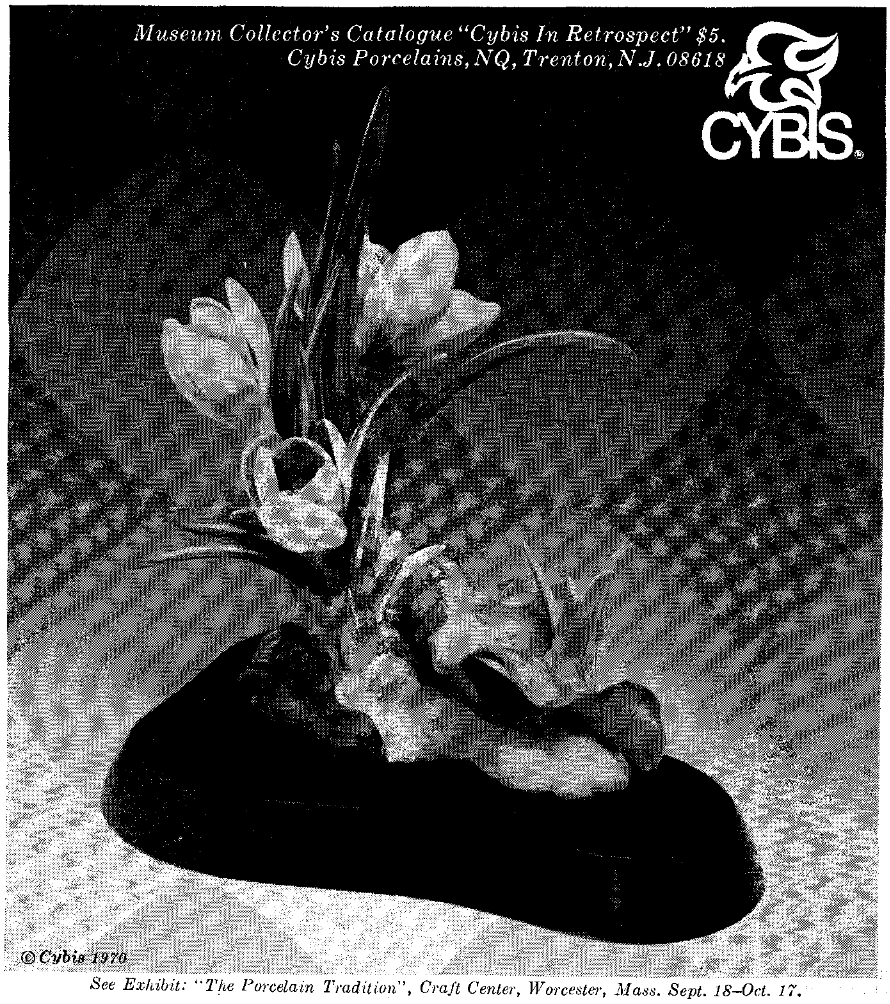

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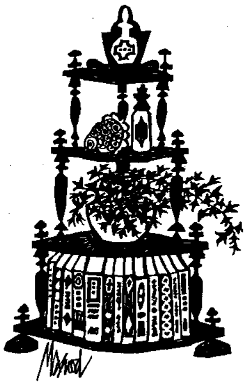
tific community—a controversy reflecting to some degree the demand by many of our students for studies that are relevant to the real problems of the world. The controversy centers on the question of whether "basic" science ought to be pursued for its own sake or whether equally basic research can be done in the complex arena of nature as it exists outside the laboratory. One of my university colleagues, Dr. Daniel H. Kohl, is an expert and gifted researcher into the electronic processes that couple the driving force of solar energy to the chemical changes that are the ultimate consequences of photosynthesis in plants. Dr. Kohl is concerned with more than electrons, however, and has an equally strong interest in the environmental crisis and its consequences for human welfare. He therefore expressed an interest in taking part in our study of the isotope analysis of the fate of fertilizer nitrogen in Illinois. Indeed, he is responsible for much of the recent success of the study, not only in the laboratory but in the equally important arena of ordinary human relations with Illinois farmers. It is disturbing but illuminating to record that Dr. Kohl's decision to undertake this work was made over the strong objection of most of his departmental colleagues, who were convinced that such work was an unacceptable diversion from the department's devotion to "pure" research.

Since then, much of the controversy has faded away, for it has become increasingly evident—not only to the Decatur health officials but also to farmers, agronomists, and "pure" biologists—that the fertilizer problem is serious and is of far-ranging scientific and social significance. This was apparent when we reported the results of our isotope studies at an unusual kind of scientific seminar, held one evening in the fall of 1970 in the Cerro Gordo high school with local farmers, local health-department officials, and agronomists from the University of Illinois. We presented our results, explained our interpretation of them, and reported our conclusion that the high nitrate levels in the Decatur water supply were due largely to the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer by the surrounding farms. The discussion went on for hours. Following a lively interchange with the agronomists, there was general agreement that the data were meaningful. One agronomist reported that agricultural agents were already advising local farmers to start thinking about the possibility of using less nitrogen fertilizer. (Some months later, that same man, Samuel R. Aldrich, who is one of the nation's leading agricultural experts, was appointed to the Illinois Pollution Control Board, where he proposed a measure unprecedented in United States agriculture: state regulations to govern the use of fertilizer.) The response of the farmers that evening was especially rewarding. From their own scientific insights, they advanced useful suggestions for the further development of our research. Indeed, several farmers have since offered the use of their land for experimental studies to determine the effects of reduced fertilizer levels on the nitrogen output of drainage tiles. From that discussion in the high school at Cerro Gordo, it was evident that the farmers, who had the most to lose from any reduction of nitrogen use, were as deeply concerned as the health officials about the hazard to the Decatur water supply. They made it clear that they were prepared to consider any suggestions that might resolve the conflict between Decatur's need for healthful water and their own need to make a living.



Since then, our work has continued at a much more rapid pace. We have assembled a team of biologists, chemists, geologists, soil scientists, biochemists, anthropologists, and economists to work out the broad range of problems that must be considered. On the one hand, we are studying the incidence of methemoglobinemia in the area, in order to evaluate the potential cost, in health, of elevated nitrate levels. At the same time, detailed studies have been started to work out the consequences for the farmer of any proposed reduction in nitrogen-fertilizer use. Aside from our own group, other researchers have been working in the area, and one of these men, Dr. Abraham Gelperin, of the University of Illinois, recently reported the results of a ten-year study of infant death rates in various Illinois counties. He reported that in five counties the death rate from asphyxiation for all babies born during the months when nitrate levels were high (April, May, and June) was 4.8 per thousand. For the

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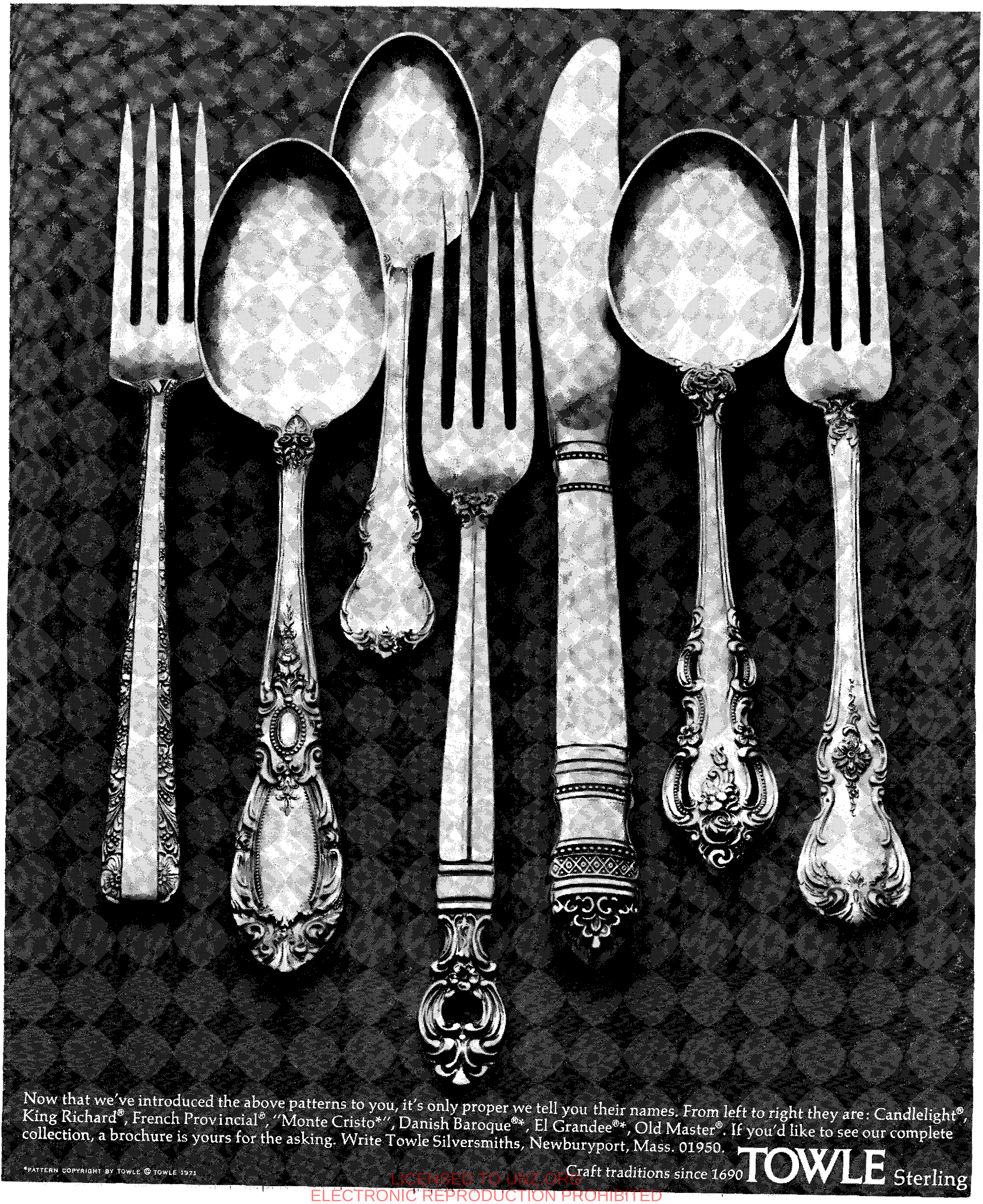

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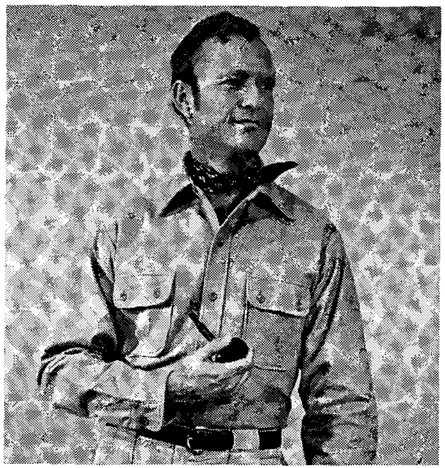

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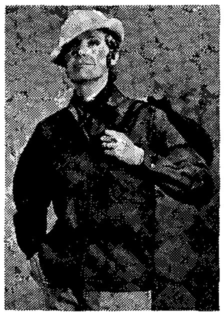

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months when nitrate levels were low (August, September, and October), the rate for boy babies was 4.5 per thousand, while the rate for girls was only 2.9 per thousand. Dr. Gelperin concluded, "The evidence indicated that high levels of nitrate in the water, as found in these counties, may increase the infant mortality rate among female babies." This may be the first evidence of the cost in human health of the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer.

What we learn in the cornfields around Decatur will be applicable elsewhere. In central California, intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer is suspected of causing sharp increases in nitrate levels in wells that yield the water supply for many towns. A similar problem has appeared in Israel and in Germany. All this reflects the unexpected result of an important technological advance that was permitted to intrude significantly on the environment before we were aware that in improving agriculture it would harm human health.

ENVIRONMENTAL deterioration is caused by human action and has painful effects on the human condition. The environmental crisis is therefore not only an ecological problem but also a social one. To the intrinsic complexity of the ecosphere this circumstance adds the further complications of human activities. The number of people supported by the earth's natural system; the sciences that tell us what we know about nature; the technology that converts this knowledge into practical action; the resultant industrial and agricultural production that extracts new wealth from the earth's skin; the economic systems that govern the distribution and uses of wealth; the social, cultural, and political processes that shape all the rest—where in this welter of circumstances can we find the human activities that have been most significant in causing the environmental crisis? Those who are concerned with "overpopulation" often confront us with figures on the galloping progression of the number of human beings who inhabit the earth: five million in prehistoric times, two hundred and fifty million at the birth of Christ, five hundred million in 1650, one billion in 1850, three and a half billion at present, and some six billion projected for 2000. It must also be taken into account that there has been a similarly rapid growth in the number, variety, and usefulness of machines, buildings, conveyances, and cooking utensils; in the number, variety, and intellectual richness of literary works, paintings, musical compositions,

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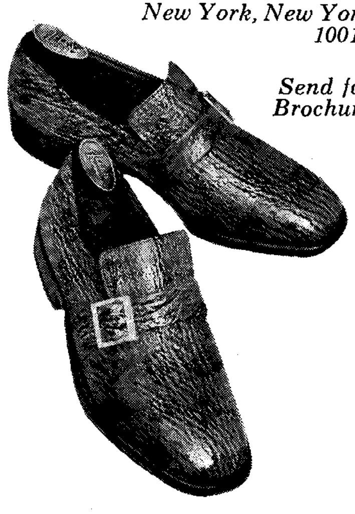

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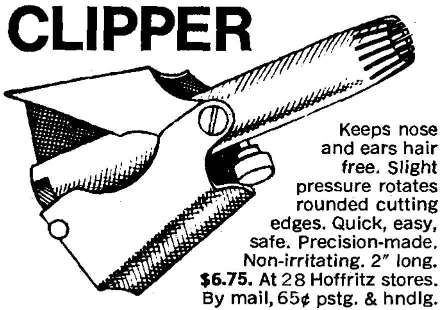

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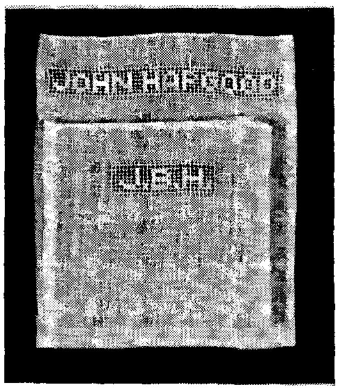

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and scientific articles. The earth has experienced not only a "population explosion" but also a "civilization explosion"—the new knowledge of nature generated by science, the power of technology to guide natural forces, the huge increase in material wealth, the rich elaboration of economic, cultural, social, and political processes. In arbitrarily singling out from among all these human activities only one—science—my intention is not to slight such other important influences on man's attitude toward the world in which he lives as painting, music, and poetry, or to deny their power, but only to provide a sharper focus on the material base of human life on the earth. Science is, after all, the means by which human beings learn the nature of the world in which they live. Particularly in relation to the ecosphere, much of what we do is now guided, consciously, by what science tells us (or what we think it tells us) about nature.

Immediately dependent on science—the accumulated knowledge of how nature operates—is technology, which generates practical means of using scientific knowledge for useful ends. In the past, technology was often developed by trial and error, rather than directly from organized scientific knowledge, but in modern times nearly all technological advances have been consciously guided by science. In turn—and, again, especially in modern times—industrial and agricultural production are dependent on technology. And in all modern societies production is closely linked to the operation of the economic systems that govern the distribution and exchange of the forms of wealth people require. (To be sure, the connection between science and technology, on the one hand, and the economic system, on the other, is a two-way affair. While economic activity depends on productive processes generated by science and technology, the reverse is also true. The economic system—and the political ideology it expresses—imposes important constraints on the development of science and technology. One of these is simply money, which is provided by government agencies, private foundations, or business enterprises to support research and development. Those who provide this support can, and do, influence the course of science and technology simply by choosing the areas they favor. Science and technology are thus subject to considerable social direction.)

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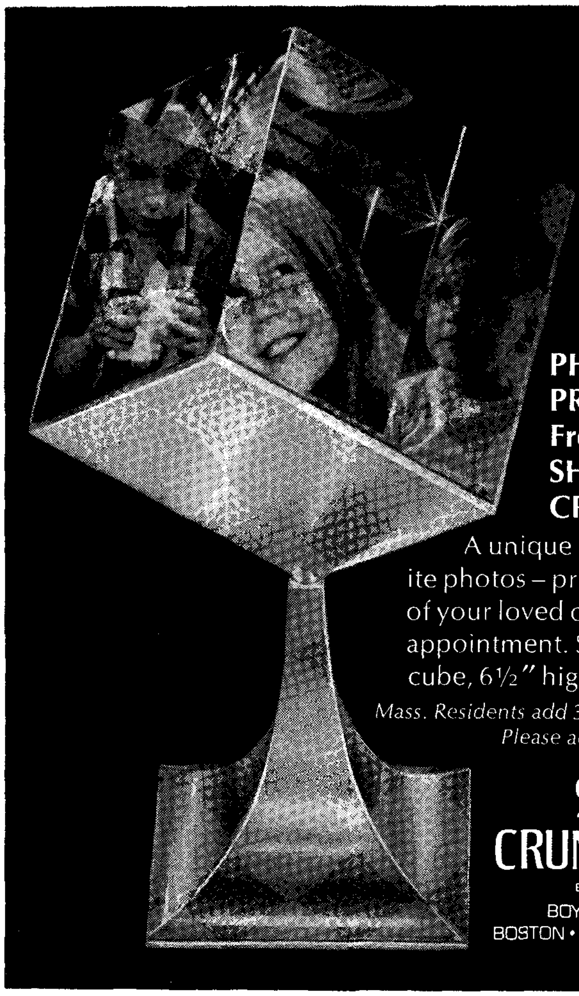
eral resources, is the source of all the goods produced by human labor. As wealth increases, so does the number of people it supports—for there is considerable evidence that increased wealth reduces mortality, which (if the birth rate does not also decline) leads to an increase in population. Since human beings are self-propagated, there is a built-in tendency for the population to grow as long as sufficient wealth is available to support the newly added people. In turn, the increasing numbers of people tend to intensify all the activities that depend on people—science, technology, production, and the creation of wealth. It is sometimes supposed that this self-accelerating interaction between the increase in wealth and the increase in technological competence is bound to set off an explosive "population bomb" unless deliberate steps are taken to control the birth rate. Actually, there is strong evidence that the process itself sets up a counterforce, which slows population growth considerably. This process, known as the "demographic transition," has occurred in most of the industrialized nations of the world. At first, in the early stages of the eighteenth-century agricultural and industrial revolution, increasing wealth reduced mortality, so that—with birth rates unchanged—populations grew rapidly. Later, with a further improvement in living standards, in the nineteenth century, birth rates declined and population growth slowed down. The reasons for this change are not biological but social. Especially important is the changing role of children. When living standards were relatively low—for example, in the early stages of the industrial revolution—the labor of children was essential to the family's survival. Later, with improved living standards, adult labor became sufficient to maintain family income; compulsory schools were established, and the children, instead of being economic assets, became economic liabilities. At the same time, as social services improved, parents were less likely to depend on children as a form of old-age insurance. The natural result was a reduced birth rate, which occurred even without the benefit of modern methods of contraception. Thus, although population growth is an inherent feature of the progressive development of productive activities, it tends to be limited by the same force that stimulates it—the accumulation of social wealth and resources.

A kind of self-propagating tendency can also be recognized within the areas of science and technology, which



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represent an accumulating, evolving assemblage of facts, ideas, and attitudes that are perpetuated by being recorded. The body of scientific literature and the practical, lasting evidence of technological achievements become starting points for further advances. In this sense, science and technology, like the population, are self-generating and, at least for the present, are growing at an ever-increasing rate. The scientific "information explosion" is exemplified in the growth curve of scientific papers; the number is doubling every fifteen years. Technology, as exemplified by the proliferation of new instruments and techniques generated by a germinal invention (for example, the transistor), also grows at an accelerating rate. Thus, science and technology tend to generate their own growth as long as the social factors on which they depend permit.

Self-generated growth is characteristic of industrial and agricultural production as well. Particularly in modern industrial systems, production leads to the accumulation of capital goods and financial resources, and therefore to the further expansion of production and of its wealth-creating capacity. All modern economic systems are designed to grow by means of such self-generated expansion. Clearly, these sectors of the system constitute another self-driven force that tends to expand the size of the over-all cycle of production and human activity on the earth.

All these expanding activities in the cycle of man in nature are dependent on the only part of the over-all system that is not created by human effort. The ecosphere existed before human beings did on the earth; its fundamental properties were established long before the appearance of man. And, in contrast to the human sectors of the system, this natural segment is intrinsically incapable of continued growth or expansion. The ecosphere and its mineral resources are fixed in mass. The solar radiation that drives the dynamic events in the ecosphere is, on the time scale of human life, fixed in amount. (It is gradually declining with the extinction of the sun over a period of many billion years.) Moreover, the ecosphere is governed by cyclical processes that must operate in a state of balance. It is a fundamental fact of nature, then, that the base of human existence represented by the ecosphere and its mineral resources is limited in its size and its rate of activity. One can argue about whether the ecosphere has ever operated, either in its pre-human, natural condition or in its present one, near its intrinsic limit, but that there is some limit—that the system's operation does not permit indefinitely continued growth—is undeniable.

Kept in proper balance, the earth's ecological cycle is self-renewable, at least over the time scale involved in human history. On this time scale, it can operate and support some number of human beings as one of its constituents more or less indefinitely. However, mineral resources that are used can move in only one direction—downward in amount. Unlike the other constituents of the ecosphere, mineral resources are non-renewable. Fossil fuels, such as coal, oil, and natural gas, were deposited in the earth during a special period of its evolution, which has not been repeated since (except for the slow accumulation of very slight modern fuel deposits, such as peat). Once fossil fuels are used, the solar energy trapped within them millions of years ago is dissipated and lost irrevocably. The earth's store of metals was also laid down by not-to-be-repeated geological events, and this is also non-renewable. Of course, since matter is never destroyed, metals taken from the earth's ores remain on the earth after use and, in theory, could be used again. However, when iron, for example, is taken from the earth as a concentrated ore and is converted into products that are later scattered, as rust, across the face of the globe, what is lost, irrevocably, is energy. Whenever any material is scattered from a concentrated origin and mingles with other substances, there is an increase in the property known as entropy, which involves a loss in available energy. This is perhaps more easily seen in reverse—as the fact that the gathering together of scattered material into an ordered arrangement requires the addition of energy. (Anyone who has tried to reassemble a jigsaw puzzle from its scattered parts has experienced this law of nature.) Since any use of a metallic resource inevitably involves some scattering of the material, if only from the effects of friction, the availability of the resource declines constantly and can be reversed only at the expense of added energy, which is itself a limited resource. There is nothing inevitable about the high rate at

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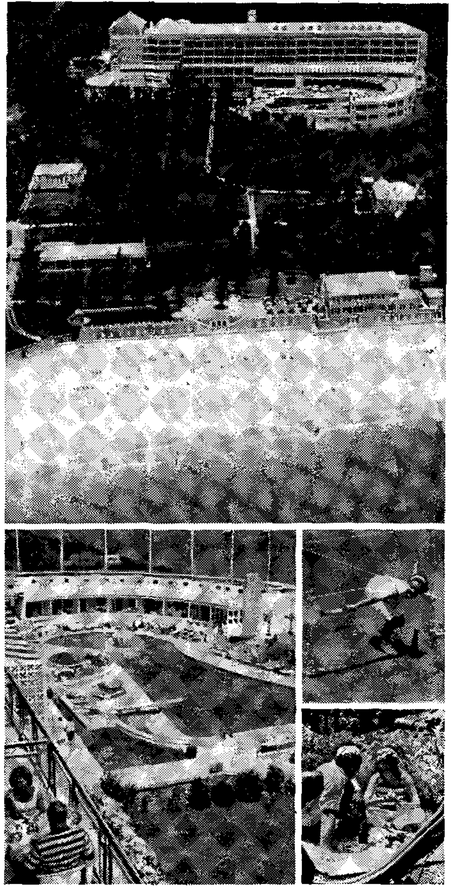

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which most metallic resources are now scattered after use and so lost to reuse. If we wished, we could recover nearly all the copper produced from ore and built into products and use it again when the products have outlived their usefulness. All that would be required would be to place sufficiently high value on the metal. This is exactly what has been done with gold, silver, and platinum—the precious metals. As a result, only a small proportion of all of the precious metals ever mined has been lost to reuse. If all metals were valued as highly as gold, the problem of mineral depletion would be solved for a very long time. Depletion of metal is governed not so much by the amount of metal that is used as by the value placed on it, which determines its degree of reuse.

We come, then, to a fundamental paradox of man's life on the earth: that human civilization involves a sequence of cyclically interdependent processes that have a built-in tendency to grow, except one—the natural, irreplaceable, absolutely essential resources represented by the earth's ecosphere. A clash between the propensity of the man-dependent sectors of the cycle to grow and the intractable limits of the natural sector of the cycle is inevitable. Clearly, if human activity on the earth—civilization—is to survive, it must accommodate itself to the demands of the natural sector, the ecosphere. The present environmental deterioration is a signal that we have failed thus far to achieve this essential accommodation. So much is evident from what we now know about environmental pollution. The fouling of surface waters is the result of our overloading of the natural, limited cycle of the aquatic ecosystem either directly, by the dumping of organic matter, in the form of sewage and industrial wastes, or indirectly, by the release of algal nutrients produced by waste treatment or leached from overfertilized soil. The pollution of water is a signal that its limited, natural self-purifying cycle has broken down under stress. Similarly, air pollution is a signal that human activities have overloaded the self-cleansing capacity of the weather system—that the natural winds, rain, and snow are no longer capable of cleaning the air. The deterioration of the soil is a signal that another system has been overdriven—that organic matter, in the form of food, is being extracted from the soil at a rate that exceeds the rate of rebuilding of the soil's humus. The technical expedient of attempting to evade this problem by

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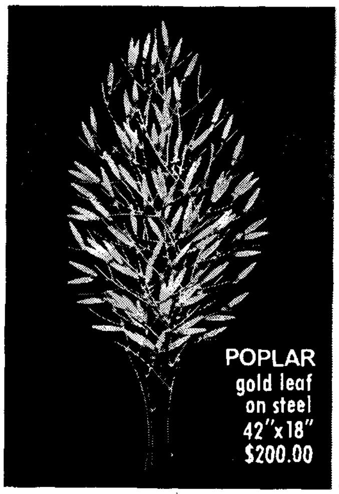

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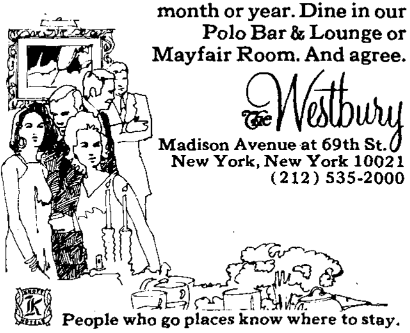

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loading the soil with inorganic fertilizer is capable of restoring the crop yield, but at the expense of increasing pollution. All three ecosystems have been polluted by man-made synthetics such as pesticides, detergents, and plastics, and by the dissemination of materials not naturally part of the environment, such as lead and artificial radioactive substances; these materials cannot be accommodated by the self-purifying abilities of the natural systems, and therefore accumulate in places harmful to the ecosystems and to man. And environmental pollution by a metal such as mercury—and the depletion of this mineral resource—is a consequence only of our willingness to "lose" it because it is insufficiently valuable, according to present economic criteria, to be reclaimed. In sum, there is something gravely wrong with the way man uses the natural resources available to him on the earth.

—BARRY COMMONER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

INFATUATION WITH THE SOUND OF OWN WORDS

[*From "Palm Beach," by John Ney*]

The realization and knowledge of this beauty are slow in coming because it lies under a creamy attractiveness of such pervasive presence that it is hard to see for a long time. —*Page 50.*

But everyone is affected by that beauty whether he knows it or not, and particularly when he thinks he is only affected by the creamy attractiveness. —*Idem.*

The creaminess of the attractiveness is stunning on first impression. —*Idem.*

The peace is pervasive, and the creamy attractiveness—which one might have smiled at before one came to Florida—looks the ultimate in careful taste. —*Page 51.*

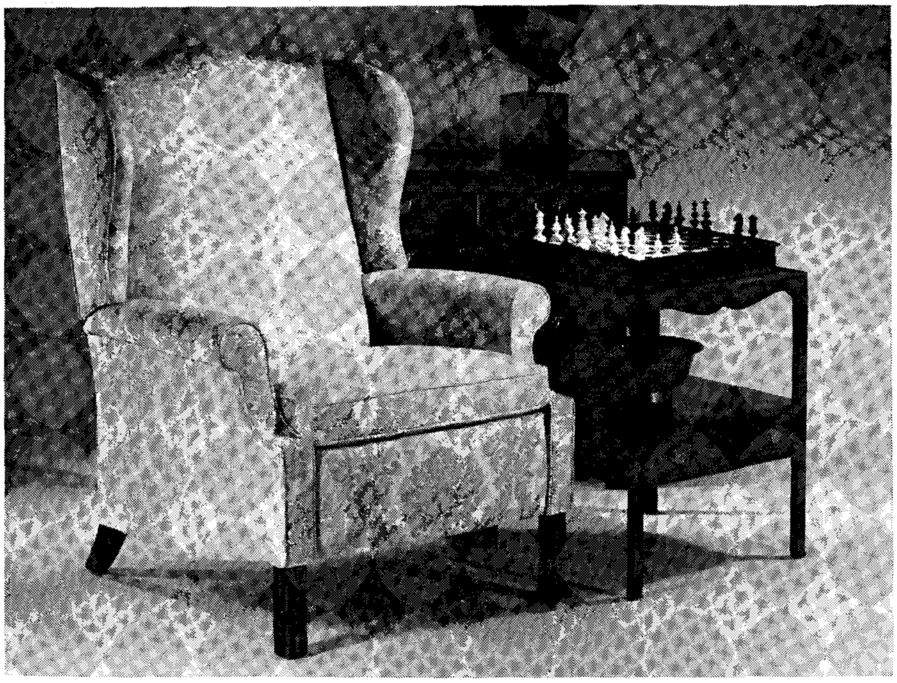
Creamy attractiveness does do well in the tropics, adding to the illusion that all things are possible, that the unpleasant will always blow away. —*Idem.*

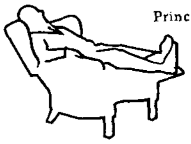
Something is different; they do not have the quality which, in Palm Beach, lies under the cleanliness, the creaminess, the quality which is responsible for the hope and the magic. —*Page 53.*

And all smiles to the contrary, Palm Beach does have a past, a dimension beyond the purely creamy and even beyond the beauty. —*Page 55.*

There are people who come here not because it is creamy or attractive or convenient or the last step in a process of elimination, but because they want to climb the social ladder, and Palm Beach is a notoriously easy place to do that. —*Page 70.*

Attractive, convenient, creamy, beautiful, private, safe, poignantly metaphysical, profoundly historical—one could hardly dare ask for more, and the question "Why Palm Beach?" melts insensibly into "Where else?" —*Page 73.*





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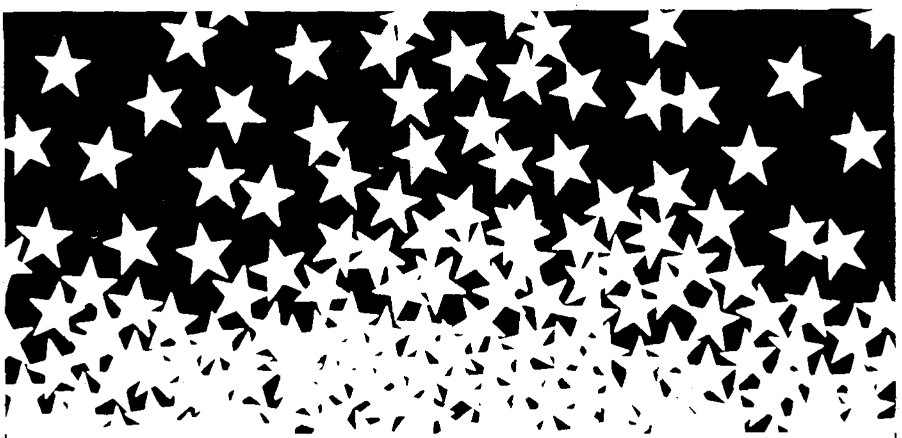

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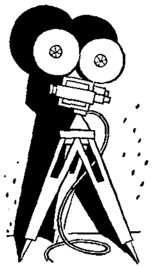
THE CURRENT CINEMA

This Unpopular Century



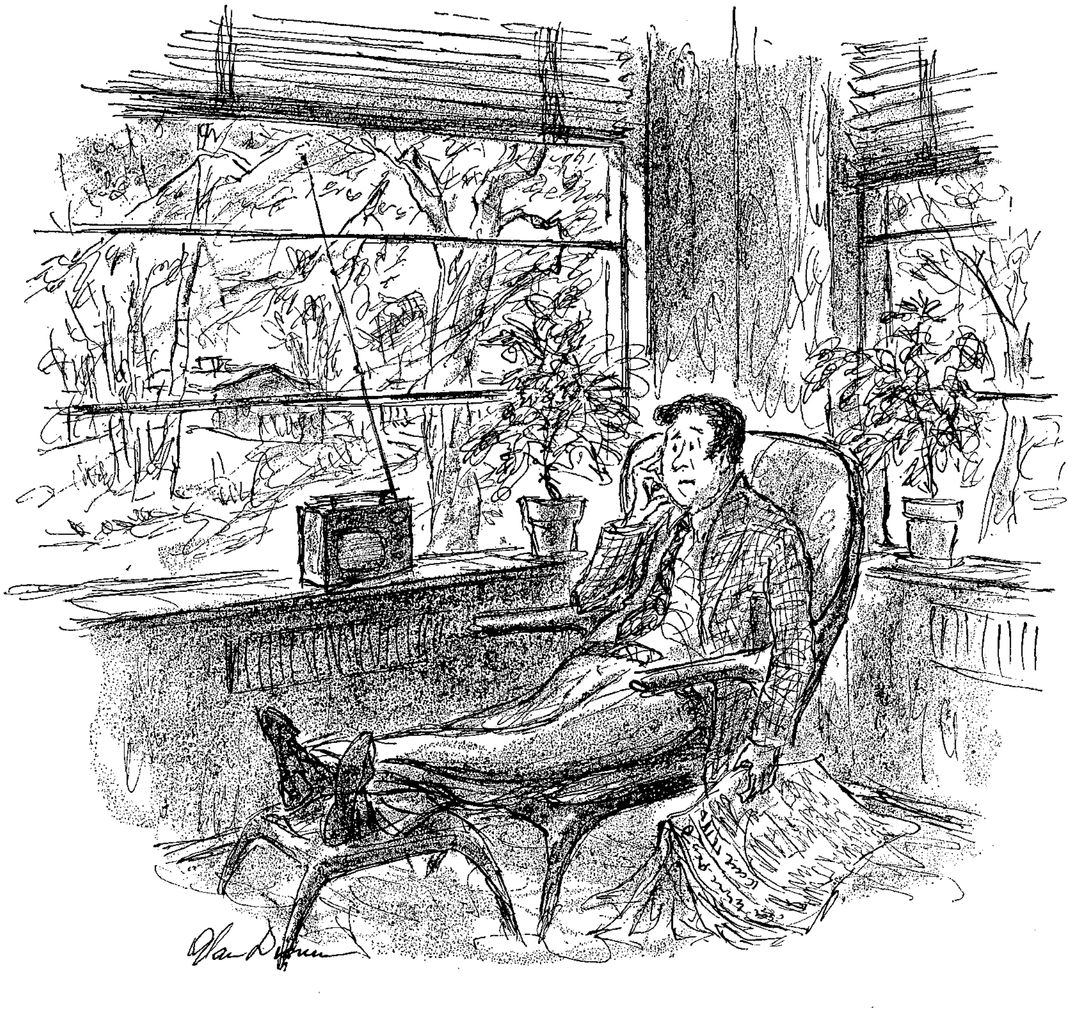
MORE good films and plays and books and paintings must have been made in distaste for the age now than at any other time in the life of mankind. Though it is rare for anyone really to want to *be* anyone but himself, it is for the moment very common—given the ritual nods to the advantages of modern egalitarianism, rock music, medicine, and plumbing—to want to have been born at some other point in history. Frank Gilroy's striking and clean-cut début as a film director with "Desperate Characters"—which he also produced and adapted, from a novel by Paula Fox—is about middle-class New Yorkers of forty-odd who hate their mistaken lives. The errors silently detested emerge in a film so truly peopled that the minor distresses are like slips of the tongue disclosing the longings of an epoch.

The characters possess a wit that runs into the sand because it is mostly self-addressed and hopes to correct nothing. They have a vivacity that is punishing to themselves because they can find no purge for it, and this often misleadingly gives them the manner of people in a rage, though all they are really doing is jousting for a target. It strikes them sometimes that the target is their own inertia. They fear boredom; nearly as much, they fear that they themselves are boring, although they would pick their own company in favor of any New York stranger, whom they would suspect of listening to nothing and of talking to himself all the time. Sometimes the four main characters of the film will hit a patch of sparkling good fortune when people pay heed to each other, but mostly they talk as if they were alone, sleep out of rhythm with each other even when their private clock of living together is the same, and take it out on answering services and hospital emergency wards.

There is a peppery tang to this movie that is entirely its own. The dialogue has a speed one hardly hears now except in revivals of movies from the thirties, when the clever people who were in the movie industry weren't reined back by exhibitors demanding spare time for pop-corn munchers who might miss half the talk between chews; they also weren't restrained by the mandarin propaganda that fast talk necessarily isn't visual. Frank Gilroy makes it perfectly visual. (His cinematographer was Urs Furrer.) The characters' places always look like real houses—which they are—and the lines come out like grapeshot. For once, we are in the middle of a New York City-baiting work that is possessed as powerfully as any Chekhov play by the sense that things needn't be so. This is one of the elements that lift the picture away from all the millions of other New-York-is-impossible pieces, with their ersatz fatigue and their compensating bright jokiness for the sake of box office.

We are in the company of intimates. They take it that the rule of the city is that their lives are committed to perpetual motion, and that, like sleepwalkers, they will suffer something unknown and terrible if they stop. It is only with one another that they even contemplate coming to a halt. There is no exposition between them: no need. Shirley MacLaine, in a part that is a giant stride forward for her in its show of what she can encompass technically, plays an intelligent, subtly beleaguered woman called Sophie, wife of Kenneth Mars as Otto Bentwood, a lawyer whose big, lumpy face hides some unappeasable regret and distemper. He can talk back as fast as she can but not as wittily; she can turn on a dime. They live in a vaguely chic brownstone near Brooklyn Heights. The classiness is no protection against the common paranoia about theft and rape and muggings. They must be paying the earth in anti-populace devices. She once had a lover, now gone; she just got into a taxi, and when she turned back to wave he was looking into a bookshop. So the world ends. Only the regret for perfidy now remains in the air, like the fumes of a gas leak.

The telephone rings. It is this that is really the chaotic intruder: the telephone—in this house, with its complicated burglar alarms and locks. She



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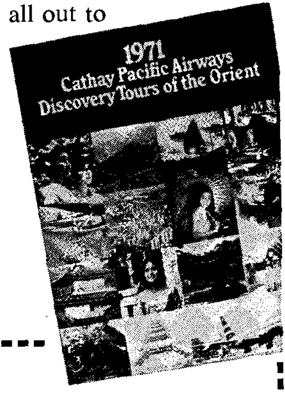

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suspects, from the look of her, that it might be her lover ringing again. So does her husband. So do we. No one answers the phone for a long while. Then a dark energy suddenly floods her veins like ink, and she whips up the receiver and yells into the phone at one more New York crank. Who is deceiving whom? Maybe it *was* a burglar. Or maybe someone for her husband whom she doesn't want him to speak to. His closest friend was Charlie, his ex-partner, whom he has just split from, and who enrages him afterward by coming to pour out his story to Sophie in the middle of the night. Here, following the Ibsenist style of the film, we enter as late observers. The thing that is obvious and palpable is that they all have behind them a world of knowing one another; simply to listen to them talking to each other makes one party to that.

Sophie's best friend is Claire (Sada Thompson), who is having a long-lived, self-amused, wordlessly harrowing affair with her ex-husband, an Eng. Lit. professor (Jack Somack), who talks about the Holy Fool and rather dislikes her twenty-five-year-old tradition in the making of soups. Everyone in the film seems to live on soup. The very best soup. Not tinned, entirely enlightened and French, served in plates from some Provençal-import place, but still obviously a nightly soup, for which husbands and ex-husbands cherish a mild nightly spite. Claire has let herself go self-mockingly to seed, in an intellectual's style. She has taken to clothes that look like horse rugs bought to benefit key radical causes, and to jewelry possibly Vietnamese and, if so, definitely from the North. Her ex-husband talks painfully about their past, like a tongue that won't leave alone a hole in a tooth. "I don't like what I'm doing with my life!" cries the subtext of his lines in the exquisitely layered film, in which there is a lament for an existence under his witty rancor about the young, about his twenty-year-old complaisant son by another marriage, who thinks the world began in 1950, about students and inept theses—a rancor that sometimes pretends to be philistine, for the sake of relief or energy or simple change, but that always has the grounding of a deep care for books.

Sada Thompson is the actress who became famous in "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds," but before that she had a crucial background in rep and the classics. (She was in "Tartuffe" and "The Misanthrope," for instance. It shows, like her work in Shakespeare

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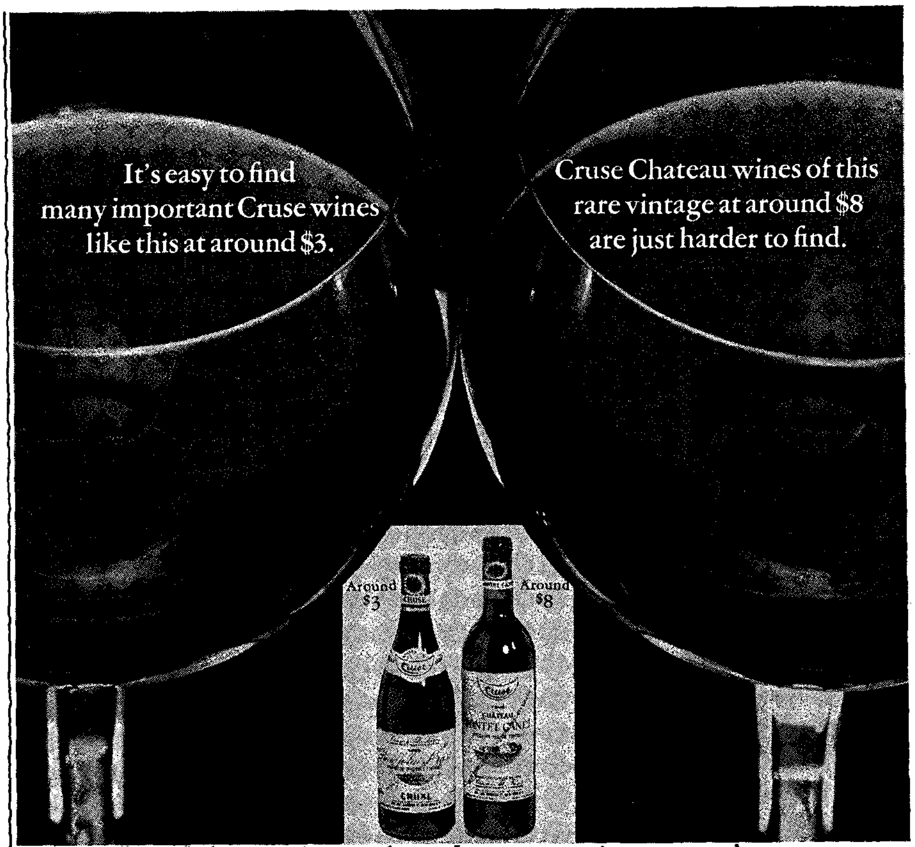
and in Beckett's "Happy Days.") The character has settled for less, and now she asks herself "Why?" This is the steel hawser of the film. It drags the apparently eventless action along underwater. The same question is wonderfully put by Shirley MacLaine's performance. Other actresses would have been more obvious casting; Shirley MacLaine is surprising in the part, but she is working miles within her resources. The character looks forty, intelligent, unextended, fortified from within, taking refuge in sedate black clothes when she is trying hardest to deal with life, happier in jeans but immoderately strengthened by Bergdorf Goodman and a membership in the Museum of Modern Art, where she taps like a dowager on the window to get the attention of a friend (Rose Gregorio), who escapes from her with some funny fake-highbrow nullities about the children's training in a wholesome, psychoanalytic approach to tennis.

Shirley MacLaine helped to set up the film, with English financing from Sir Lew Grade—three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is about a tenth of the usual American cost of such a carefully detailed picture. The actors rehearsed together for two weeks. They spent the second week with the cameraman there to plan the setups, and the director and the stars, and even some of the crew, worked for token amounts and a piece of the possible profits. Lew Grade is also handling his own distribution to cut the costs more. If this picture makes its money back and goes on to do as well as it should, something will have been proved about the kind of film that can be made for a reasonable amount as long as people aren't greedy. Novelists and poets and painters are ready to work on spec—why not people corporately involved in films, as long as they're sure that the accountants aren't cooking the books? But how to achieve that? This is one of the first pictures we have seen that have been made on such a budget without losing the look of a lovingly made, carefully finished film. Most cheap movies propagandize the random, but not this one. One can see that this picture would have been rewarding for Shirley MacLaine to do. She must be tired of playing the pretty young kook.

The question raises itself, of course, of how pity can be aroused by the spectacle of lucky people talking in taxis about being driven to the end of their tether by small things. But you could ask the same question about "The Three Sisters." The pity lies in the fact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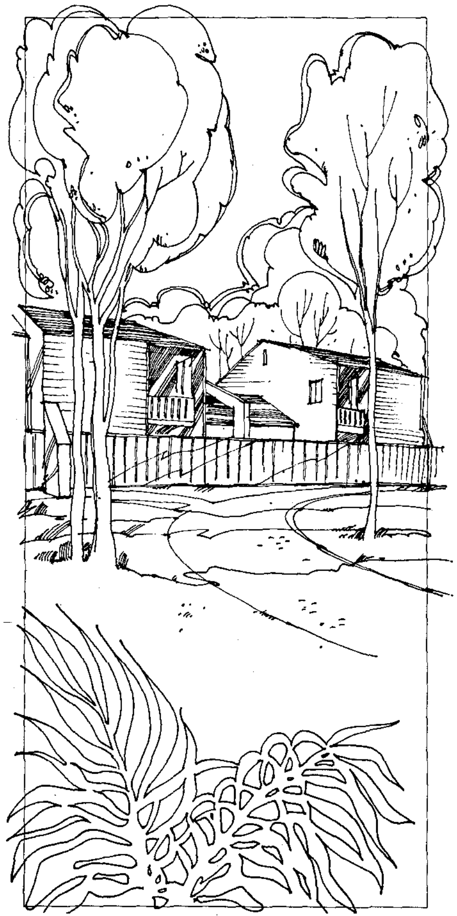

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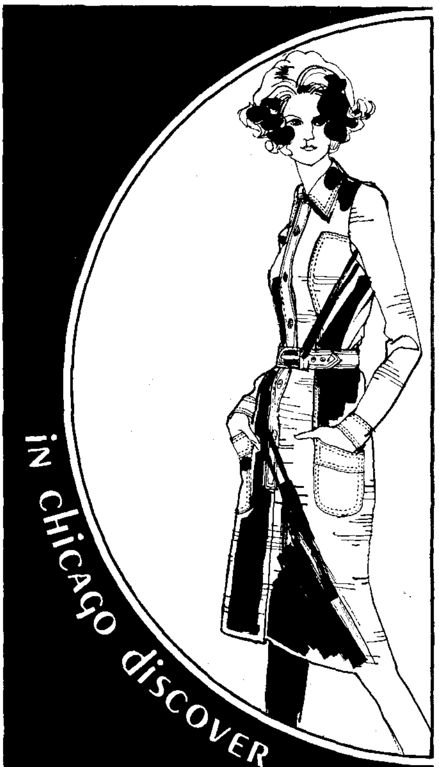
that everyone in the film knows powerfully well that there must be a world elsewhere. The story is without much action, on the face of it: the crank telephone call to the Bentwoods; a rock thrown through their bedroom window; a cadging visit by a con man, who sufficiently intimidates them by his straits and his color to take ten dollars off them for some invented trip to his mother in Albany; a desecration of their country place by vandals, who have left stabbed mattresses and lakes of dried ketchup. It is the arbitrariness of things, of course, that is driving the couple to their limits, and pushing a peculiar wedge of expressionlessness between them. Each one is much alarmed by passion in the other. The dilemma is really that everyone in the picture is an atheist suffering what used to be called Doubts. Given Doubts, the rest follows, as the faithful know: skepticism about the Virgin Birth, Infallibility, Damnation, Penance, Absolution, Cardinals, Incense—the lot. In the non-religious, Doubts have to be about the good of living in such-and-such a way. Once given the rather more noble Doubts that the Bentwoods transmit about the unsupported moral lives they are living out, the well-known mayhem of life in Manhattan becomes the ethical whipping boy, even the national frenzy of packaging can seem a spiritual symptom, and garbage gets it in the neck from a character as morally intelligent as Sophie. The people in the film are very quick on the draw about the bad man stalking them down Main Street, but they aren't sure of his face; that's the poignancy of it.

"WINGS," William Wellman's famous picture of 1927 about flying in the First World War, has been publicly revived for the first time in forty years at Paramount's cinema at Sixty-first Street and Broadway. The story and the acting aren't up to much; the real characters in the story are the airplanes. The Age of the 747s makes you forget that planes are poetic machines, coming to life only in the air, playing the wind. Wellman has some beautiful shots that are almost pure white, with the falling planes tiny, like mosquitoes on far-off bed nets. He used a famous boom shot across a Paris night club. "It was the first big boom shot. Then everybody got on a boom," he said last week on the telephone, "and me and Jack Ford got right off." He found boom shots dizzying for the audience. The things that remain most vivid to him in the film are the stunts. He was a flier in the First World War. He looks upon himself—now



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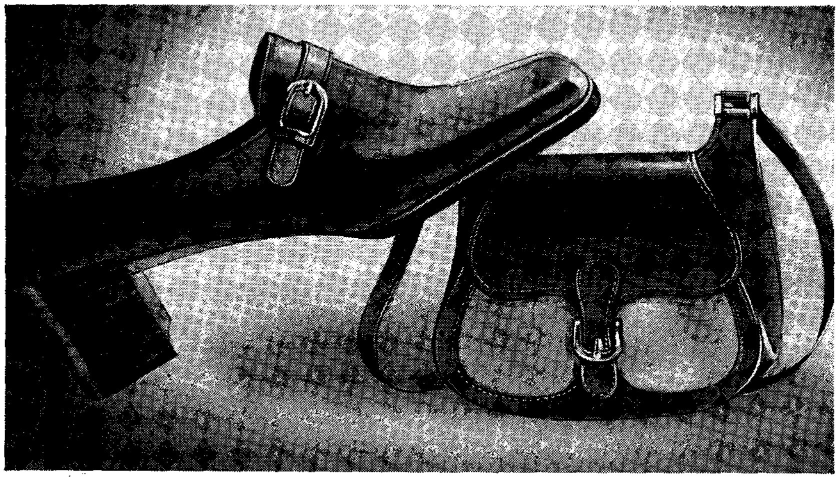
seventy-five—as having been a film director rather by accident. The fact that the film won the first Oscar still startles him. He got impatient with the scared way some of the stunts for "Wings" were being done, and once did them himself to show a man how to crash up a plane. The only person hurt on the picture was Dick Grace ("great stunt man"). Instead of turning his plane right over, he didn't quite do it, and broke his neck. The neck was supposed to be in a cast for a year. To Wellman's brotherly joy, Grace took a hammer to the cast in six weeks' time and broke it open and escaped from the hospital through a window to go dancing. Wellman himself calls "Wings" a middling thing. It obviously hasn't the poetry for him that it has for us. "Not bad," he says. "You should see some of the really lousy ones I made, the real dillies." He brushes aside mention of "The Ox-Bow Incident." "There was one called 'The Twins of Suffering Creek.' That was a stinker." He looks back on "Wings" with breezy skepticism. He like the airplanes, and he likes the backlighting on the actresses, who include Clara Bow. There is a nice shot when the heroine-next-door emerges radiantly through a washing line of underclothes to see her boyfriend. Jack Powell's love of cars is her rival. She is quietly represented by the film as a flower-faced pain in the neck. "Jack had always picked her out of bonfires, and sometimes he had regretted it," says one of the titles.

"Wings" is truly beautiful, and it deserved its Oscar. These were the days of the great stunts: the Ben-Hur chariot race, the dogfights in "Hell's Angels." Wellman said on the telephone simply that "I was a kid with some decorations and I was a flier, so I sort of fitted in." Actors and directors who could be their own stunt men were the vaudeville tumblers of silent films, priding themselves on using no tricks. They contained an essence that was gone with the talkies and that, while it lasted, contributed something lyric and practical, something far more than bravado. "There was no film process then," Wellman said. "Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers had to be their own cameramen up there, pressing the buttons in the planes. That changed with the talkies."

Did "Wings" romanticize the First World War? No more than the war songs of the time, probably, and with more risk. And why did Wellman choose to set the film physically in 1927—the year of its making—with 1927 clothes and cars, when it was supposed to be happening in 1917? When

the sportif by CJ



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I asked him, he said the question had never struck him before. Maybe he had a perfectly suitable sense that he was making a novelette. Or maybe the point to everybody then was that the planes should be authentically 1917, and to hell with the rest. He took trouble over the casting. He found Richard Arlen after a long hunt. "I was looking for someone with a marked quality. A marked guy." Gary Cooper makes a brief, immortally steel-jawed appearance, eating almond milk chocolate negligently as he goes off to do "a flock of eights before chow." The other people in the film believe in luck and in the talismanic love of girl friends, but not our historic clamp-jaw. "Luck or no luck," he says on a title, "when your time comes, you're going to get it." He has been saying virtually the same line ever since.

One forgets, maybe, how many of the things in this key silent, which is a flag-waver but innocently unrecriminative about Germans, were happening for the first time. How often had people seen shots like these of the shadows of airplanes travelling over the ground? How many people then had ever flown? How many people knew what clouds looked like from above? The excitement must have been terrific. No wonder Wellman brushes aside the small question of 1927 clothes in a 1917 picture. The present of filmmaking then must have been much too vivid for anyone to cherish visual nostalgia. An analogy may be the Regency and furniture: one has to remember that the admiration for antiques is something that comes and goes, and that few people in the Regency would have been much fired by the idea of collecting, say, Queen Anne. The summer of 1971 in New York has been a time when film-antique collectors have flourished and when new film-antique shops—revival houses—have opened every month. Not so long ago, America had barely any access to its own past, apart from watching old movies on TV; now that situation is starting to turn the other way, especially in New York, where three-quarters of the available films you might most want to see this month are revivals. Which is fine. But it is a good thing to have "Desperate Characters" pointing ahead. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.

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THE RACE TRACK

Viva Riva Ridge

THE Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge sailed home to victory in the Futurity at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon while, a length and a half behind him, Chevron Flight beat Hold Your Peace by half a length for second place. Windjammer, the favorite, who had won a race by eight lengths and had worked so fast on recent mornings that the clockers thought something was wrong with their watches, was sixth. Only eight colts came out for the eighty-second running of the blue ribbon for two-year-olds, and it was a toss-up who was the pick of the lot on looks—Riva Ridge, a sturdy bay, deep through the heart, with powerful quarters, or Key to the Mint, a more symmetrical fellow, with good limbs, power, and quality. Chief interest, naturally, was centered in Windjammer, who I thought was too light-bodied for his length and rather immature-looking. At the start, Pop Pop's Boy popped out of the gate and stepped the first quarter in twenty-two seconds flat, which finished him. As he dropped back to last place, Key to the Mint took over, and he held the lead till Riva Ridge, who had never been far behind, passed him on the turn into the stretch. Riva Ridge's success was the culmination of the Meadow Stable's many attempts to win the Futurity; the closest it had come in the past was in 1958, when First Landing, Riva Ridge's daddy, finished second. To Lucien Laurin, who runs the stable, it was something of a triumph of training. On the eve of the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga last month, Riva Ridge ran up a temperature of 103.2°—nobody in the stable knew why, and everyone was pretty worried about it. Laurin says he just walked Riva Ridge out of it in a couple of days. It takes more than that, though, to get a horse's temperature back to 99.5°, which is normal, and then fit him to win a Futurity.

THOUGH the Rokeby Stable's Key to the Mint couldn't open the Futurity's strongbox (first money was $87,636), its Run the Gantlet did all right at Atlantic City last weekend, picking up $65,000 as winner of the United Nations Handicap, the meeting's big gallop on the grass. To do it, he beat Twice Worthy, Chompion, and eight others, including Cougar II, who came from California for the race, and who was the favorite, although it was no stable secret that he doesn't run well on wet grass. And he didn't this time, finishing sixth. Elliott Burch, the Rokeby trainer, would have liked to start Fort Marcy, last year's winner of the race, along with Run the Gantlet, but the United Nations Handicap is an invitational affair, in which you can have only one starter. Anyhow, he picked the right one.

TINAJERO, the top horse in Puerto Rico, may be another Canonero II. At any rate, in his first appearance hereabouts, at Belmont Park early last week, he beat six other three-year-olds, among them Nijinsky's brother Minsky, in the Jerome Handicap. Like Canonero II, Tinajero is Kentucky-bred. Gray in color, and sired by the Kentucky Derby winner Decidedly (out of Queen City Miss), he was bought by Rafael Escudero, who has a small but successful stable, for $11,500 at the 1969 Keeneland sales. Tinajero ran up quite a record in Puerto Rico, never finishing worse than third in twenty starts, winning nine out of ten this season, and setting three track records. His main objective now is the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park on October 2nd. Last Saturday, Escudero ran a big, good-looking filly named Saturnina, who had won nineteen of her twenty-seven starts last season. She was fat and sassy and short of work, and finished sixth.

FOR THE RECORD: At Belmont on Wednesday, Barely Even, unbeaten in her four outings in Chicago, took the Astarita Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at seven furlongs. Rondeau, the favorite, went lickety-split for half a mile, then faded. . . . And Eddie Arcaro, who brought in six winners of the Futurity, won his first event as an owner with Scotch Thorn, his one-horse stable, the first crack out of the box, in a claimer that followed the classic. He wasn't there to see it. Wrong Horse Harry wonders if Arcaro gave Baeza his riding orders by telephone.

—AUDAX MINOR

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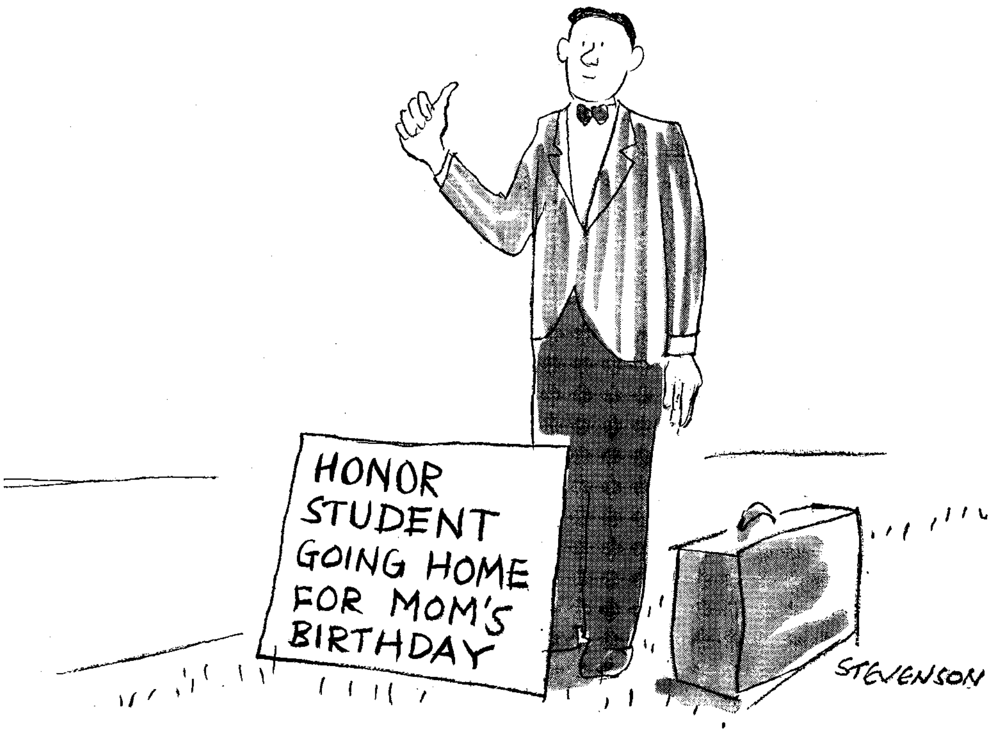
U.S. JOURNAL: GALLUP, NEW MEXICO

DRUNKEN INDIANS

GALLUP is noted for drunken Indians. People who are interested in alcoholism—psychiatrists, government health officials, church people, foundation field workers—usually come to Gallup sooner or later to take a tour of the wreckage. For those who can't believe their eyes, statistics are available. Watching inert Indians being picked off the sidewalk and hauled off to jail, the visitor can learn that Gallup—the most active trading town on the border of the Navajo reservation—has eight hundred drunk-arrests a month, almost all of them involving Navajos. A visitor who finds it incredible that a hundred or maybe even two hundred Navajos are sleeping on the bare concrete floor of a shelter called the Sleep-In may be told that before the Sleep-In started a few years ago it was common for half a dozen Navajos to die of exposure during a winter. Before the Sleep-In—and before some court decisions about the rights of detained people made police wary of picking up anyone they didn't intend to put in jail—the drunks picked up after the jail was crammed full used to sleep on the stairs that led down from the old jail to the main floor of the Gallup City Hall. "They used to be called Sleepers," Father Dunstan Schmidlin, who helped found the Sleep-In, said recently. "After the bars closed, a Navajo would flag down a police car and say, 'Hey, Johnny—me Sleeper.' The only trouble they ever had was when someone would take another guy's regular step."

At Eddie's, a bar on the edge of town, a visitor can watch dozens of Navajos weave through drinkers in the parking lot, climb into pickup trucks, and start a drive that is ten miles to the reservation line and maybe twenty or thirty or fifty miles after that to home. He may ask how they possibly make it, and he is told that a number of them don't. The road from Gallup to the reservation line—a road so littered with tossed-out wine bottles and beer cans that its shoulders glisten in the sunlight—is said to be the most dangerous stretch of highway in New Mexico, or maybe anywhere. The single greatest cause of death among Navajos is auto accidents.

Not many people who take the tour are unaffected by it. There is something horrifying about the look of Navajo drinking in Gallup—something that makes it less like big-city skid-row drinking than like a medieval epidemic. At the Navajo Inn, a package store whose proprietors have saved Navajos a trip all the way in to Gallup by setting up just a few miles from the reservation line, someone who goes in to buy a six-pack of beer in the middle of a Saturday afternoon is likely to have to skirt the bodies of six or eight Navajos who have passed out in front of the door. People who drive at night on the road that connects Gallup and Window Rock, the Navajo capital, are accustomed to seeing a figure loom suddenly out of the darkness into their headlight beams—a drunk on his way home who decides to stagger to the other side of the road. A renowned alcoholism expert from Yugoslavia was taken on the tour not long ago by Dr. Robert Bergman, chief of the Indian Health Service's mental-health program, a psychiatrist who, having managed to decline the prerogatives of a Washington office, lives in Gallup and has his headquarters in Window Rock. "In my office, he kept saying that drinking was the same all over the world," Bergman recalled recently. "He kept saying he could be in Croatia—it was all the same. Then we went to Smith's Cigar Store, a bar on First Street. He looked around for a while, and then he said, 'In a Socialist country, this could never happen.' "


HONOR STUDENT GOING HOME FOR MOM'S BIRTHDAY
STEVENSON

NOBODY has ever found any evidence to support the old notion that Indians have a physiological inability to drink—some vulnerable gene or some special chemical in the blood that mixes explosively with alcohol. Anybody who has observed much Navajo drinking in Gallup soon takes it for granted that if white people drank that way they'd be passed out in the streets, too. Navajos have a special way of drinking. They always finish the bottle. Someone in a group of three or four people in the Navajo Inn parking lot will produce a bottle of cheap wine, and the group will pass it around until there isn't any more. Then someone else will produce a bottle. The custom of finishing the bottle probably developed partly from the Indians' having lived with some form of prohibition almost from the time they were introduced to alcohol. From 1832 until 1953, it was illegal to sell whiskey to Indians anywhere in the United States. The Navajo reservation, like most Indian reservations, still has prohibition imposed by the tribal council, and on the reservation the punishment for being caught with a bottle is still more severe than the punishment for being drunk. In a paper a few years ago, Bergman and Dr. George Bock, the Indian Health Service area director in charge of the Navajo reservation, said that for a Navajo returning to the reservation from Gallup "the safest way to bring home a fifth of whiskey is in the stomach."

Navajos almost always drink in

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groups. One researcher has pointed out that if the symptoms of alcoholism include solitary drinking, there are virtually no Navajo alcoholics. Nobody in the group passes up his turn unless he is prepared to undergo a full evening of ridicule. People who have observed drinking among Indians of many tribes consider Navajo drinkers relatively non-violent—compared to some of the plains Indians, for instance—but it is generally agreed that refusing a drink is a pretty good way to get hit in the mouth. It is almost unheard of for one Navajo to tell another that he may be having too much wine for a man who has to drive sixty miles home that evening. Even at home, after a hung-over Navajo has neglected his sheep or missed his job for a day or two, he is not likely to be criticized directly for drinking. Navajos don't like to interfere in other people's lives. They have a strong tradition of trying to live in harmony and trying not to speak in anger. Since Navajos had not even known native wines before the white man brought whiskey, they never developed any taboos to protect themselves against the damage that alcohol could cause—as they did, say, to protect themselves against the damage that incest could cause—and no restraint against drinking developed in Navajo society while the artificial taboo of prohibition was in force.

The lack of any acceptable way for Navajos to embarrass or frighten or harass each other toward moderation doesn't mean that Navajos approve of drinking. Indians have been the target of so many missionaries that one is tempted to believe the Lord once decreed that anyone who believed literally in the Holy Gospel could have an Indian tribe, and the preachers have always made it clear what they think of Demon Rum. When a four-year research-treatment program for Navajo drinkers in Gallup—sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health—did a survey of its patients' attitudes toward alcohol, eighty-four per cent of them said that they had been raised to believe that drinking was undesirable. But seventy-one per cent of them said that if their brother wrecked their car while drunk they wouldn't criticize him—to his face or to others.

FOR a number of years, the most popular way to explain the presence of so many drunken Indians passed out on the streets of a town like Gallup was that Indians were Noble Savages who had lost their culture—proud warriors turned into wards of the gov-

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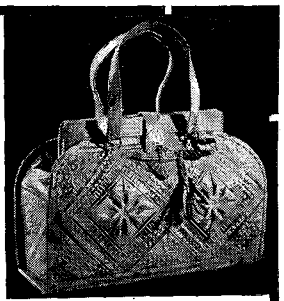

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ernment, bewildered men who were caught between two worlds and could only retreat to the bottle. Most psychiatrists and anthropologists who have done research on Indian drinking believe that, soothing as that notion might be to those who want to savor the White Man's Guilt, it is oversimplified and romantic and not always even relevant. The Navajos, by far the largest tribe in the country, have not, in fact, lost their culture—no thanks to the American government, which long tried to force Navajo boarding-school children to give up their own religion for Christianity, and, in the Long Walk of 1864, rounded up the tribe, destroyed its homes and flocks, and kept it in captivity in an Army fort for four years. The Navajos have, of course, changed since the white men came, but for several hundred years they have been known for their ability to adopt aspects of other cultures and make them purely Navajo—whether sheepherding from the Spanish or weaving from the Pueblos or pickup trucks from the General Motors Corporation. A Navajo on the reservation is still more likely to be able to speak Navajo than English. Nine out of ten of the patients surveyed in the N.I.M.H. project said they respected a good Navajo medicine man—as does the N.I.M.H., which is now supporting a kind of school for medicine men so that young Navajos can afford to spend the time necessary to learn the complicated rituals of Navajo healing ceremonies.

For most of the Navajos staggering around the sidewalk in front of Smith's Cigar Store on a Saturday night, drinking is not a permanent retreat but a binge between engagements. The N.I.M.H. project found that some of the alcoholics it treated were binge drinkers who had slid into addiction—the project's report called them "recreation drinkers"—but there is also evidence that some Navajos who are ferocious binge drinkers as young men turn to moderation or abstinence after middle age. There may be no more addicted alcoholics among Navajos than among the general population—a fact that is of greater interest to an alcoholism expert than to a Navajo woman who is trying to manage a farm and family while her husband is in jail. Father Schmidlin and others who work with Navajo drinkers in Gallup estimate that there are only forty or fifty people whose attendance at the jail or the Sleep-In is almost nightly. The rest of the people who look hopelessly and permanently drunk

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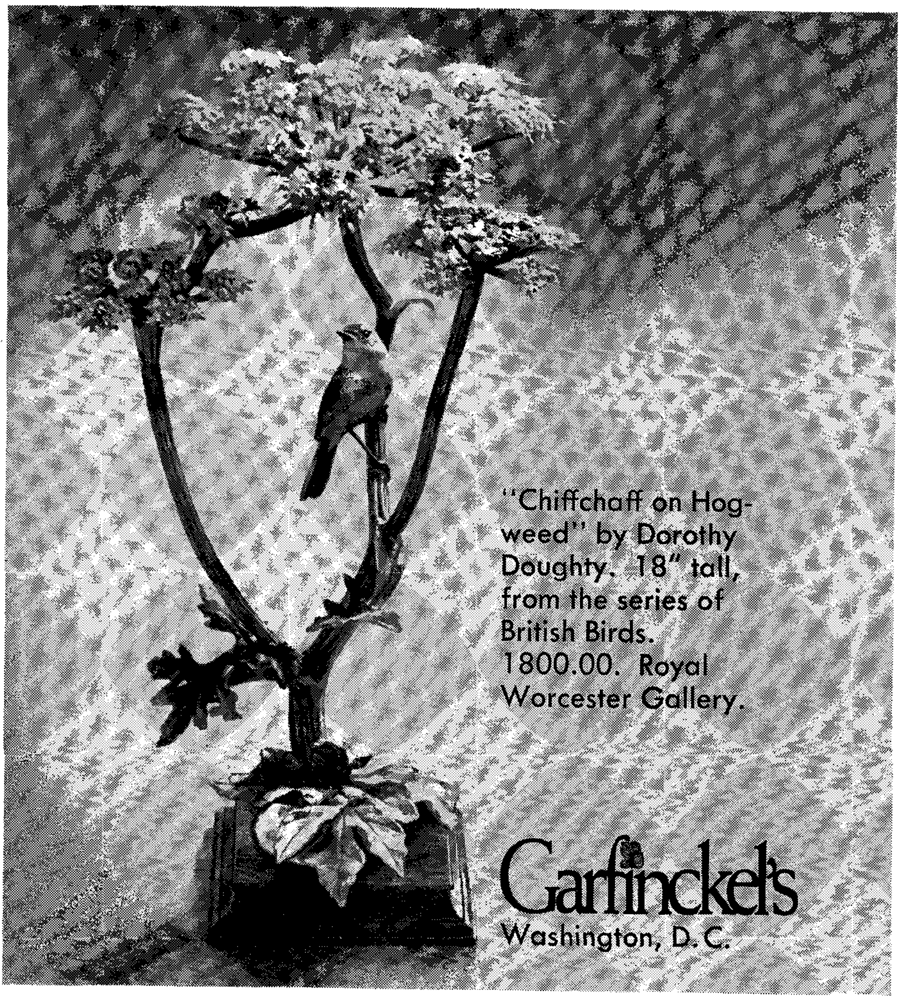

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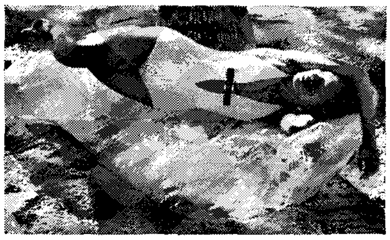

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may return to the reservation and function more or less normally until the next binge—if, that is, they make it back to the reservation alive.

There is even some feeling among students of Navajo drinking that the problem—often spoken of as the tribe's No. 1 problem—is not as overwhelming as a late-night tour of Gallup or a look at the drunk-arrest statistics would indicate. Navajos, who often drink outside and always drink in groups, are particularly visible drinkers. (Their visibility is about the only aspect of Navajo problem drinking that has ever been of interest to the citizens of Gallup, who traditionally have believed that the city has no responsibility for drunken Indians just because its merchants happen to have sold them the liquor to get drunk on. The only serious public discussion about Navajo drinking Gallup citizens have engaged in recently took place a couple of years ago when a federal district judge, after being shown pictures of the overcrowded and appallingly filthy jail in which Navajo drunks were then being kept as long as ninety days, limited the number of prisoners—causing editorials accusing the Navajos' lawyers of being publicity-seekers and letters to the editor complaining of all the drunks who would be wandering the streets.) For one reason or another, a drunken Navajo—whether a weekend visitor to Gallup or a migrant in Denver—is more likely to end up as a drunk-arrest statistic than a white man who is just as drunk. And the number of Navajo drinkers in Gallup is obviously partly the result of the concentration of public drinking created by prohibition on the reservation.

Most of the people professionally concerned with Navajo problem drinking think that repeal of the prohibition law by the tribal council might weaken the ritual of binge drinking in border towns and blunt the appeal of the forbidden—or might at least give the tribe the profit that now goes to bootleggers and cause fewer Navajos to get killed on the highway. But nobody thinks repeal is likely in the near future. Part of the political opposition to it on the reservation is the familiar Holy Alliance of the Drys found in other parts of America—the preachers and the bootleggers. In addition to the missionaries, the Navajos' own Native American Church, which uses peyote in its ceremonies, is strongly anti-alcohol, and its members are said to be well organized politically as a result of their own successful effort a few years ago to repeal the tribal prohibition against peyote.

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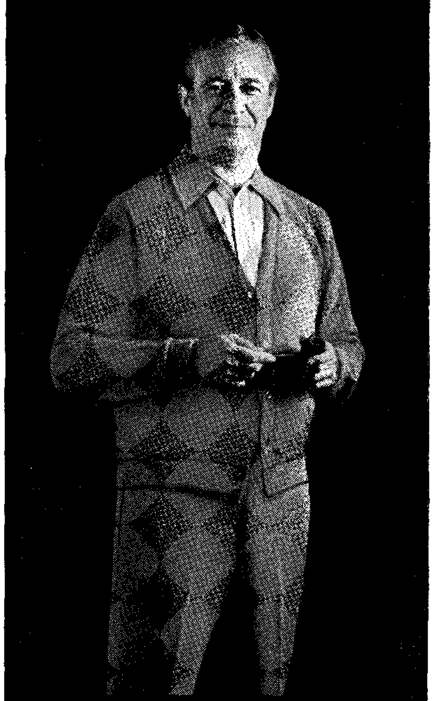

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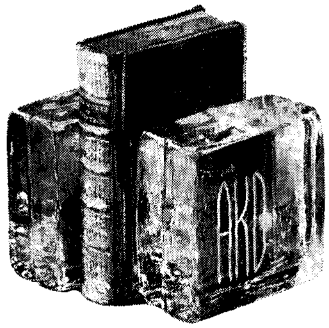

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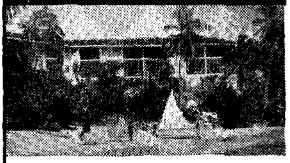

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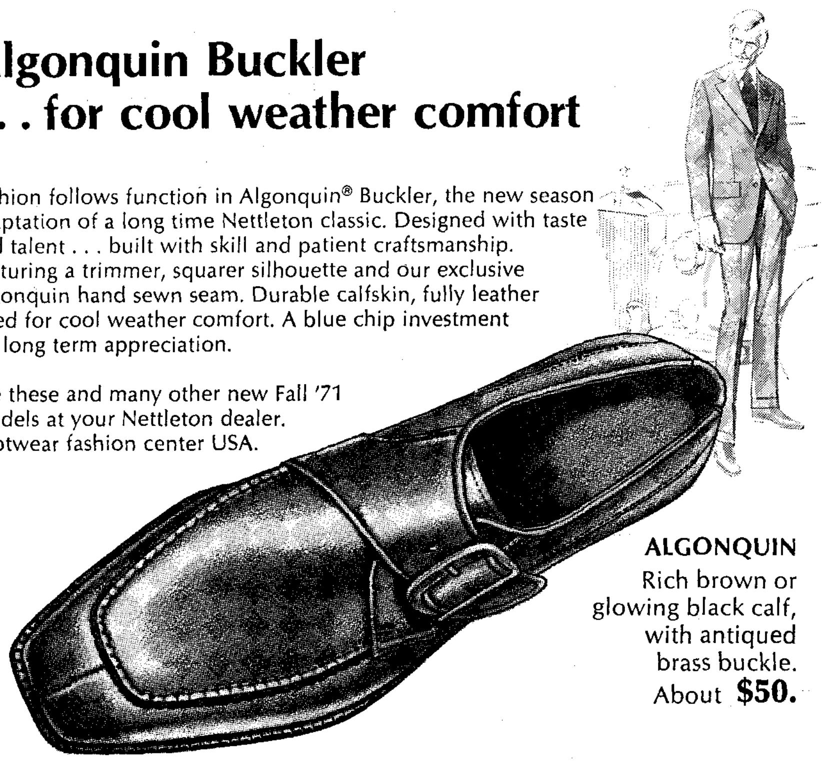
Prohibition is also strengthened by the kind of drinking conditions it is partly responsible for creating: when Navajos think of a liquor store, they are likely to think of a place like the Navajo Inn, and no voters favor a law that might bring a place like the Navajo Inn to their neighborhood.

WHEN it comes to explaining why Indians drink so much, there are research findings to support or refute practically any theory. The Navajo drinking problem is probably less serious than the Sioux drinking problem and more serious than the drinking problem among most of the Pueblo tribes—which could be taken as support for the theory that drinking provides an outlet for the aggression Indians used to expend in warfare (because the Navajos were more warlike than the Pueblos and less warlike than the Sioux), or as support for the theory that the seriousness of a tribe's drinking problem depends on how much its own culture has disintegrated (because the Navajos have been able to retain more of their culture than the Sioux and less than most of the Pueblos), or both. The N.I.M.H. study could be seen as support for the caught-between-two-worlds theory, in that the "recreation drinkers," many of whom responded to treatment, tended to be Navajos with little education or experience in the white world, and the "anxiety drinkers," who responded to treatment hardly at all, tended to be more educated and acculturated. But Theodore Graves, an anthropologist who consciously avoided cultural explanations for the drinking of Navajo migrants in Denver, found that the Navajos tended to drink for the same reasons that non-Indians tended to drink—for instance, men who were in a strange city alone were more likely to have drinking problems than men who had families with them—and that Navajo migrants tended to drink more than Spanish-speaking migrants partly because of simple, non-Indian reasons like having even less of the training and education necessary to succeed at a job. It is also possible to find support for the theory that the structure of Navajo culture would have resulted in a drinking problem even if the white man had gone back where he came from after introducing alcohol—that, for instance, Navajo problem drinkers may be people who are so angry, perhaps because of particularly nasty childhoods, that they cannot possibly express their anger in any way acceptable to Navajo society and have no choice but to repress it



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until drunkenness gives them an excuse to behave the way they want to. Some researchers have explained drinking partly in terms of the focus it provides for Navajos, most of whom live far from their neighbors, for celebrating and socializing. A book called "Drunken Comportment" suggests that the drinking behavior of Indians may be modelled on the drinking behavior of frontier white men.

Bergman believes that the mystique surrounding Indian drinking—the idea, reinforced by prohibition, that alcohol is something white men can handle but Indians can't—has itself been one of the causes of the drinking problem. Alcohol has an outsize importance to Navajos, whether they embrace it or totally abstain from it. Most of the patients in the N.I.M.H. project could remember precisely when they had their first drink. Bergman thinks that a lot of Navajos see drink as a power—one that white men have long used to take advantage of Indians—and drink partly to prove they can master it, although mastery usually amounts to drinking a lot before they pass out or managing to make it back home without getting killed or robbed or jailed. He also thinks that a lot of Navajos may drink because drinking has been established as the way to be defiant or self-destructive. Even without regard to their cultural conflicts with white society, after all, most Navajos have problems serious enough to drive most people to despair—poverty, illness, loneliness. "In different cultures, there are various paths to oblivion," the paper by Bergman and Bock said. "But among American Indians the one which has become almost customary is drunkenness."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

"ROSSINI: 'And tell me, what in your mind has been the point of departure for these reforms?'

"WAGNER: 'Their system was not developed all at once. My doubts go back to my first attempts, which did not satisfy me; and it was rather in the poetic conception than in the musical conception that the germ of these reforms suddenly entered my mind. My first works, in fact, had a literary objective above all. Later preoccupied with the means to use in enlarging the meaning by the very penetrating addition of musical expression, I deplored the way in which the independence with which my thought was moving in the visionary realm was decreased by the demands imposed by routine in the form of the musical drama.'" [Michotte's footnote: "One should not lose sight of the fact that Wagner was born in 1913."] —*From a Metropolitan Opera program.*

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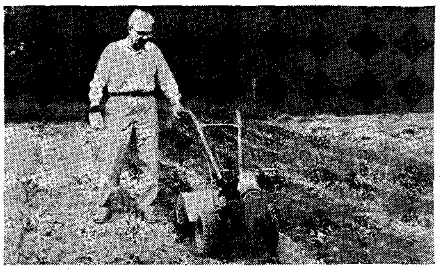

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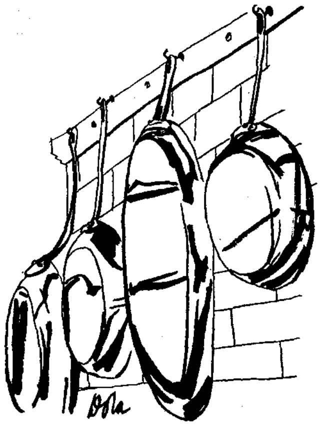
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

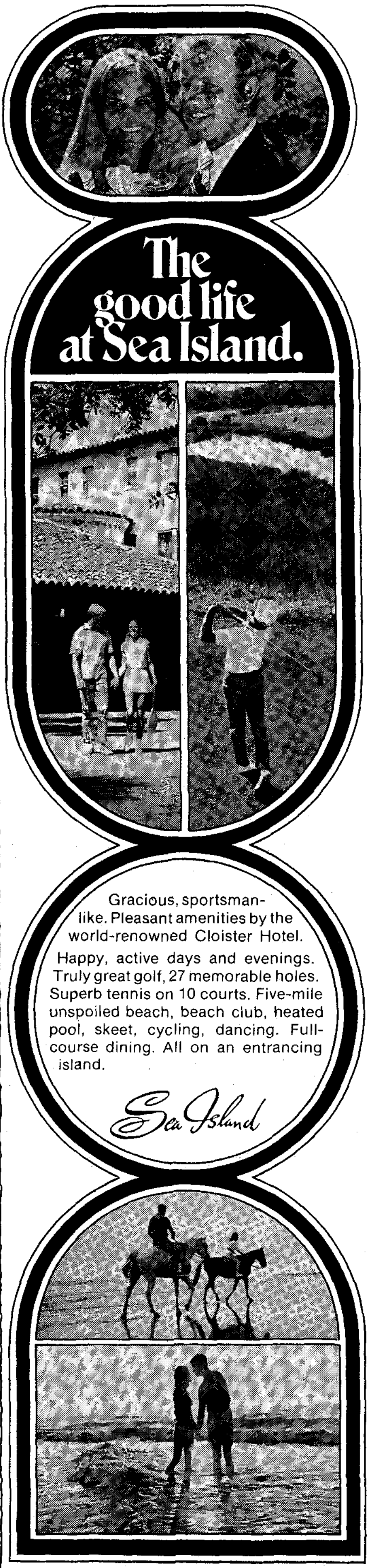
ONE of the most tolerable Environments in town is the one that Aleksandra Kasuba has created on the parlor floor of her brownstone, at 43 West 90th Street. Mrs. Kasuba has taken white nylon netting and stretched it between plywood frameworks to form convex and concave walls, archways, area dividers, enclosures, and sculptures. She has built up the floor with ramps, steps, and platforms, and covered it with uninterrupted wall-to-wall gray nylon carpeting. The space that used to be two wood-panelled rooms divided by bifold doors is now a complex of seven "space-shelters," each designed for a special activity, such as working, eating, sleeping, conversation, and, in the case of an area called the "sensory," feeling. On walking into the Environment, one has a sense of lightness and whiteness and serenity. There is the sound of gentle, drab modern music. There are beckoning vistas and strange, restful shapes. Mrs. Kasuba—a handsome, statuesque woman in her late forties, who reminded me of Mme. Ranevsky in "The Cherry Orchard"—followed my gaze with calm satisfaction and then motioned for me to enter a sort of large mousehole that had been cut out of one of the curved walls. I found myself in a small, warm, dark place that was like an animal's lair. I reclined (there was no way of standing up) on a luxurious rug, made of tufts of purple and lavender and green wool, which was very thick in some places and thinner in others, and which completely lined the floor and part of the sides of the enclosure. "This is the group shelter," Mrs. Kasuba said, sitting down next to me. I asked her if this was where she sat with her husband in the evening. She said no, she and her husband were too busy to just sit around. Mr. Kasuba is a sculptor in lead (he works elsewhere in the house), and Mrs. Kasuba designs Environments and mosaic walls for architects. The Kasubas come from Lithuania and arrived here in 1947; they have two grown children and two grandchildren. "I was raised in a twenty-four-room house and I have lived in D.P. camps, so I know about all the different ways of living," Mrs. Kasuba told me. "I wanted to kill the square," she said of her present habitation. "Conventional rooms with four walls dictate too much to the people in them. Relationships are different here. People who come here find themselves behaving differently."



I felt the truth of this observation. As Mrs. Kasuba talked of various psychotherapy and sensitivity-training groups that are scheduled to hold sessions in her Environment this fall, and of her belief in "privacy without alienation, privacy that doesn't interfere with your being," I became aware of a feeling of restlessness and confinement, and also of the utter impossibility of doing anything about it without seeming rude. In a conventional room, when one is tired of sitting one can get up and walk toward a window or some object on the other side of the room without breaking the flow of conversation. In the group shelter, the guest with insufficient *Sitzfleisch* can only bluntly state his intention of leaving, laboriously crawl out, and feel vaguely cross with himself.

Mrs. Kasuba, however, took my oafishness in good part and led me to an open, airy "shelter" on a platform, which was furnished with little round white tables on pipestem pedestals, a few white plastic stools, and a hard, straight-backed bench covered with the same gray carpeting as that on the floor. I asked Mrs. Kasuba if she ate here, and she said, "Not yet." She said she plans to give seven-course dinners here, at which the guests will use seashells instead of plates. At present, she entertains in her kitchen-dining room, on the street-level floor of the brownstone.

"This is my sleeping bower," Mrs. Kasuba said of an interesting domed structure at the far end of the Environment. The bower is covered with crocheting of natural yak's hair worked in a delicate circular pattern, and within there is a box-spring bed whose mattress is covered with a yellow fitted sheet. "Sit there awhile," Mrs. Kasuba said. "You will feel as if you are in a hut and I am outside." I sat on Mrs.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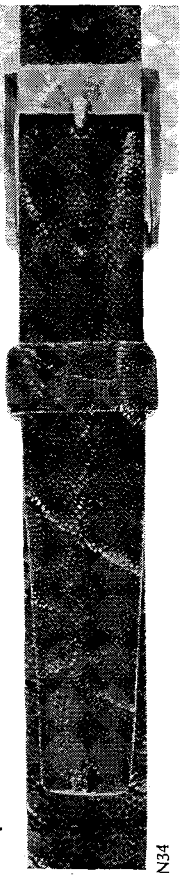

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Kasuba's bed, and she talked to me from a ledge on an opposite wall. "I am against the formal bedroom. A separate room just for sleeping is a waste of space. A room where a child can slam the door and be alone with his hostile feelings only makes the feelings grow worse."

The "sensory" is a walk-in sculpture formed of the nylon netting stretched between frameworks on the ceiling and floor. One follows a spiral ramp and finds oneself, as if in the corolla of a lily, surrounded by tall white curving walls, and at one's feet there is a round murky mirror. "People relate to themselves very directly here," Mrs. Kasuba said. Near the "sensory" stands a waist-high stone slab whose surface is covered with a row of colored glass tiles that look like a cross between Life Savers and Charms. "These are spectrum-color odors," Mrs. Kasuba said. She took thin strips of blotting paper, dipped them in the holes in the centers of the tiles, and gave them to me to smell. The candy colors made me expect cherry, orange, lemon, and lime odors, but the cardboard strips smelled nothing like candy; several smelled like the dry cleaner's.

Mrs. Kasuba will accept commissions to set up Environments in other people's houses or apartments, provided she is given a free hand. She couldn't say how much one would cost. The total cash outlay for her own Environment was $1,260, but this did not include the carpeting, which was donated by Allied Chemical, or the bower crocheting, the group-shelter rug, and the color-odor apparatus, which were contributed by their makers, Silvia Heyden, Urban Jupena, and Danute Anonis, respectively, or the labor, which was done entirely by Mr. and Mrs. Kasuba.

In Mrs. Kasuba's "writing shelter" (there is also a "work shelter"), there hangs, over a desk with a typewriter, a faded tapestry depicting stylized angels, which I took to be a medieval relic but which Mrs. Kasuba had designed and partially executed while she was at art school in Lithuania. Mrs. Kasuba seemed surprised at my admiration and responded to it with a deprecatory, pleased smile. She was perplexed when I asked to see her kitchen. "It's not part of the Environment," she said. "And it's a mess. Well, all right." I followed her down a flight of stairs into a large, old-fashioned kitchen furnished with a big oak china cupboard, a large dining table in the middle of the floor, and a stove, a sink, and a refrigerator that weren't new and

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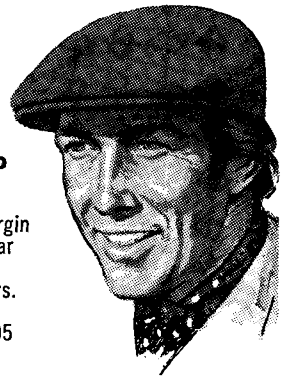

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didn't match each other. There was an agreeable clutter of books and papers and domestic objects on the table and the counters. The room had a comfortable, well-worn, European character. It looked like Mrs. Kasuba's kind, beautiful middle-aged face. I asked Mrs. Kasuba if she had plans for turning kitchens into Environments. "Absolutely none," she said.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

TRYING TO PRAY

My voice from its poor box
Enters the rank and file
Of voices fumbling prayers
From pew to nave to chancel,
As rank as any, as grating,
But rising no further
Than the head I've bent for it.

It raises no Father
From the stained broken glass
Strewn on my mind's eye,
No Son on a crutch,
No Ghost in Day-Glo,
Not even the Horny One
Hoofing it red-faced.

Instead, I hear the thump
Of knees against stone, half see
Out of the squeezed corners
Of my eyes those squeezed in corners
By the crosshatched light
Asking for hope or help
Or maybe enough rope.

My one-way litany
Lies burning in my palms:
Tied to itself, the Self
May mutter trust or grief
Down through its crooked cave
And swallow the echo,
But true spelunkers go
On hands as well as knees
Till, face against rock face
In the votive darkness,
They touch what will not answer.

—DAVID WAGONER

•

My Ministers will lay Bills before you to lower to nineteen years the statutory legal age in this Province for the making of contracts, to extend still further the presently existing authority of Magistrates to allow the payment of fines to be spread over reasonable periods in accordance with the means of those sentenced to pay such fines, to make suitable provision for children born out of wedlock under The Fatal Accidents (Lord Campbell's) Act, and to . . .—*The Honourable E. John A. Harnum, Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland, in a speech to the General Assembly.*

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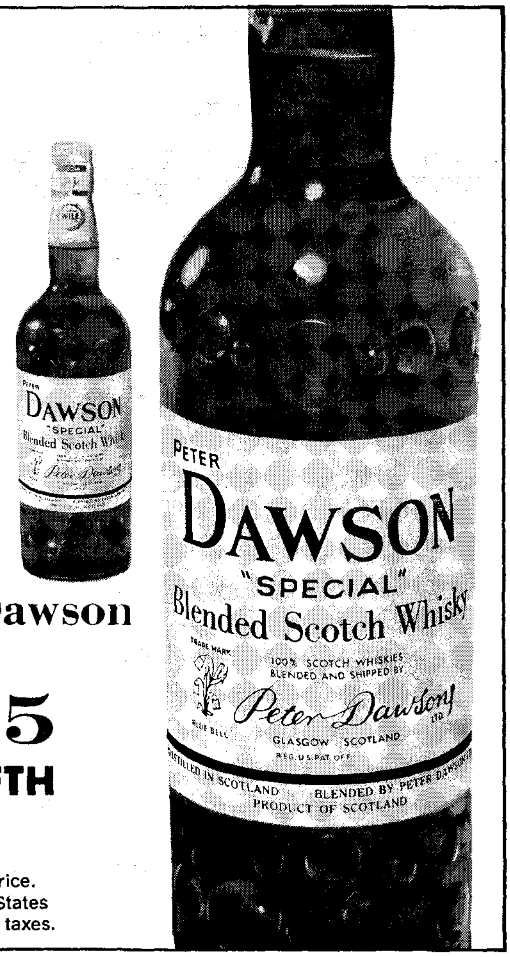
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MUSICAL EVENTS

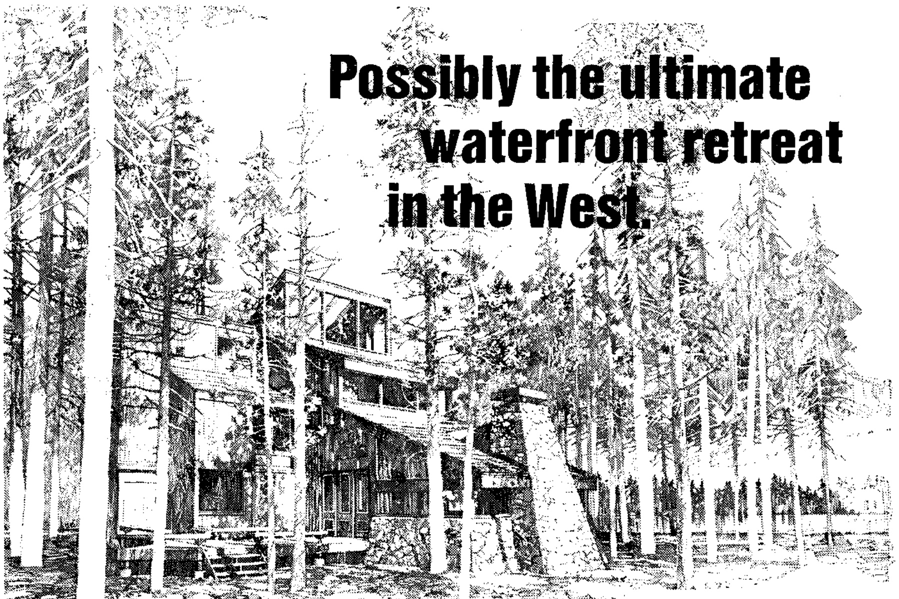
The Emancipation of Albert

ALTHOUGH Benjamin Britten is certainly one of the most skillful of contemporary opera composers, I have been a bit critical of his work on the ground that it seldom breaks into full-bodied lyricism. My criticism has not, though, applied to some of his lighter works, such as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and it does not apply to his operatic comedy "Albert Herring," which had its first professional New York performance, after an unconscionably long wait, at the hands of the New York City Opera in the New York State Theatre last Wednesday evening. "Albert Herring" is about an overmothered young man who is named King of the May after the list of possible *Queens* of the May has been exhausted because of the sinful propensities of the nubile female population of the small English town where the action takes place. A paragon of virtue, largely because he is a hopeless mama's boy, Albert is duly crowned, but during the ceremony a friend of his spikes his lemonade with something stronger. The result is that Albert goes on a toot, gets even drunker, disappears for a while, and finally returns, covered with mud and evidences of carnal experience of one sort and another. This dismays the entire respectable population, but, in his newfound masculinity, Albert is able to face his mother down and assert himself for the first time.

This neat, light, and sometimes really amusing story has been provided with a rather complex score, which nevertheless manages from time to time to achieve the magic that only diatonic melody can produce. The production, directed by Anthony Besch and provided with quaint sets and absolutely enchanting costumes by Lloyd Evans, was nicely put together, and the score was ably conducted by Mario Bernardi. If there was a flaw in the performance, it was a flaw beyond the ability of anyone to correct. "Albert Herring" is a chamber opera, with about a dozen players in the orchestra, no chorus, and a libretto whose every word should be heard. It is designed for an auditorium of, say, eight hundred seats. In the nearly three-thousand-seat State Theatre, scarcely a word was intelligible. John Stewart, that remarkably tall, thin tenor, sang and acted admirably as Albert, and the group of small-town English characters who surrounded him did their parts equally well. Among them were Ellen Faull as the town's great lady, Beverly Evans as her snoopy housekeeper, Sandra Darling as a delightfully mannered schoolteacher, Thomas Jamerson as the Vicar, Mary Ann Clatworthy and Dominic Cossa as a pair of sensible lovebirds (it was Cossa who spiked the lemonade), and Muriel Greenspon as the dominating mother.

UNTIL last week, I was unaware that the German composer Werner Egk's rather peculiar last name is a pseudonym, made up of the initials of "*ein guter Komponist*" ("a good composer"), which, in a period of few good *Komponisten*, can be taken either as a rash claim or as a humble statement of good intentions. He has certainly proved himself a very fine composer, however, in an opera, sung in German and entitled "The Betrothal in Santo Domingo," which I was privileged to hear privately last week. It will be broadcast over Station WQXR-FM at 2:06 P.M. next Saturday, as a special presentation of the Association of German Broadcasters in a series called Music from Germany. In fact, to judge by this performance, Egk must be the strongest German composer since Richard Strauss, and we should be permitted to hear more of his music. "The Betrothal" is a melodrama, somewhat in the tradition of "Tosca" and the last act of "Rigoletto." It is a blood-and-thunderish thing, and its powerful score is quite individual and free of avant-garde mannerisms, being related, more or less, to that of Strauss's "Elektra." The story takes place during the black uprising against the French colonists in 1803 in what is now Haiti. An officer in the French Army named Christoph, fleeing the mob in Port-au-Prince, takes what he hopes is refuge in a house on a plantation. Actually, the plantation house is a trap, run by a black man named Hoango, who has already lured several colonials there and killed them, using a beautiful mulatto girl named Jeanne as bait. Jeanne's mother, Babekan, is part of this charnel-house arrangement. But the murderous Hoango is away at the moment, and the two women welcome Christoph, seeking to reassure him and buy time until Hoango's return. During this interval, as is inevitable in opera, Christoph and Jeanne fall in love, and they plan to take a boat back to France together. Inevitably, too, Jeanne quarrels with her mother, then decides that the best course is to act as though she were playing along in the plot to murder her lover. She secretly sends a letter to the French forces asking for the immediate rescue of Christoph, but at the same time, acting out her role as part of the conspiracy, she ties Christoph to his bed. So, when French troops arrive, prepare to execute Babekan and Hoango, and release Christoph, he, believing that Jeanne has betrayed him, shoots her. Only when he hears the reproving words of his uncle, who is the general in charge of the French forces, does Christoph realize what he has done. It is too late; Jeanne is dead. Throughout all this there is a sort of Greek chorus that comments on the action. It is made up, on the one hand, of a Mr. White and a Mr. Black, present-day figures who give differing versions of the story as it has come down to them. On the other are the ghosts of Jeanne, Christoph, and Babekan, who give the lie to Mr. White and Mr. Black; at their last appearance, the ghosts argue, "They must learn to live with each other, or they will die at each other's hands as we died." The theme is good contemporary stuff, the opera is exceedingly dramatic, and I hope that before long "The Betrothal in Santo Domingo" will be staged by some company in America. The cast in this broadcast includes two American singers, Helen Donath as Jeanne and Jean Cox as Christoph. Margarethe Bence is Babekan, Hans Guenther Necker is Hoango, Karl Christian Kohn is Christoph's uncle, Richard Holm is Mr. Black, and Benno Kusche is Mr. White. None of these are familiar to me, but all are more than equal to their tasks, and Miss Donath's German enunciation is authentic and unusually clear.

LAST Friday night, I went back to the State Theatre to hear a new Violetta in the New York City Opera's production of "La Traviata." This was Carol Neblett, whom I had previously heard as Louise, as Marguerite in "Faust," and as Margherita-Elena in



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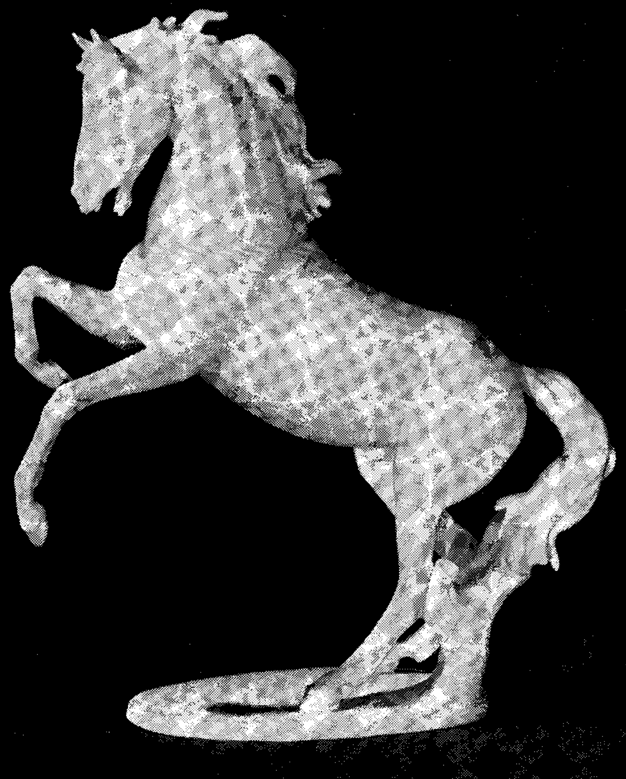

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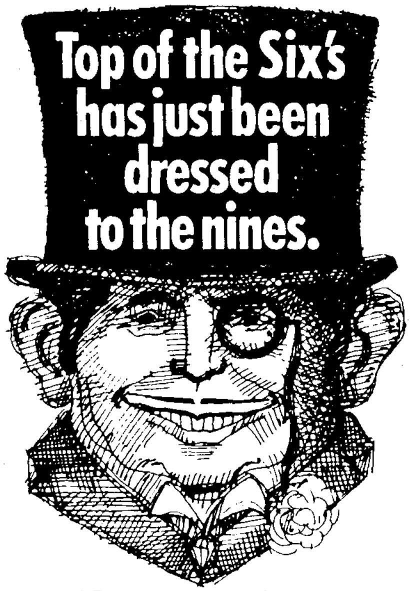
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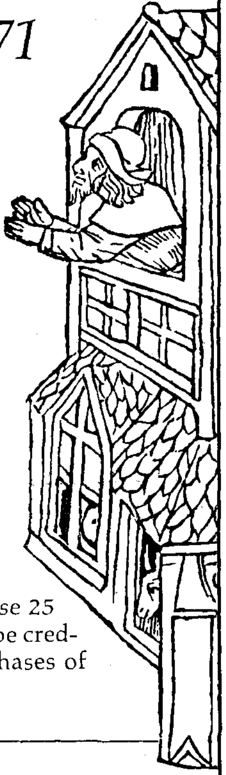

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Boïto's "Mefistofele," without being especially impressed. This time, there were a few things to be impressed by. Miss Neblett, a Californian, is surely one of the prettiest Violettas I have ever seen, and she moves well on the stage. She also has a full, particularly rich soprano voice. This voice, however, needs a good deal of work before it can encompass Violetta's modest amount of *fioritura* with assurance, and Miss Neblett, who makes an extraordinarily healthy-looking Violetta, needs a deeper study of the character before she can become convincing in the role. Her conception of the portrayal of tuberculosis amounts to occasionally putting her hand over her mouth as if to restrain an attack of acute nausea, and her more emotional passages lacked conviction. However, she is very young, and this was her first appearance in New York as Violetta. There is much promise here, and to the eye she was a total delight.

The production, directed by Frank Corsaro, retains all its engaging enthusiasm, and the remaining roles were all excellently done, among them the outstanding Alfredo of John Stewart (the Albert Herring just mentioned), and the particularly affecting elder Germont of Dominic Cossa, a baritone who has grown before our eyes and ears to a fine maturity, both as actor and singer. Chris Nance conducted expertly, though I thought his treatment of the overture and entr'acte somewhat bland and lacking in accentuation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

ROCK, ETC.

Consumer Revolt

HERE it was Thursday, the Band was to appear at Monticello Raceway Sunday night, and not only were stores around town still selling tickets but they seemed glad to get rid of them. Besides the Band (not the Stones or Grand Funk but still, these boys started the Woodstock myth, after all), the bill included Kris Kristofferson, the first out-front early-sixties-type folkie to become a star in five years or so; Joan Baez's awful version of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" was ubiquitous on AM radio. And yet how long is it since you tried to get tickets to a big-name concert at the last minute and the guy you asked said "You bet!" so heartily you could see his teeth over the phone? The admission charge was an absurd seven dollars for unreserved seating at the track; the show was advertised as a benefit for a local hospital, but the fine print disclosed that only one dollar out of the

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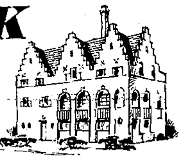

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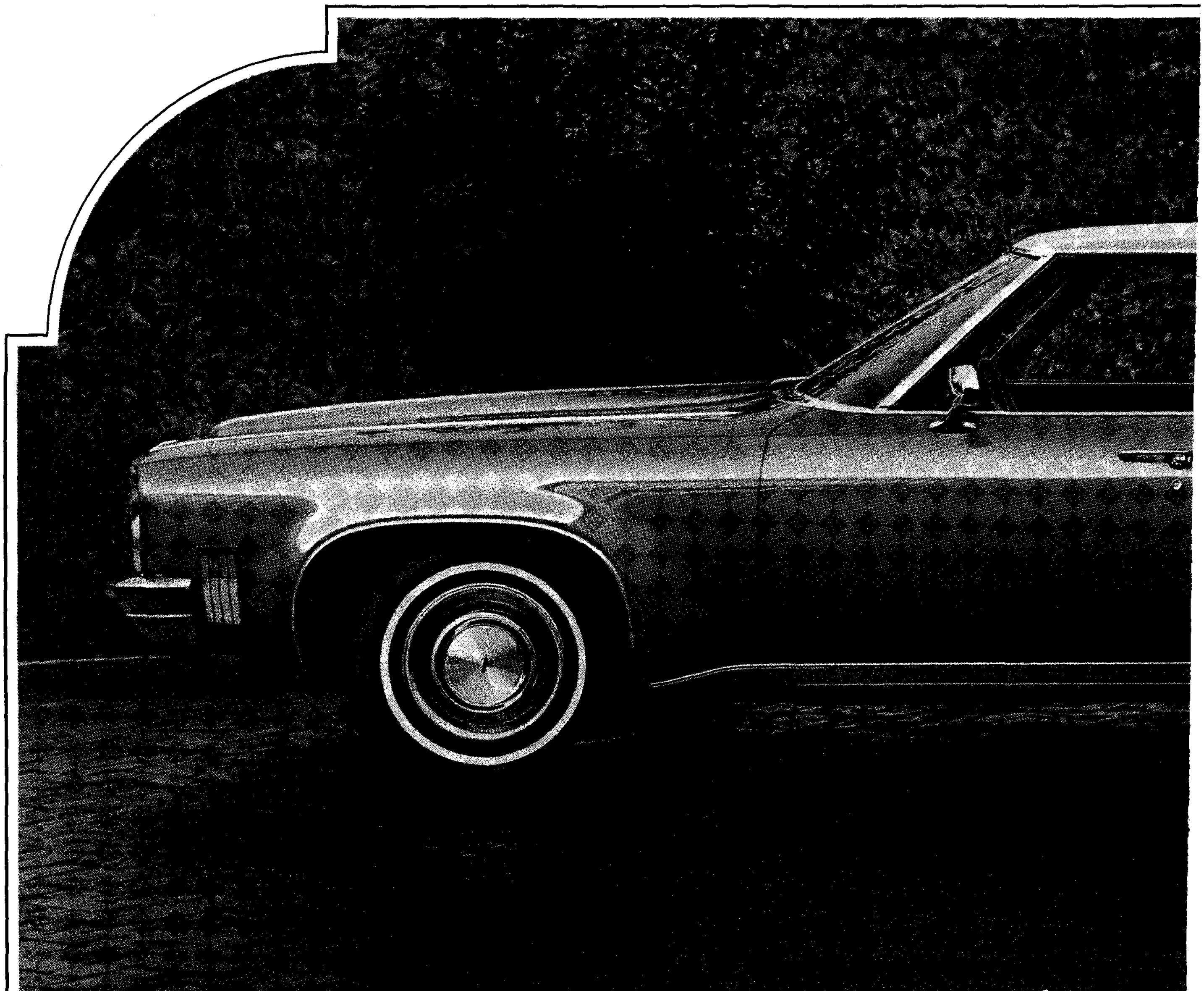

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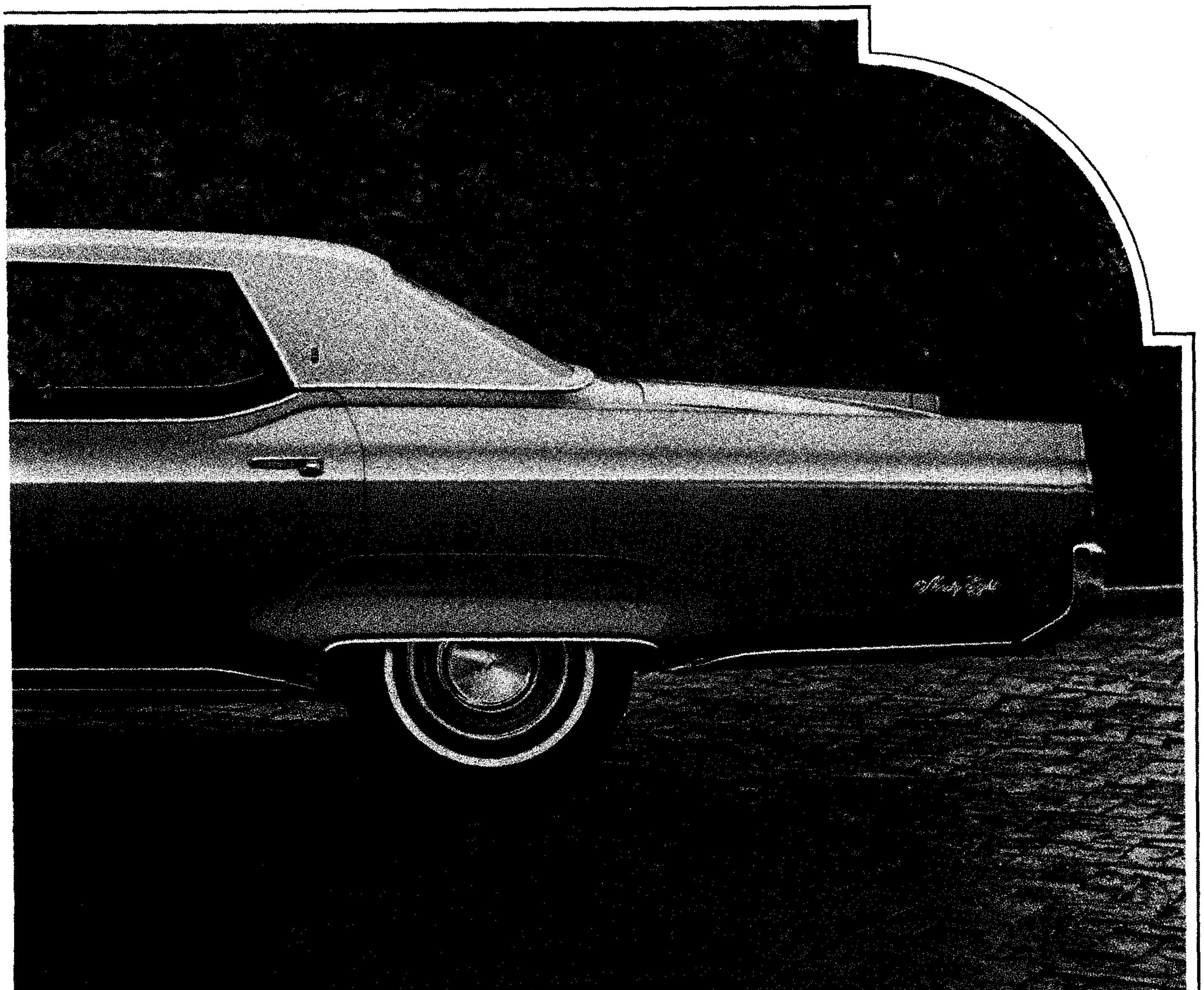

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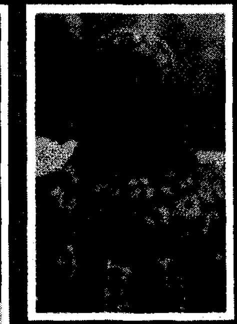

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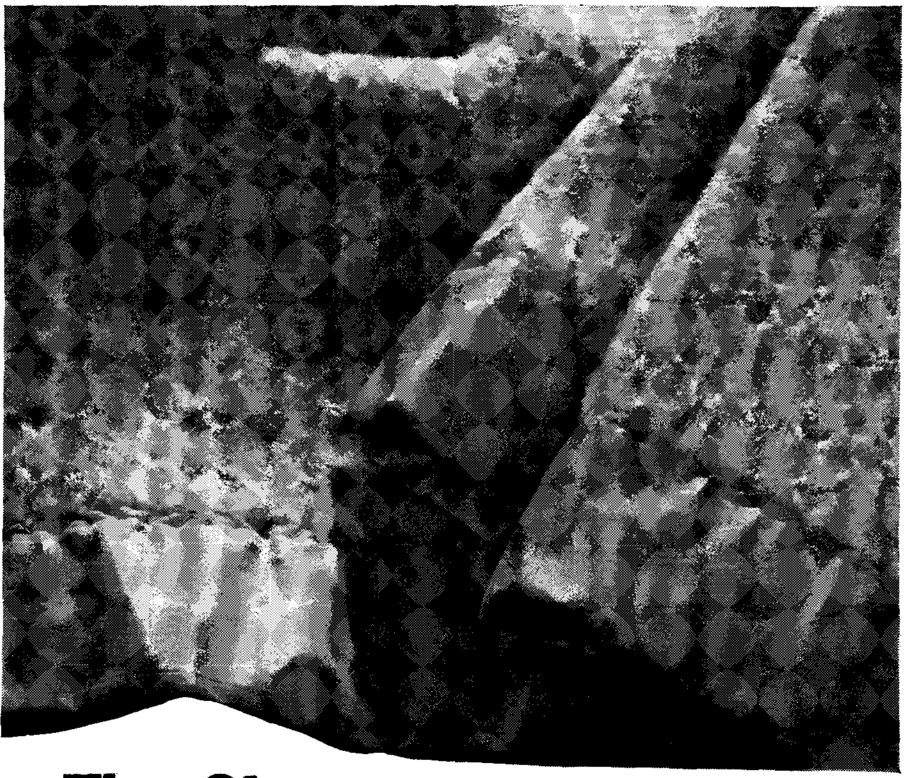
seven was being donated. The whole deal was even more of an insult to the public's intelligence than usual. "If I had the seven bucks, I'd spend it on dope," said a hitchhiker I picked up on my way to Monticello. Along with a girl friend and another pair of hitchhikers, he was going out to the Raceway to try to get in free.

The small turnout—five thousand at the most—left huge empty spaces; the scene was as depressing as a half-filled ballpark after the pennant has been lost. A fair-sized crowd of kids without tickets began to collect outside. Some climbed over the fence, with the audience cheering them on, and a group of bikers threatened to crash; halfway through Kristofferson's act the promoters and the track management, eager to avoid trouble, opened the gates. At least, nobody had any problem seeing. I found a great place to sit, on the few feet of overhang in front of the upstairs boxes, unobstructed by either standees or poles. Hearing was something else again. The sound system was one of the worst I've ever been subjected to. Voices came out thin and instruments tinny; soft singing was inaudible, and loud singing made the mikes screech. Incredibly, some genius kept interrupting songs in the middle to page track employees over the p.-a. system.

The concert dragged badly. Kristofferson was on for two hours, the last hour and a half of which was superfluous. I had been curious to see him. For the past few months, he had been generating a lot of excitement, including numerous comparisons to early Dylan. From records, I couldn't figure out why. His singing was nothing special, and, except for "Me and Bobby McGee," I couldn't really get into his songs, which all seemed to be about drug addicts dying of overdoses, rebels dropping out, and singers resisting the Devil to keep faith with their vision; there was a certain Berkeley-in-1963 smugness about them. His performance at Monticello left me equally apathetic. He had no presence or vitality, and, as if to make up for his lack of rapport with the audience, kept apologizing for everything—his material, the mikes, the price of tickets, the fact that the Band was late. Under better circumstances—in a small club, say—I might enjoy listening to him, but Dylan, early or otherwise, he's not.

Happy and Artie Traum came on next and played some tangy country rock. Their music was fun, and they were having fun. Unfortunately, the logistics of the evening were against



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them. Time was passing; people were getting impatient. The Band finally showed up at eleven-thirty, and made the wait almost worth it. My interest in the Band tends to go in cycles. The group has given me great pleasure; I think the second Band album, in particular, is one of the classic rock records of the sixties. But it's an unspectacular, middle-energy kind of pleasure—*solid* is the word that comes to mind—that's easy to forget about for a while. The rediscovery is always a high, and Monticello was no exception, in spite of the miserable sound. The set included several songs from each of the Band's three albums—with a slight bias in favor of "Stage Fright"—and two Motown oldies. There was a lot of good instrumental stuff, especially Garth Hudson's long organ introduction to "Chest Fever." (The Band is also about the only rock group whose musicianship I enjoy for its own sake.) The one major disappointment was the omission of any new songs—an inexplicable lapse, considering that a fourth album is imminent. I mean, for seven dollars we at least deserved a preview—right, fellas?

—Ellen Willis

•

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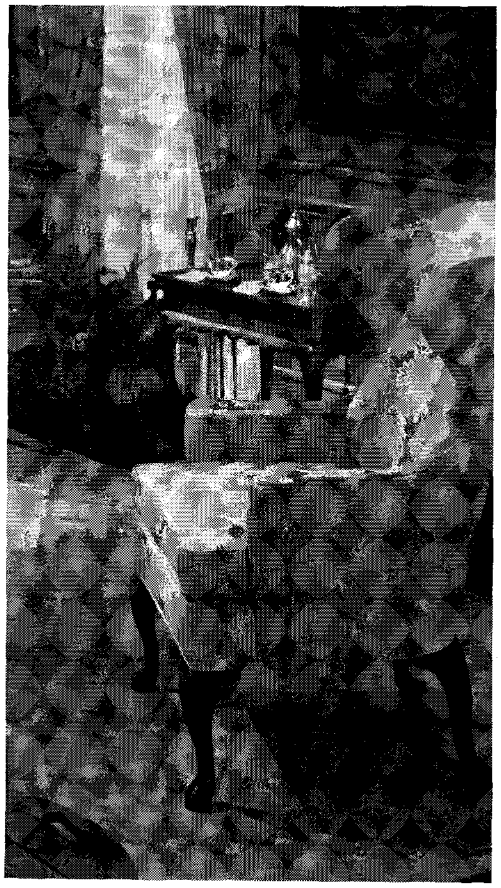

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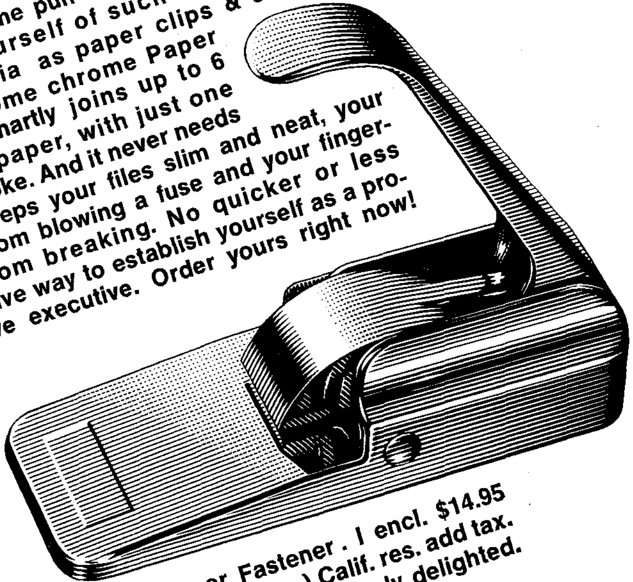

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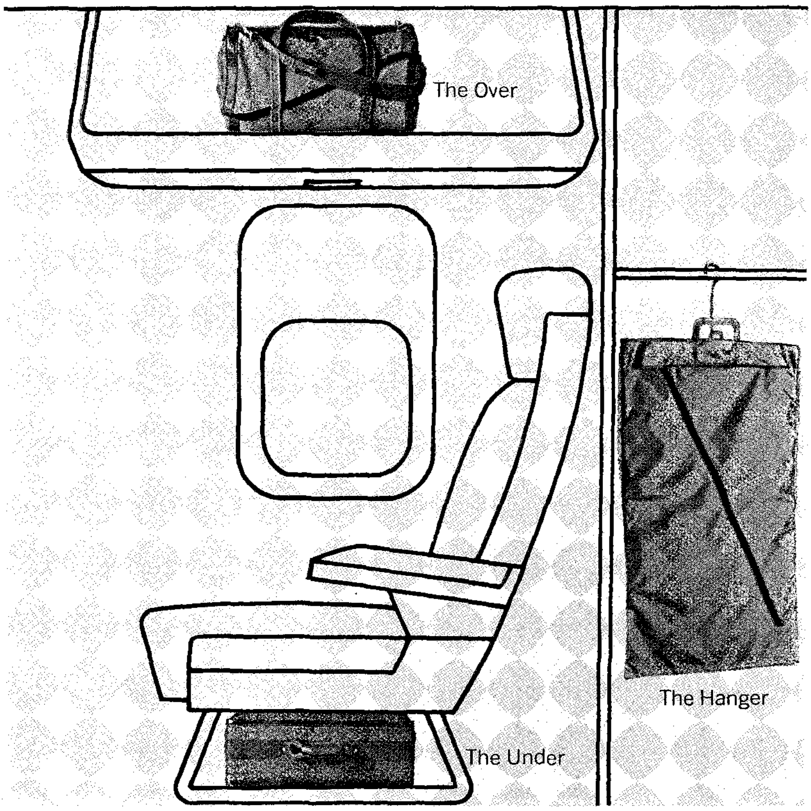

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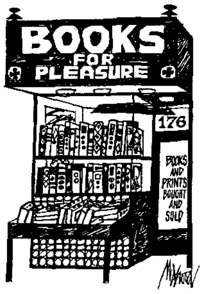

BOOKS
FOR
PLEASURE
176
BOOKS AND PRINTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

We have with us this week three, ah, experimental works of fiction. In our struggles to understand them, we shall lean heavily on the dust jackets. The jacket of the first, "Bad News," by Paul Spike (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; jacket by Push Pin Studios), tells us that the author, "a member of our youngest generation of fiction writers," was born in 1947 and that his work, published mostly in the *Columbia Review*, "could be classified as 'experimental' à la Borges or Pynchon"—though it is not Borges or Pynchon who comes handsomely through with a puff but William Burroughs, to wit: ". . . at once a beautiful and disquieting book, in which seemingly commonplace happenings suddenly open into other planetary perspectives."

Though the jacket is at some pains to avoid creating the (correct) impression that this is a book of short stories, it does let slip the word "stories," and stories they are—nine of them. They do, however, contain recurring characters, and they are wired for crosscurrents, and some are so episodic that they might have been spliced another way and still be "stories." After O. Henry came the epiphany, the kind of short fiction that an irreverent friend of mine used to call the "so what?" story. Now comes its successor, the "so nothing" story. The "other planetary" perspectives intrude upon a this-planetary texture of *blague* and *Dreck*, of parody and an unimpeachably deadpan tone, of obscene technology and mechanical sex, of stillborn indignations and friendly puzzlements and, at the end, a curt, fish-eyed stare, as from a cocktail-party companion upon whom one has, with some sudden warmth of interest or desire, unwittingly presumed. Not that Mr. Spike's cool is perfected yet; there is still something collegiate in his fascination with smelly socks and the word "mess," in his unfeigned delight at cooking up sexual descriptions, in his imperfectly concealed worry that prose fiction ought to amount to more than nervous anti-silence, like the overlapping crackle of a radio tuned between stations. Certain persistent messages want to break through the static. Mr. Spike's generation is one born to riot, and the telegraphy of social concern comes naturally to him:

> "Calcutta has an epidemic and the guerrillas won't pump out the Pittsburgh enclave for months, which directly affects all of the East Coast. How about this submarine highway in the Pacific?"
>
> "You agreed to leave that route for Russia, a token perhaps, they'll go for it. The American government will iron that out."

Certain public events—nothing, naturally, prior to 1947, or even 1957—have sunk into his generation's consciousness, and they surface with symbolic portent; assassination is a recurring trauma. "Okay then I'm paranoid but maybe if the Kennedy family had been a little more paranoid? . . . The DIC is responsible for those assassinations, that's my opinion. . . . In November, 1963, over 400 New Yorkers fell down with 'speck attack' raging in their chests." And our accursed affluence, of course, takes its licks:

> Comfort is a surface, a straight line. The emptiness of comfort astounds man. It is like the world's most powerful ray gun.

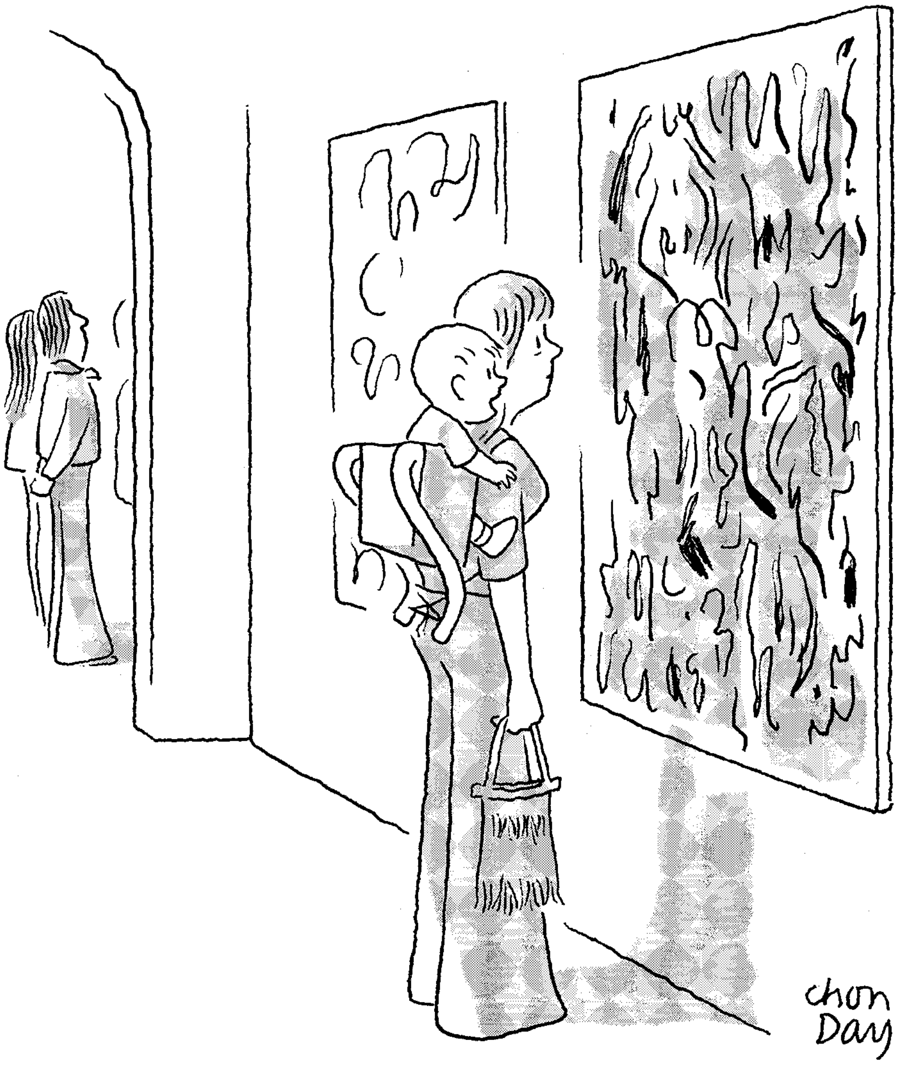
Unexpectedly, the "emptiness that comes in the world's biggest ice-cream cone" includes the sexual wealth that the post-Korea generation has created:

> Nikolaus thought how odd it was that now that he could have all the sex he wanted, the world was becoming more and more messy.

The medicine of love unsettlingly merges with the diseases of pollution and aggression:

> Man is the dirtiest animal. His pollution is driving him to look for an edge of the world which he can fall off. Yet he loves like no other animal. . . . And his love and beauty, in a sense, are a pollution to the world. They spray emotion into green vegetation.

But these thematic glimpses are mere footsteps in the underbrush of verbal celebration, a young man's luxuriant revenge on the media that have nearly driven him mad. His gifts of mimicry are keen. They range from



"I *like* it!"

college-humor jesting ("The Conference Man") to mock letters ("Box 456") and memorabilia ("The Diary of Noel Wells") and computer tapes ("Multi") to a fluid, sprightly Surrealism ("Specks Saga," "A Good Revolution"). The manner of presentation amounts to more than the things presented; the most tactile imagery, apart from a discussion of the bodies of the young ladies who are handled, occurs in the inventory of the hardware store where one of the young heroes works. The language, especially in the takeoffs of detective fiction, drolly bursts with exasperation at saying, after trillions of words of written English, anything at all:

> His hands ticked away in his pockets now. A pink rash surfaced lightly across the top of his pectorals.
>
> The sun is beginning to boil the atmosphere into a tight grease.
>
> Her face was reminiscent of a pile of gears softly rounded into one another and covered with dreadful calm.

"Bad News" is as much a protest against fiction as it is fiction, and since it lacks pitiable characters, a sustained action, and an earnestly felt theme, we do not wish it—as Dr. Johnson said of "Paradise Lost"—longer than it is. Yet it has its poetry and its fidelity to the discontinuous, overpackaged, pretrivialized way we live now, circa 1970. "The problem is," Spike himself explains, intruding himself in order to discourse with one of his characters, "there is a bomb here made out of leftovers." The character responds, "I have nothing to do." "Right" is Spike's answer. "But there is something here," the character insists. Such an affirmation is even weaker than that of Beckett's minimal pilgrims. News is what fiction—nouvelles, novels—once was; Mr. Spike's title implies that since "good" (coherent, morally convinced) stories are impossible, bad news is better than none.

THE dust jacket of "Being There" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) tells us that the author, Jerzy Kosinski, was born in Poland in 1933, and that the first of his two earlier novels, "The Painted Bird," has been translated into thirty-two languages, and the second, "Steps," into twenty-nine. One wonders what the missing three are—Urdu? Korean? Arawak? "Being There," simultaneously with its American publication, is being published in England, Holland, Germany, and France, and the flap copy, with its promise of a "modern parable" and a "quintessential anti-hero," seems to be

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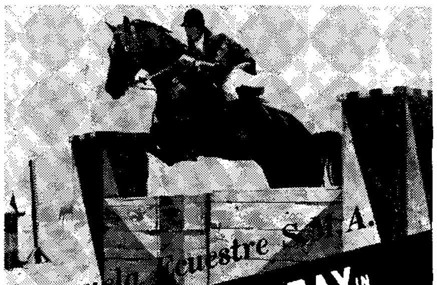
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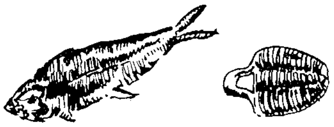
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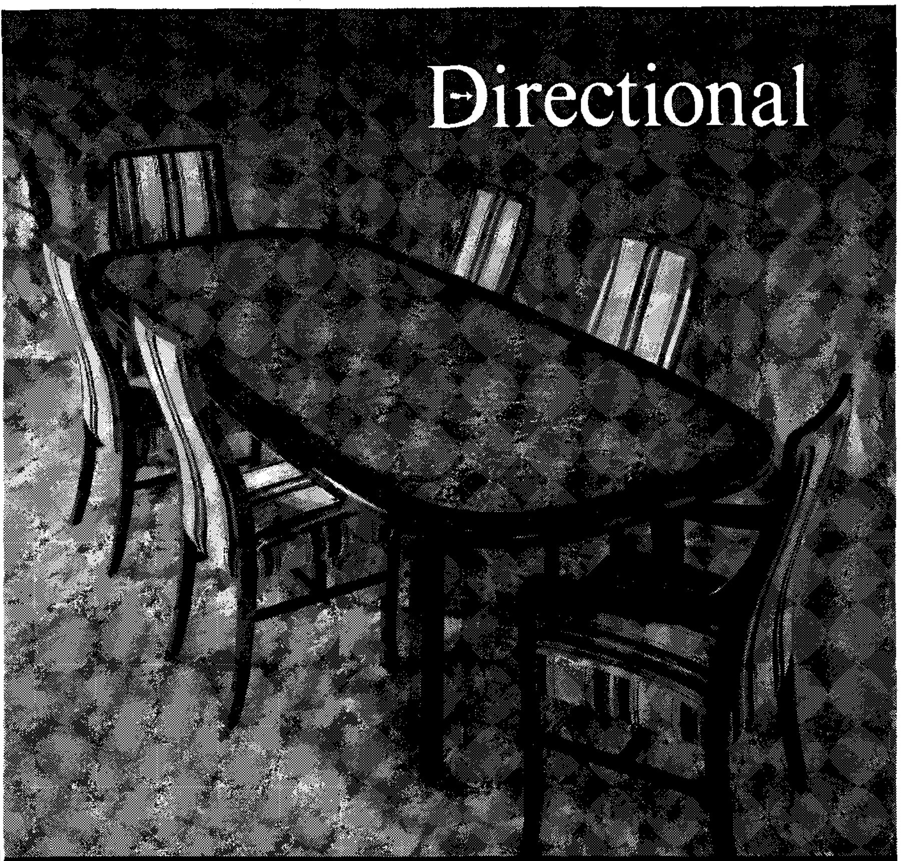
warming up an international audience in easy Esperanto. The description of the book, however, is twelve lines shorter than the description of the author, and, bizarrely, at the end of the novel the typography suggests that Kosinski's biography is the last chapter—two pages' worth of his degrees, his fellowships, his professorships, his awards, his translations. In short, the author, not the novel, is the product being pushed. Which is shrewd, since the novel, like its hero, barely exists.

The hero is called Chance. He is an illiterate foundling kept by a rich old man known, with a simplicity too ominous, as the Old Man. Chance has two activities: he tends the Old Man's garden (Madam, I'm Adam) and watches television. After the Old Man dies, lawyers discover that Chance's existence has generated no external evidence—no driver's license, no credit cards, no tax records, not even dental records. He is cast out of the garden, and instantly encounters (hello, Eve) EE, the wife of another very rich old man, Rand. Everywhere, Chance creates an excellent impression, and he comports himself very well; gardening and television-watching seem to be at least as adequate a preparation for adult life as a college education. Though he doesn't know how to read or make love beyond the preliminaries shown on the idiot box, he can make speeches that win the heart not only of EE but of the President of the United States. As the saga ends, Chance, a total nonentity four days before, has the Vice-Presidential nomination in his pocket. No doubt there is a lot in this, from political satire (Chance = Agnew) to philosophical allegory ("being there" = Heidegger's *Dasein*). Also, there is some kind of joke on McLuhanite coolness; Chance is a walking television screen: people "began to exist, as on TV, when one turned one's eyes on them. . . . The same was true of him." The dust jacket, helpful to a fault, calls Chance "prelapsarian man" and asks, "Is Chance the technocrat of the future? . . . Or is he Rousseauesque, with a touch of natural goodness to which men respond?" Tune in next parable. Myself, I prefer to see him as the blind Chance that rules the universe, into which people touchingly read omniscience and benevolence and anthropomorphic Divinity.

The trouble is that all this symbolic superstructure, and the manipulative fun it invites, rests on a realistic base less substantial than sand. Rand has one amusing, almost lifelike speech. Chance's sensations when he appears



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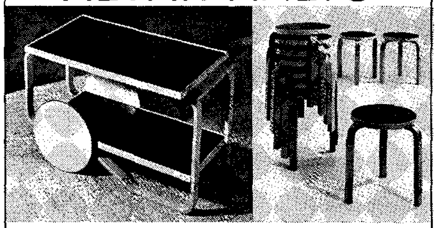

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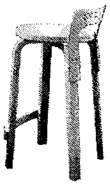

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on television, "the cameras . . . licking up the image of his body," can be felt. There is one sharp image, of "frosty sculptures," in rooms of vague furniture. Otherwise, the texture of events is thin, thin, preposterously thin. The rich and powerful may be stupid, but they would not mistake a comatose illiterate for a financial wizard. A hermit might be innocent, but his body would know how to achieve an erection. Fortune may be arbitrary in bestowing her favors, but she is not totally berserk. When a character in the book expresses incredulity at Chance's abrupt and baseless fame, he is appealing to laws of probability that have never been established. There is not enough leverage even to spring a laugh. No two things are incongruous, because hardly anything in "Being There" is *there*.

You could say that this is an immigrant's impression of America, an "other planetary perspective." But compare Nabokov; also an immigrant, from the same Slavic hemisphere as Kosinski, he assiduously put himself to school with American particulars and came up with a portrait—not only in "Lolita" but in the background of "Pnin" and in the poem "Pale Fire"—of the United States grotesquely and tellingly acute in its details. Mr. Kosinski's portrait expresses little but the portraitist's diffident contempt for his subject—the American financial and political Establishment. He does not enough hate it to look hard at it; the result is not even a cartoon. Stylized also were the nameless villages of the Polish marsh in "The Painted Bird," but those scenes were in Kosinski's blood, and the plausibility gaps were filled with an experienced terror that redeemed the parade of Grand Guignol episodes from being merely sensational. In "Steps," an adult man's erotic explorations were interwoven with these same horrific villages, and incriminated in the same sinister cruelty. Perhaps the intention of "Being There" was to transfer this sinisterness to an America befogged by media and ruled by stuffed shirts. The result is feebly pleasant—a dim and truncated television version of those old Hollywood comedies wherein a handsome bumpkin charms the world and makes good. Unlike Kosinski's other novels, "Being There" is not painful to read, which in his special case is not a virtue.

RAYMOND QUENEAU was born in 1903, in Le Havre; his first novel, "Le Chiendent," published in 1933, has now been translated into English, by Barbara Wright, as "The

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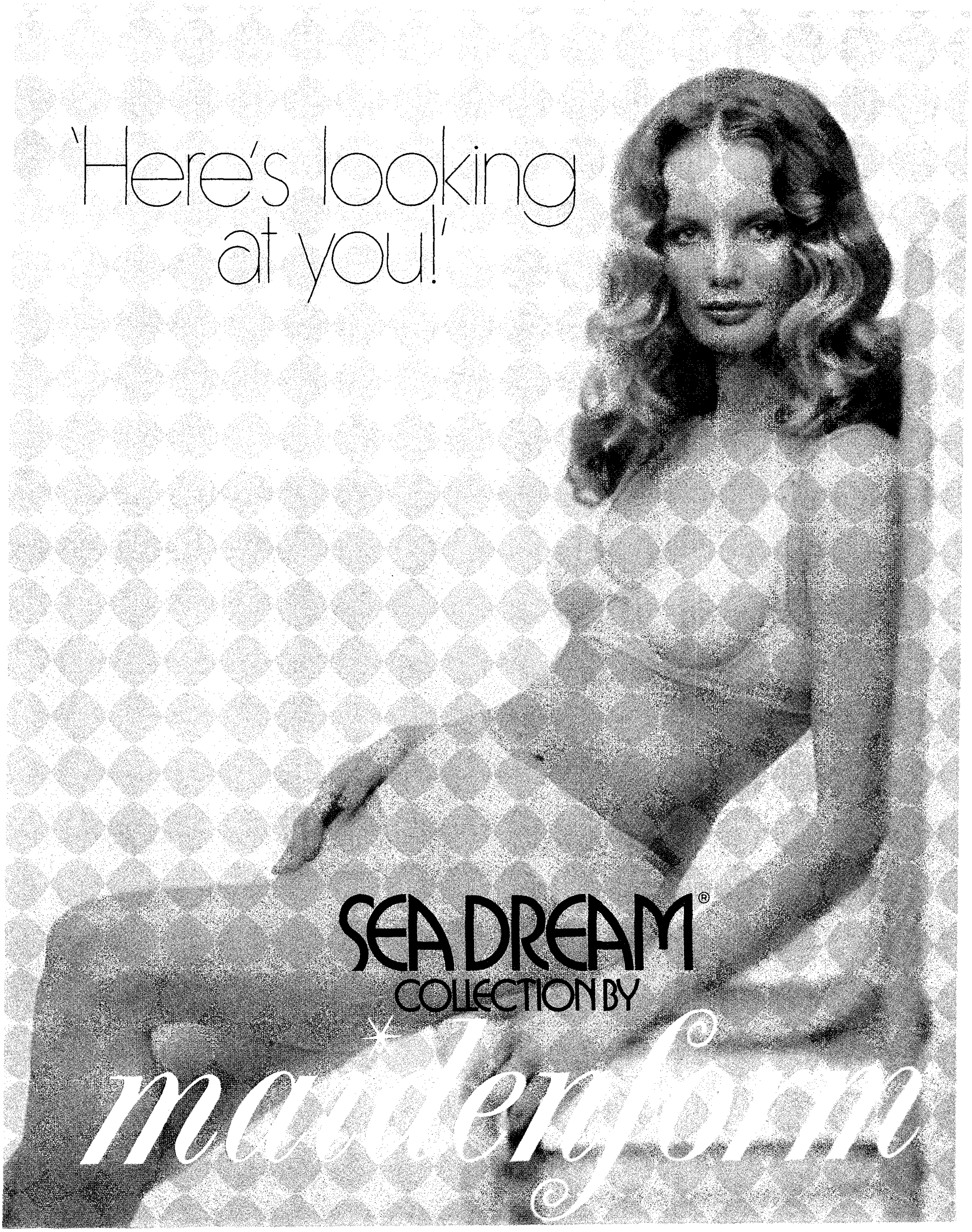
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Bark Tree" (New Directions). The dust jacket tells us that Alain Robbe-Grillet has "hailed" this book as "a new-wave novel twenty years ahead of its time," and the translator's introduction presents further testimonials, accrediting "The Bark Tree" as a classic and Queneau as a giant in the generation of modernists that succeeded Proust and Joyce. The book, we are told, evolved from Queneau's attempt to translate Descartes's "Discourse on Method" into French as it is really spoken, dismissing the "conventions of style, spelling, and vocabulary that date from the grammarians of the sixteenth century and the poets of the seventeenth." On the other hand, Queneau, a mathematician and a pedant, chose to regulate his excursion into demotic philosophy—which became a novel—with rules as strict as those of a ballade or rondeau: seven chapters, each of thirteen sections, observe within themselves the classical unities of place, time, and action. In addition, there are repetitions of image and phrase planted for the author's personal pleasure, and the reader can subliminally sense a high degree of coherence and consistency beneath the surface of this rather sprawling and absurd tale. The story deliberately defies summary: The main plot concerns Étienne Marcel, a Parisian bank employee who lives in the suburb of Obonne, as he is observed by Pierre Le Grand, a speculative member of the idle rich, while he makes the transition from flat silhouette to substantial human existence and back to flat silhouette. Étienne is the Cartesian man: when he begins to think (he suddenly notices in a store window two rubber ducks floating in a hat to advertise that the hat is waterproof), he is. From the window of his commuting train, he then observes a tiny sign advertising "CHIPS" and determines, as an *acte gratuit*, to visit this place, in the factory slum of Blagny; thereby he puts himself, and his observer, Pierre, and his son, Théo, and his wife, Alberte, and his wife's admirer, Narcense, in touch with a raffish crowd that includes a concierge, an abortionist, a magician, a sailor, an old junk dealer, and a remarkably presumptuous dwarf. This impinging activates a rumor that the junk dealer, Old Taupe, is a rich miser, and a set of frantic schemes to appropriate his fortune, mainly by his marriage to a young waitress, Ernestine, who unaccountably dies during a wedding feast that reminded me of the Babar books. And there are love affairs and hangings and dreams and dialogues about the meaning of nothing and, for

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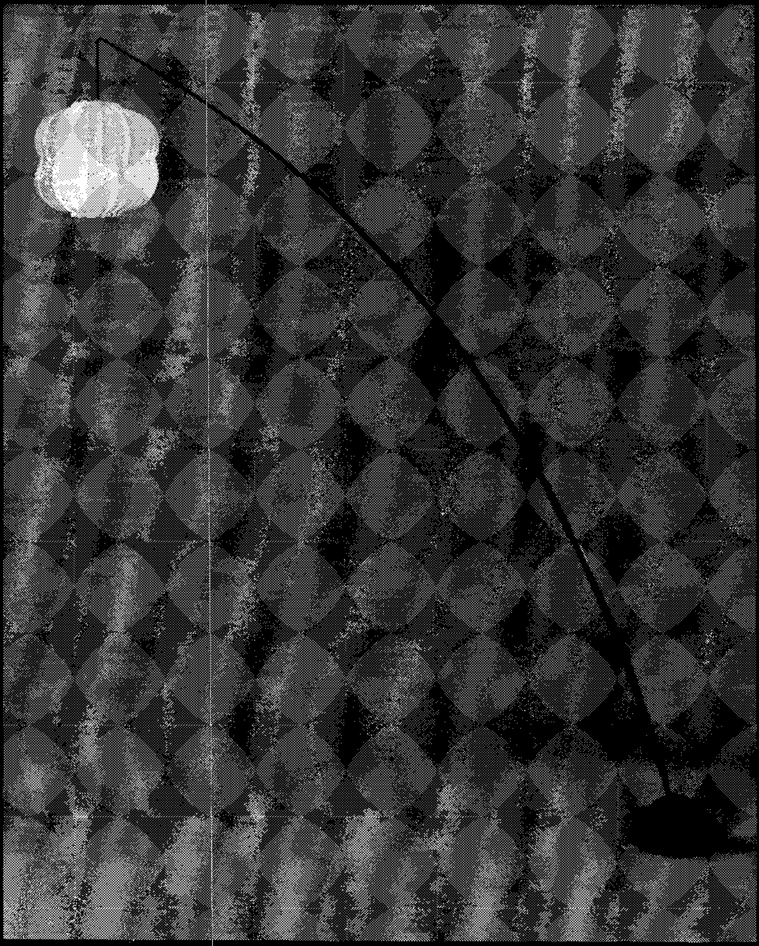

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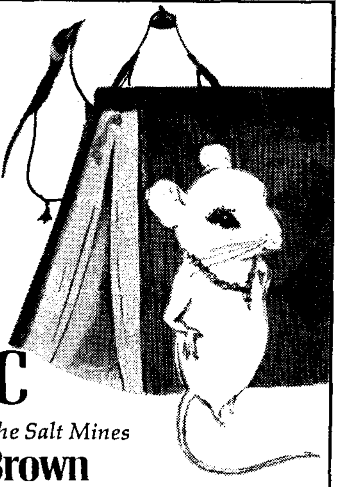

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Queneau's wonderful gift for simile tempts one to compile a list:

> His nose has taken on the fiery color of Campari and his eyes are sparkling like lemonade.
>
> They plunge into their reciprocal destinies, like shrimps into the sand.
>
> . . . they fill the glasses with wine, which glasses take on the joyous appearance of druggists' display bottles.
>
> The horizon, that universal castrator . . .
>
> Bits of vegetables or meat, which had jumped out of the dishes like absurd acrobats, were scattered all over [the table], wilting in little pools of gravy.

And above these odd events, these overanimated souls and artifacts, a real humanity presides; Queneau not only permits each character the dignity of eloquence but rises himself to a fury of sarcasm when he contemplates the chauvinistic farce of the "Etruscan" war: "even the strategists . . . said they'd never seen a simpler, easier, more amusing war."

Queneau's sympathy peculiarly falls upon the banal—upon the empty routines, that is, whereby human ordinariness propels itself along the quotidian. He says of certain conventional greetings that "their apparent complexity concealed a profound simplicity." Pierre, overhearing some clichés about the weather, "notes with some bitterness that these banalities correspond perfectly to reality." Perhaps, since Flaubert, banality is *the* challenge to serious novelists: the gales of romance have died, and the novelist is a sailor on a close reach, trying to use the constant wind of ordinary living to make some kind of headway against it. The melodrama of Queneau's plot is manufactured by the characters, as a vacation from boredom; his own vacation comes in the intervals of metaphysical speculation, and these—though he

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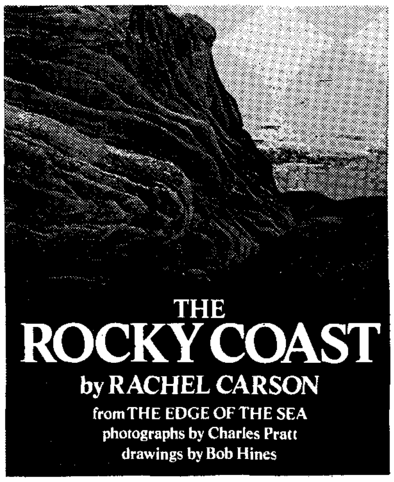

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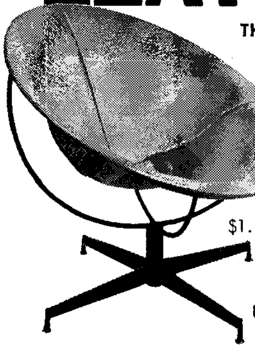

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would not have written the book without them—seem rather mannered and pat. When Pierre talks to the reader about his boredom and his masks, or when Étienne drops the aphorism that "there isn't any gospel, there are only works of fiction," we are aware of an author pressing his claims upon our intelligence; when Ernestine, dying, formulates death as the disappearance of "the little voice that talks in your head when you're by yourself," we are in the presence of human experience and shared terror. Gertrude Stein said it: literature isn't remarks. What we want from fiction, and what fiction is increasingly loath to give us, is vicarious experience. Exiled from the great naïveté that nurtured the nineteenth-century masterworks of the novel, Queneau yet is old enough—humane enough—to spin, amid a metaphysics of relativity and uncertainty, affectionate images of human life in its curiosity, rapacity, and fragility. Compared to Queneau, our two other authors seem tired; a distance that cannot be exactly measured in generations or wars separates them from an instinctive belief that men are significant and that art must embody enduring principles.

A note on the translation: Barbara Wright did not set herself an easy task, and her version does permit us to glimpse an original whose prose has not only a poetic economy but, in dialogue, a slangy, punning richness. However, either this text was carelessly proofread or some of her renderings are too subtle by half. "Squite" (for "it's quite"), "wz" and "shdve" (for "was" and "should have"), "etxras" (for "extras"), and "sore span" (for "saucepan") are doubtless intentional equivalents of delicate audial distortions in the French, but what about "fairtish," "neved," and "everwhere"? These occur in dialogue, and "aand" appears in expository prose, and "becaues" in a letter in which nothing else is misspelled. Something wrong here?

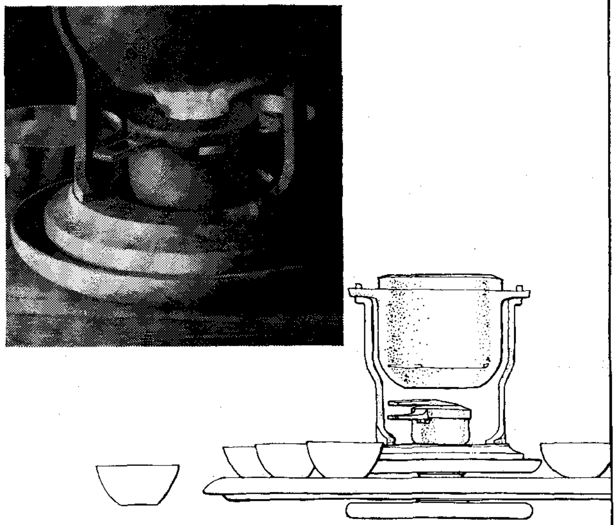
A note on the price: The dust jacket calmly asks nine dollars and fifty cents for "The Bark Tree." It is two hundred and eighty-one pages long. The Novel may or may not be dead; soon we won't be able to buy into its casket and see.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TROUBLES, by J. G. Farrell (Knopf). Specifically, the Irish Troubles—those dreadful rounds of murder and reprisal that led to the founding



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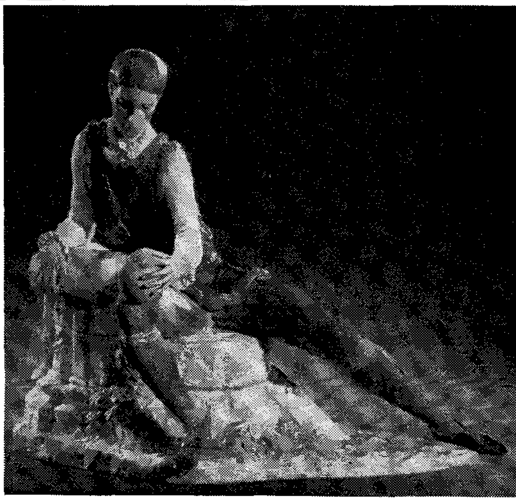

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of the Republic. They are in the background of this novel, but as the story progresses they impinge more and more on the object in the foreground, a crumbling old resort hotel called the Majestic, occupied by several elderly ladies and many unloved cats (the cats have the Imperial Bar; the ladies shuffle from room to room, depending on where the ceiling is falling in), and managed—or, rather, fortified—by a more than reasonably worried Protestant named Edward Spencer. Also rattling about the hotel are Edward's sharp-tongued young daughters, his horror-movie cast of servants, and his fellow "member of the quality," Major Brendan Archer, who is a good deal *less* than reasonably worried as the Majestic, decaying from within even faster than it is being battered from without, goes the way of the Empire. Mr. Farrell's characters are a bit stock, but their actions and words are effortlessly funny—and also quite sad.

Truck, by Katherine Dunn (Harper & Row). Huck Finn's busy ghost here invests a fifteen-year-old Oregon girl named Dutch Gillis. Dutch, who does not narrate in a vernacular so much as in a kind of typewriter solipsism, is supposed to look physically like a nine-year-old boy and to have an aversion to all but the basest reality. There being nothing baser than her cloddish friend Heydorf, she runs away with him to a deserted California beach. Here, strangely, the novel comes alive, and a convincing reckoning ensues. This book dwells constantly on muck of all kinds, but Miss Dunn seems to enjoy messing in it.

GENERAL

365 Days, by Ronald J. Glasser (Braziller). The author is a former major in the Army Medical Corps, and this book—the title refers to the standard tour of duty in Vietnam—is a collection of sketches he wrote while stationed at the Army hospital at Zama, Japan, during the Tet offensive and afterward. The stories—all of them true, he says—deal mostly with the wounded (some six to eight thousand a month were evacuated to Japanese base hospitals while he was there), and they are understated, unsentimental, sometimes horrifying, and often very moving. Dr. Glasser, faced with the problem that has dogged other writers dealing with a war that has no heroes, no ethic, no feeling of fraternity among

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its veterans, has wisely confined himself to specifics and individuals: he tells about the seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds who have lost hands, eyes, and legs, and how they face the future; he reconstructs the circumstances of their getting hit; he listens to them in the wards. In the end, we are persuaded that these are not soldiers at all, in the classic sense of "Company K," Willie and Joe, "My Buddy," and all that. Instead, they are everyday young men who were pulled out of civilian life in a purely arbitrary way, sent to a far and dangerous place to sweat out an ordeal, held there for exactly three hundred and sixty-five days, and then, if they came through without being killed or wounded, told to go home and forget about it.

Boulanger, by James Harding (Scribners). Boulangism, says the Columbia Encyclopedia, was "a nationalist movement . . . which resembled modern fascism." That is a simplistic view, as this book shows; in France, things are more complicated. Georges Ernest Boulanger, General of Infantry and, in 1886, Minister of War, was an attractive man, a first-rate soldier, and an intellectual middleweight who became "the man on horseback" by a series of accidents and the manipulations of others; he was never very clear about his political beliefs or about where he intended to go. The movement that grew up around him was nationalist, in a sense, but it also attracted royalists, anarchists, the clergy, workers, and republican reformers, as well as the usual cranks and crooks. What is best remembered about the affair is its anticlimactic ending: when the hour to march had struck, legend has it, the great leader failed to show up, fleeing to Belgium with his mistress and spending the hour of decision in her arms. Mr. Harding disputes this story, but by his own account it would seem to be essentially true: millions of Frenchmen *were* awaiting the signal, voices *were* clamoring "*À l'Élysée!*," and the General *did* take the train to Brussels, never to return. The author has a lively feeling for this odd mixture of romantic tragedy and high farce, and his book even holds a moral, which is that politics is too serious a business to be left to the generals. Illustrations.

Together: A Reporter's Journey into the New Black Politics, by L. H. Whittemore (Morrow). In 1944, three years after the author

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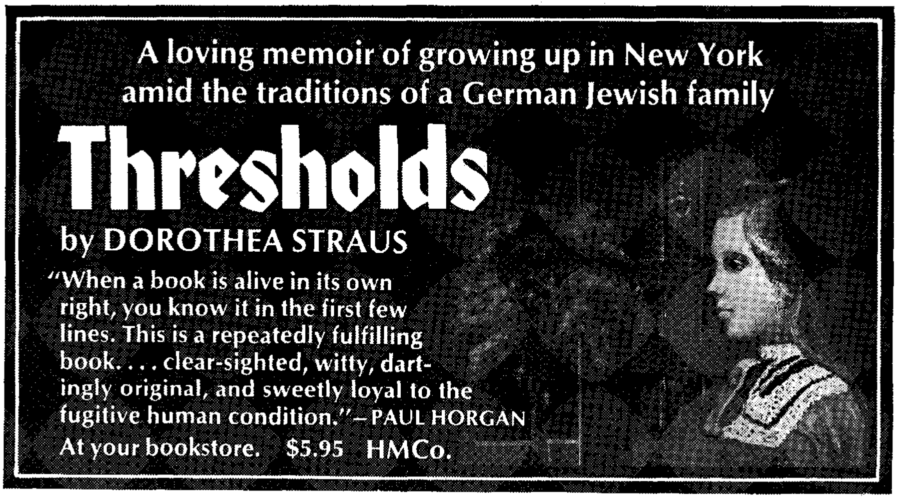

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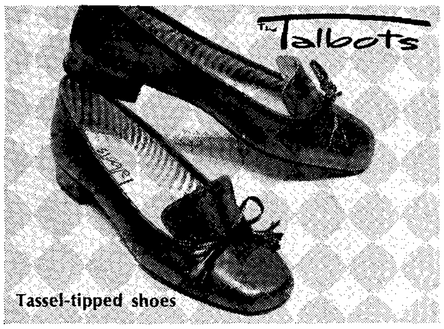

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of this book was born, Gunnar Myrdal, in "An American Dilemma," pointed out that in this country's black population there was a large reservoir of political talent that had been forced to channel itself into Negro-defense organizations but that might someday be tapped for the good of the whole nation. Mr. Whittemore's reporting jaunt around the United States shows that prophecy *beginning to come true.* In the last few years, he has visited and revisited blacks running for office and blacks who have been elected to office in country places and in big cities, his object being to find out what they hoped to do and what they have actually accomplished. Mr. Whittemore admits that his selection was personal and idiosyncratic, and in one respect—the omission of any woman—it is disappointing. Otherwise, the book, like politics itself, is high-class fun: lots of action, lots of appealing people, and lots of informed gossip about American places from Detroit to Tallulah, Louisiana.

PARTHIAN WORDS, by Storm Jameson (Harper & Row). A short, intelligent, energetic statement, by a novelist, of the value of the novel as an art form, and of the worth, and lack of worth, of some contemporary fiction. Miss Jameson is both well read and original. In the disparate works classified as French "new novels," for example, she sees not a new start so much as a prelude to a new start—a spring cleaning to clear the house of fiction of sentimentality. And though she may sound paradoxical, she is also persuasive when she argues that pornographic novels refuse to perform the traditional function of art—namely, to give pleasure. Miss Jameson is humble about her own work but very proud of what novels have achieved, and most emphatic and convincing in her insistence that the best novels, at any rate, are irreplaceable.

NOTE: Atheneum has published "Paris Journal: Volume II, 1965-1971," a collection of Janet Flanner's Letters from Paris, written for *The New Yorker*. . . . "Cruising Speed," William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, documentary journal covering a week of his life, has been published by Putnam. Much of the material originally appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FLY ON THE WALL, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row). "The fly on the wall" is Walter Lipp-

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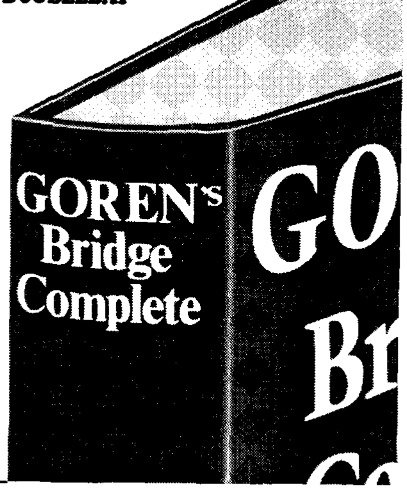

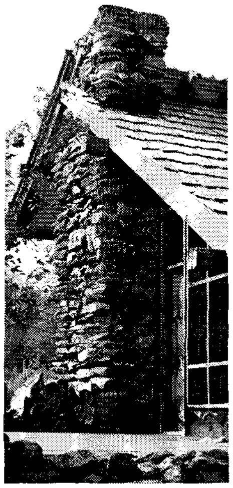

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mann's depiction of the ideal newspaperman—observant, objective, uninvolved. Mr. Hillerman introduces us to one John Cotton, an experienced political reporter at the state capital, who is just such a newspaperman. Cotton stumbles into a situation that leads him to the discovery of some high-priced corruption in the state highway department and elsewhere. A moral question then arises: publication of the story will hurt a good politician and profit a crooked one. This draws us quickly and inescapably into a thriller that is not merely thrilling (with a stunning manhunt high in the mountains north of Santa Fe and another in the midnight corridors of the statehouse) but also a provocative ethical conundrum.

ONE ACROSS, TWO DOWN, by Ruth Rendell (Doubleday). Stanley Manning, an ugly, nasty, but on the whole pitiful villain, makes plots to get rid of his nagging, fat mother-in-law so that he and his poor, overworked, unloved wife, Vera, can inherit the old lady's twenty thousand pounds. Mrs. Rendell describes this miserable household of three, and the shabby North London dwelling they share, with such precision and such perfect colorlessness that we begin to wait quite anxiously for the first murder, and even to hope there will be another murder after that. We do not wait in vain.

•

George Plimpton, William Styron and Peter Matthiessen are leaving at the end of September for East Africa to march across the veldt in search of a tribe believed never to have had any contact with white people.—*Leonard Lyons in the Bangor Daily News.*

There goes *that* lucky tribe!

•

Employment in the High Point-Jamestown area showed a decided lack of discernible trend in July, according to the Employment Security Commission's report for that month.—*High Point (N. C.) Enterprise.*

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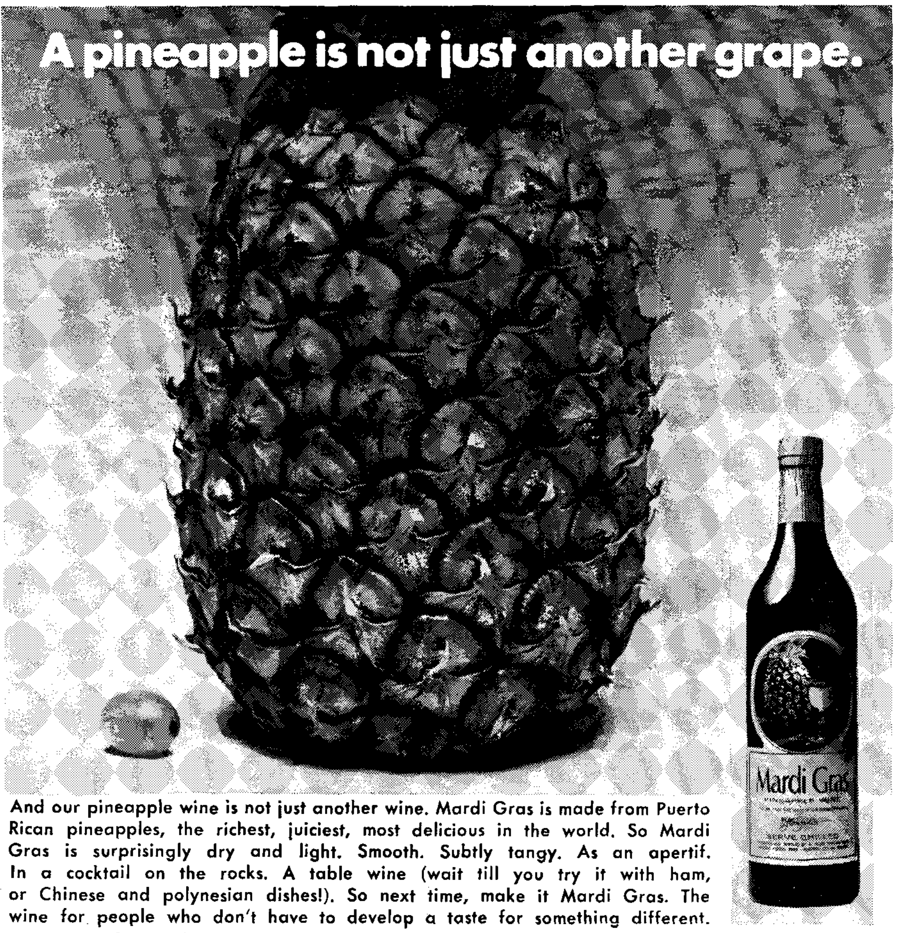

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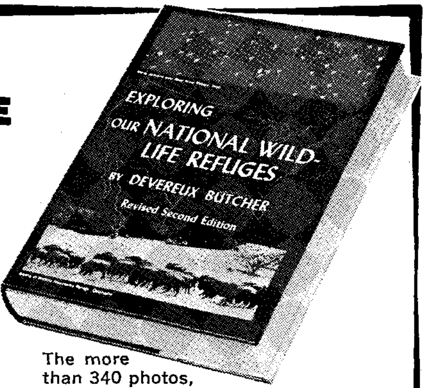

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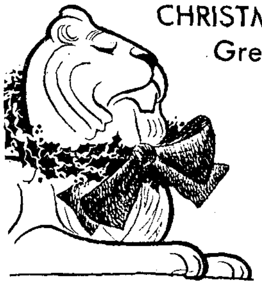
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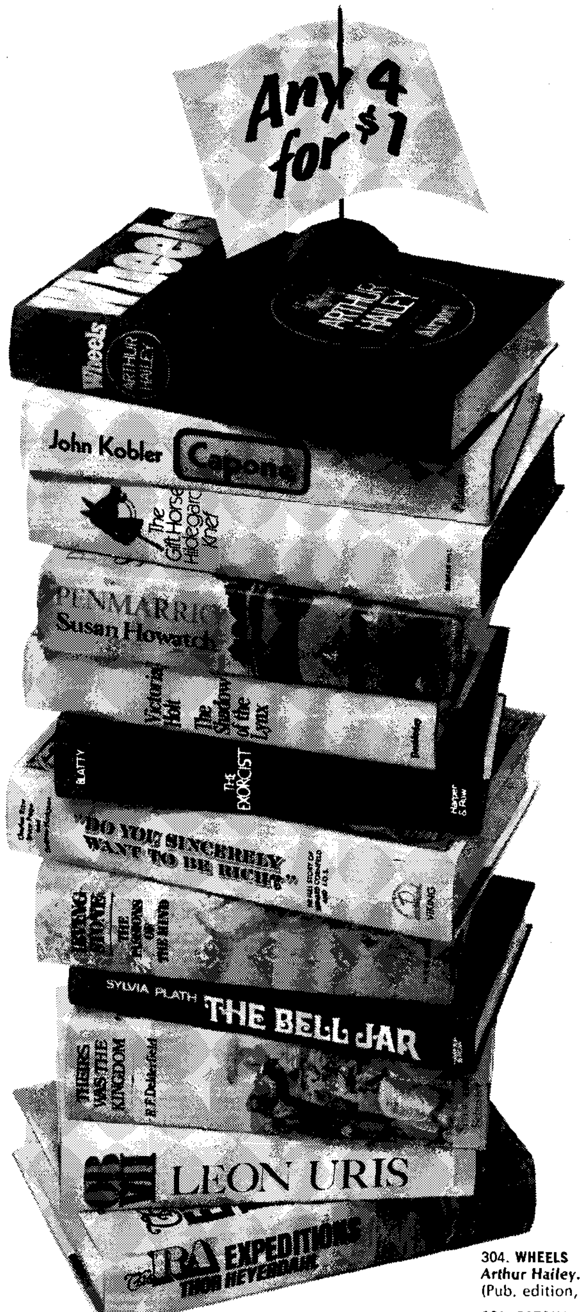

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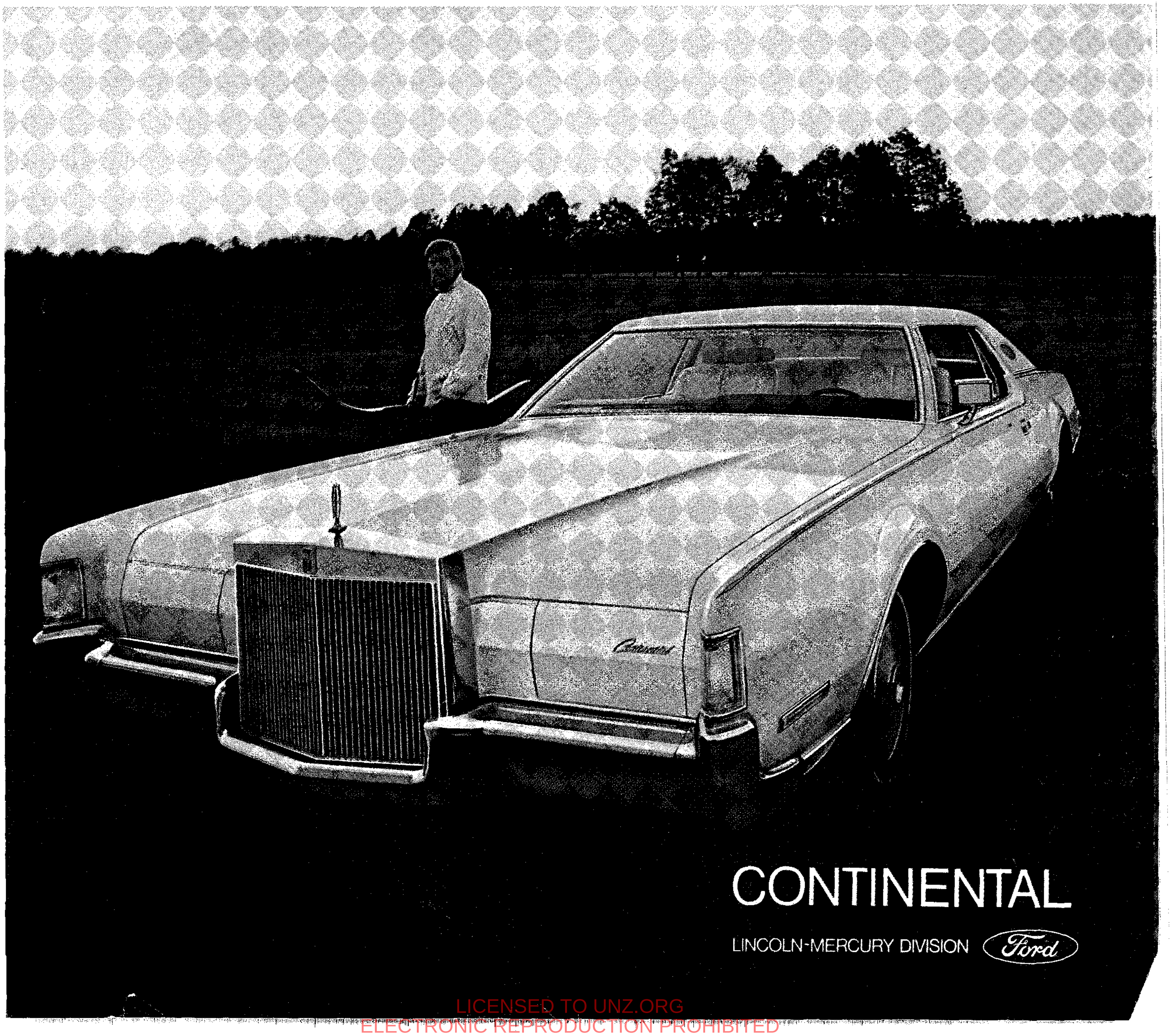
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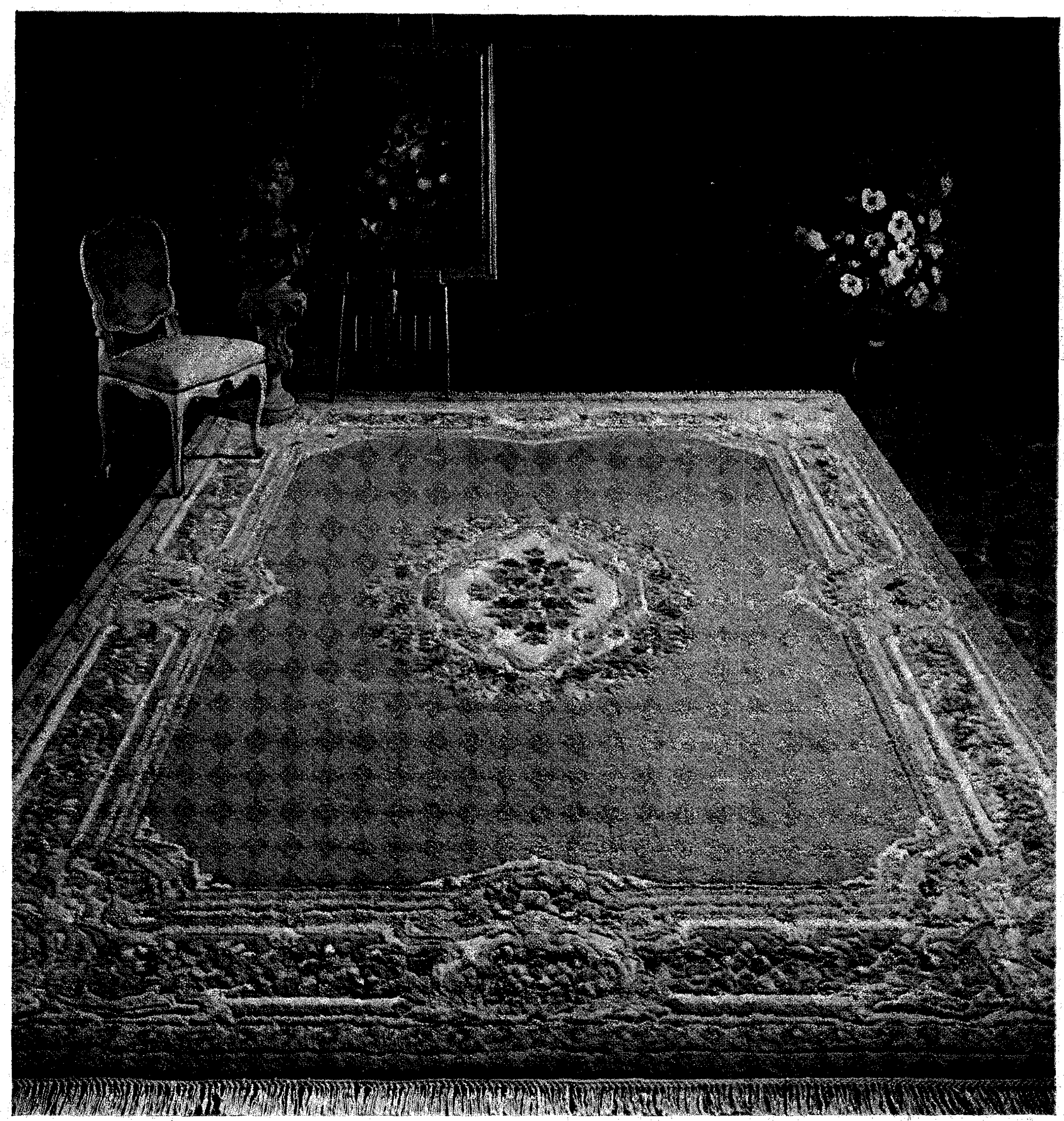

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